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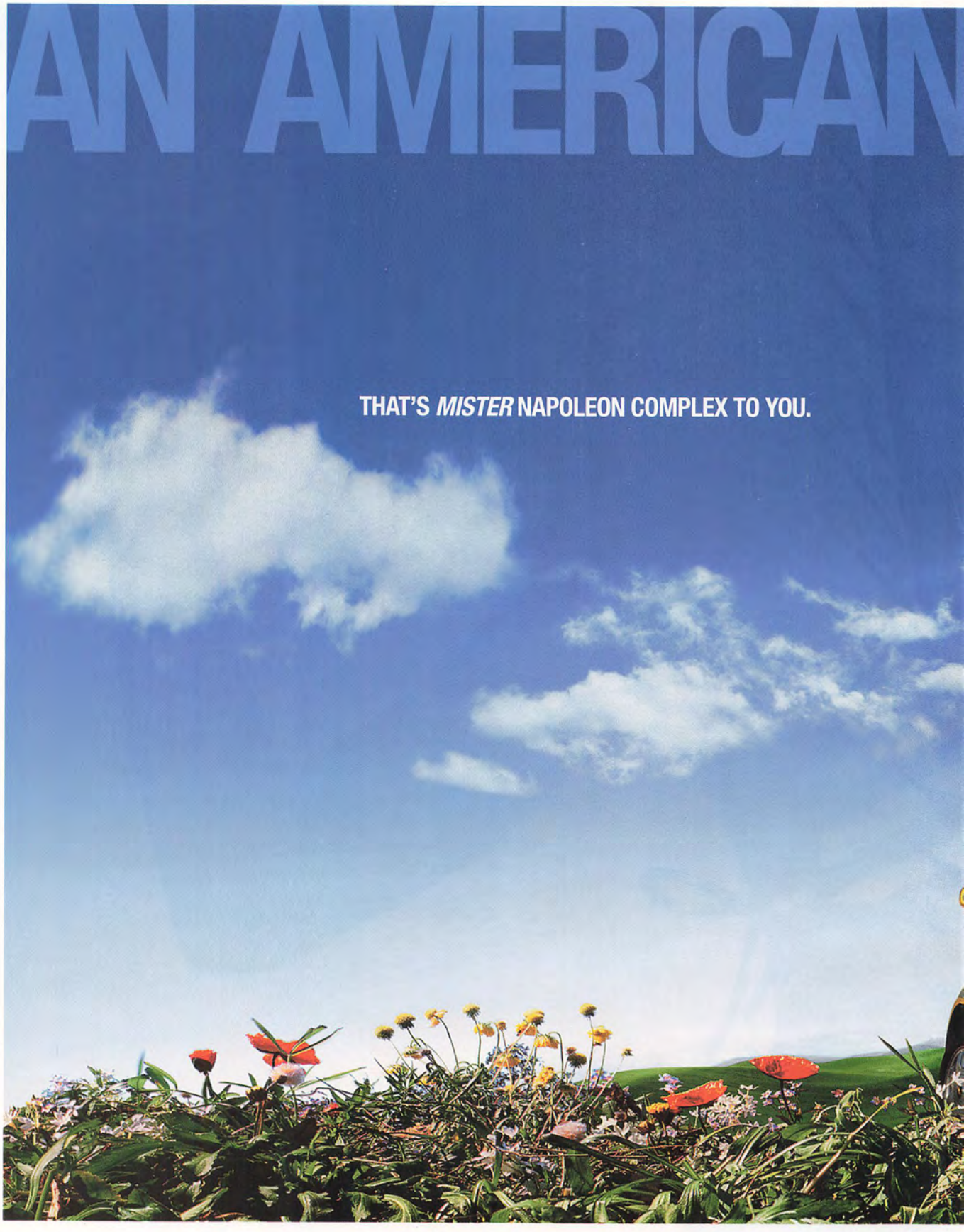

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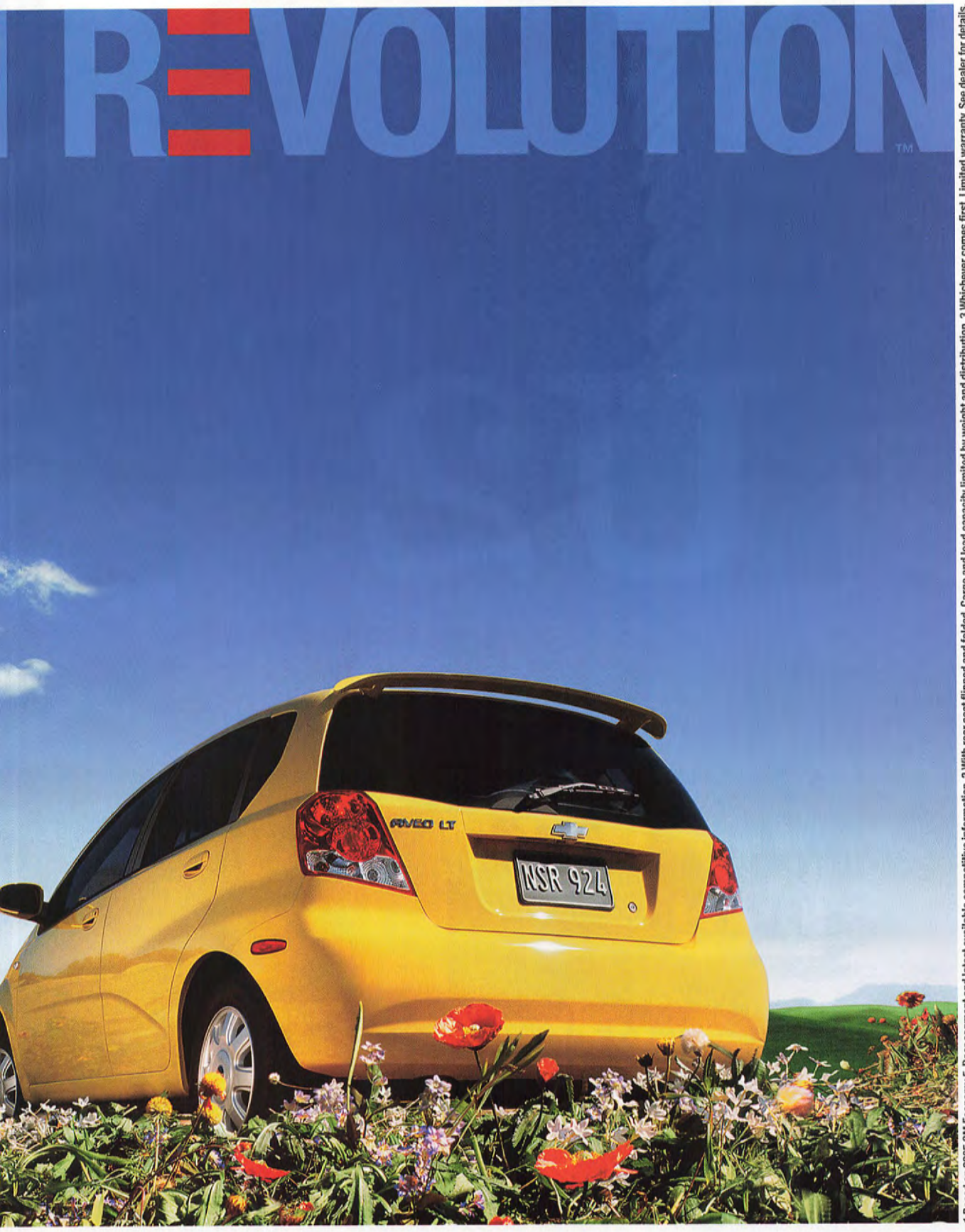

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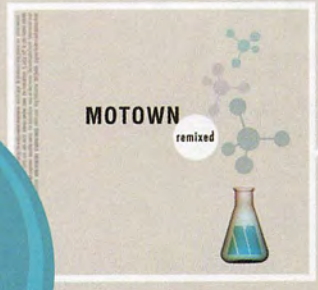

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FEATURES

72 SHAKIRA
If *Blender* could build the perfect pop star, she'd have the brains of a Shakira, the hips of a Shakira and the musical daring of a Shakira. Hey, wait a second ...

82 DOUBLE DATE: SHOOTER JENNINGS AND DREA DE MATTEO
He's a little bit country, she's a little bit rock & roll, they're both disgustingly nuts for each other. Sit in as *Blender* gets smashed with this smashing couple.

84 KIMBERLY STEWART
She's rockin' Rod's daughter and Paris Hilton's new *Simple Life* best bud. But can you guess what Kimberly Stewart thinks is the sexiest part of a man's body? Actually, we bet you can.

88 ROCK & ROLL KNOW-IT-ALL (PART 1)
Your decades-spanning guide to the *au courant* sounds of New Wave, from skinny-tied '70s Brits to today's skinny-tied Brit idolizers (did we mention the skinny ties?). Plus: the 40 greatest New Wave songs of all time.

96 FOO FIGHTERS
Over the past decade, Dave Grohl has taken his hardworking post-Nirvana outfit from indie also-ran to arena-rock royalty. Now he's ready to fight more Foos with an ambitious new double album.

102 "HELLO, I LOVE YOU ..."
Everyone knows that chicks dig musicians, but what about guys who *quote* musicians? We put some love songs to the test in the best way we know how: as cheesy pickup lines in bars.

104 33 THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIVE AID
Was Bob Geldof's charity spectacular about saving lives? Or was it about crotchety singers, dribbling guitarists and Elton John's barbecued sausage? Twenty years on, *Blender* discovers that the answer is "all of the above."

ON THE COVER

SHAKIRA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **JAMES WHITE**

STYLING BY LINDA MEDVENE. HAIR BY MARK TOWNSEND FOR MAGNET. PHOTOGRAPHED AT OLD FORT BAY, NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS. COVER: VINTAGE DRESS BIKINI BY DOLCE & GABBANA. THIS PAGE: BIKINI TOP BY DOLCE & GABBANA, SKIRT BY MILLY FROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. COVER INSET: CHRIS MARTIN: GEORGE PIMENTEL/WIREIMAGE.COM. SPINE: MITCH HEDBERG: SCOTT GRIES/GETTY IMAGES

CONTENTS
JULY 2005

REGULARS

18 LETTERS

148 CROSSWORD

150 WHO DOES KELLY OSBOURNE THINK SHE IS?
Ozzy's potty-mouthed daughter thinks she's a bloody wanker. Oh, no, wait—she thinks *you* are.

26 BURNER
Peter Doherty dumpster-dives, Avril Lavigne gets her drink on and Courtney Love pole-dances. Plus: rock stars molesting pineapples!

30 ALMOST FAMOUS
Natasha Bedingfield; Motion City Soundtrack

INSIDER

55 ROCK'S WORST DADS
Drug abuse, mental abuse, physical abuse … what better way to make your kid a star? Join us as we hack some rotten branches off rock's family tree.

60 DEAR SUPERSTAR: CHRIS CORNELL
Audioslave grunge god Chris Cornell has recently sobered up. You try to drive him back to drink with your nosy questions about life, love and Spoonman.

66 THE GREATEST SONGS EVER: "GOOD TIMES"
In the middle of a crippling economic recession and an anti-disco backlash, the geniuses behind Chic armed themselves with an irresistible bassline and created a bubbly, optimistic classic.

68 MY MUSIC: RYAN SEACREST
He's more than just a pretty face … *or is he?* Decide for yourself as we take you through the *American Idol* host's Paula Abdul–strewn record collection.

70 ASK *BLENDER*
This month: Smashing Pumpkins, Whitney Houston, Elvis Costello and Elton John

FRANZ FERDINAND'S **"TAKE ME OUT"**: **88**
THE 23RD-BEST NEW WAVE SONG EVER. DISCUSS.

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CONTENTS
JULY 2005

THE GUIDE

112 NEW RELEASES
The White Stripes, Missy Elliott, Kraftwerk and more

124 TOP 40 CHART

126 REISSUES
Gang of Four, Pat Benatar, Rush, Smokey Robinson and more

132 BACK CATALOGUE
Bob Dylan: 1980s to the present

136 LIVE!
2005 Coachella Music Festival

140 MOVIES

142 DVDS

144 BOOKS

146 GAMES

ARTIST INDEX

WHERE TO FIND YOUR FAVORITE PERFORMERS IN THIS MONTH'S *BLENDER*

A-HA	90
AT THE DRIVE-IN	128
BLACK EYED PEAS	115
BOWIE, DAVID	89, 106
CORNELL, CHRIS	62
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE	42
DEGRAW, GAVIN	32
DE MATTEO, DREA	82
DOHERTY, PETE, SIFTING THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S GARBAGE	44
DURST, FRED	46
FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE	118
HAMMOND JR., ALBERT, HIS EMBARRASSING ROLLER-SKATING-CHAMPION PAST	33
HILTON, PARIS	36, 42, 44
JACKSON, MICHAEL	55
JENNINGS, SHOOTER	82
JOHN, ELTON	28, 70
LAVIGNE, AVRIL, FALLING-DOWN DRUNK	28
LEE, TOMMY	46
LOHAN, LINDSAY	46, 55
LOVE, COURTNEY, POLE-DANCING	32
MERCURY, FREDDIE, EATING ELTON JOHN'S SAUSAGE	4
MICHAEL, GEORGE	28
OSBOURNE, KELLY, ON BEING AN ASSHOLE FOR HALF A DECADE	150
POPE BENEDICT XVI, HATING THE EAGLES	36
SEACREST, RYAN	68
SHAKIRA	72, 120
SIMPSON, JESSICA, KNOWS HER GANG SIGNS	27
SPEARS, BRITNEY	36
STEWART, KIMBERLY	84
USED, THE, COVERING PRIVATE PARTS WITH A PINEAPPLE	48
WEEZER	122
WHITE STRIPES, THE	113

"MY BOYFRIEND HATES THAT I **150** **SUCH MY THUMB.**" KELLY OSBOURNE

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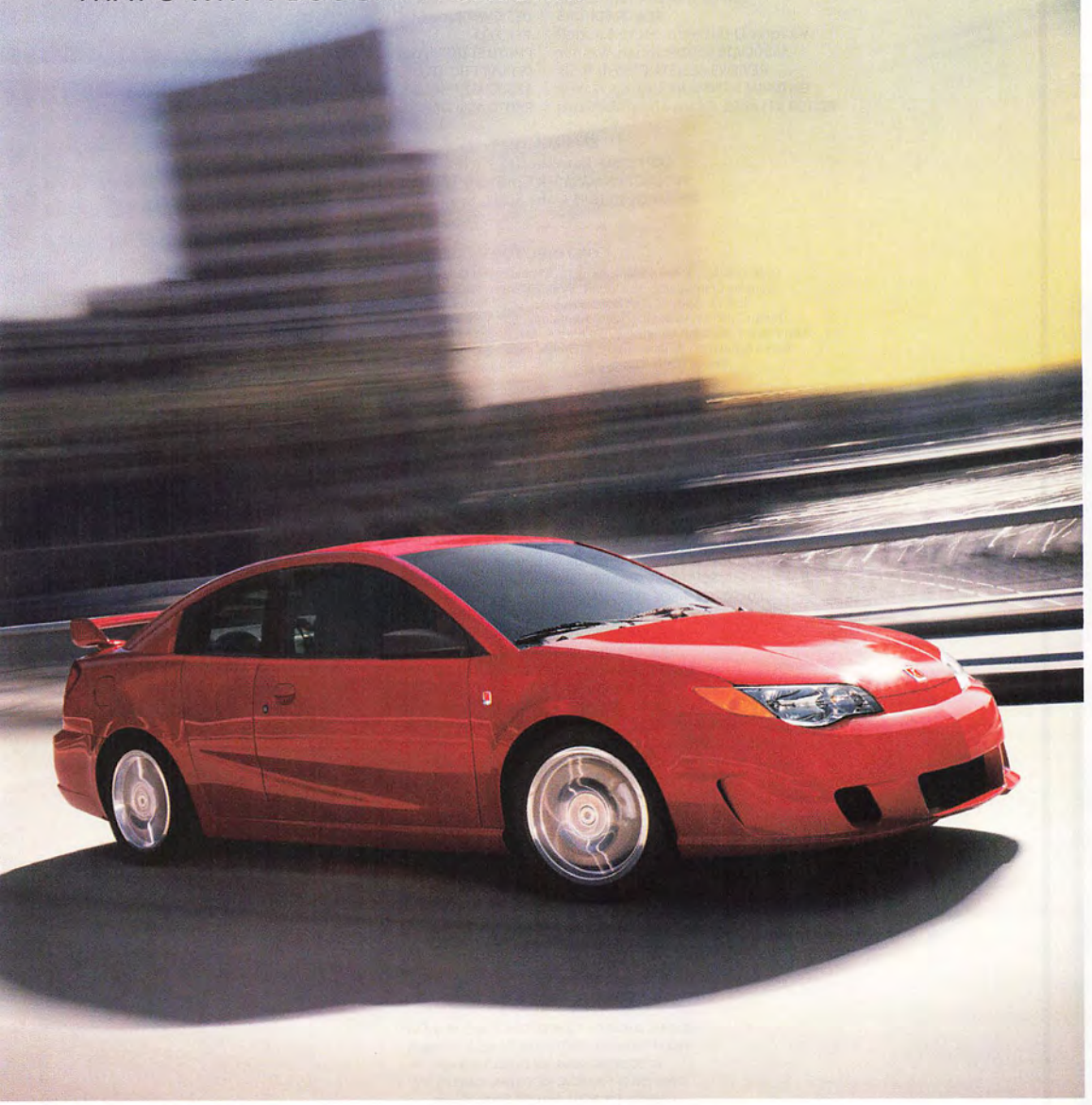

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SENIOR WRITER Clark Collis
SENIOR EDITORS Victoria DeSilverio, Steve Kandell
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ART

DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR Andrew Ryan
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PHOTO

PHOTO EDITOR Tonya Martin
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ASSOCIATE PHOTO EDITOR Thomas Payne
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PRODUCTION

COPY CHIEF Ian Wheeler-Nicholson
PRODUCTION MANAGER Courtney Lipman
RESEARCH EDITORS Gabe Soria, Sean Howe

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CONTRIBUTORS

Judson Baker, Johnny Black, Kenneth Cappello, Jon Caramanica, Nick Catucci, Douglas Century, Adrian Deevoy, Paul Du Noyer, Nick Duerden, Tony Duran, kris ex, Andrew Harrison, Hua Hsu, James Hunter, Greg Kot, Lego, Dorian Lynskey, Chairman Mao, Tom Moon, Sheryl Nields, Michael Odell, Perou, Ann Powers, Brendan Quigley, Brian Raftery, Jon Regardie, Jody Rosen, F. Scott Schafer, Karen Schoemer, William Shaw, RJ Smith, Justin Stephens, Alphonse Telymonde, James White, Douglas Wolk, Jon Young, Stephanie Zacharek

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PROMOTIONS ASSOCIATE Chad Meany
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CHAIRMAN Felix Dennis
PRESIDENT AND CEO Stephen Colvin
CHIEF OPERATING & FINANCIAL OFFICER John M. Lagana
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Andy Clerkson
GROUP CREATIVE DIRECTOR Andy Turnbull
DIRECTOR Robert G. Bartner
INTERNATIONAL LICENSING DIRECTOR Kerin O'Connor 011-44 (0) 20-7907-6136
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT Jane Buchanan

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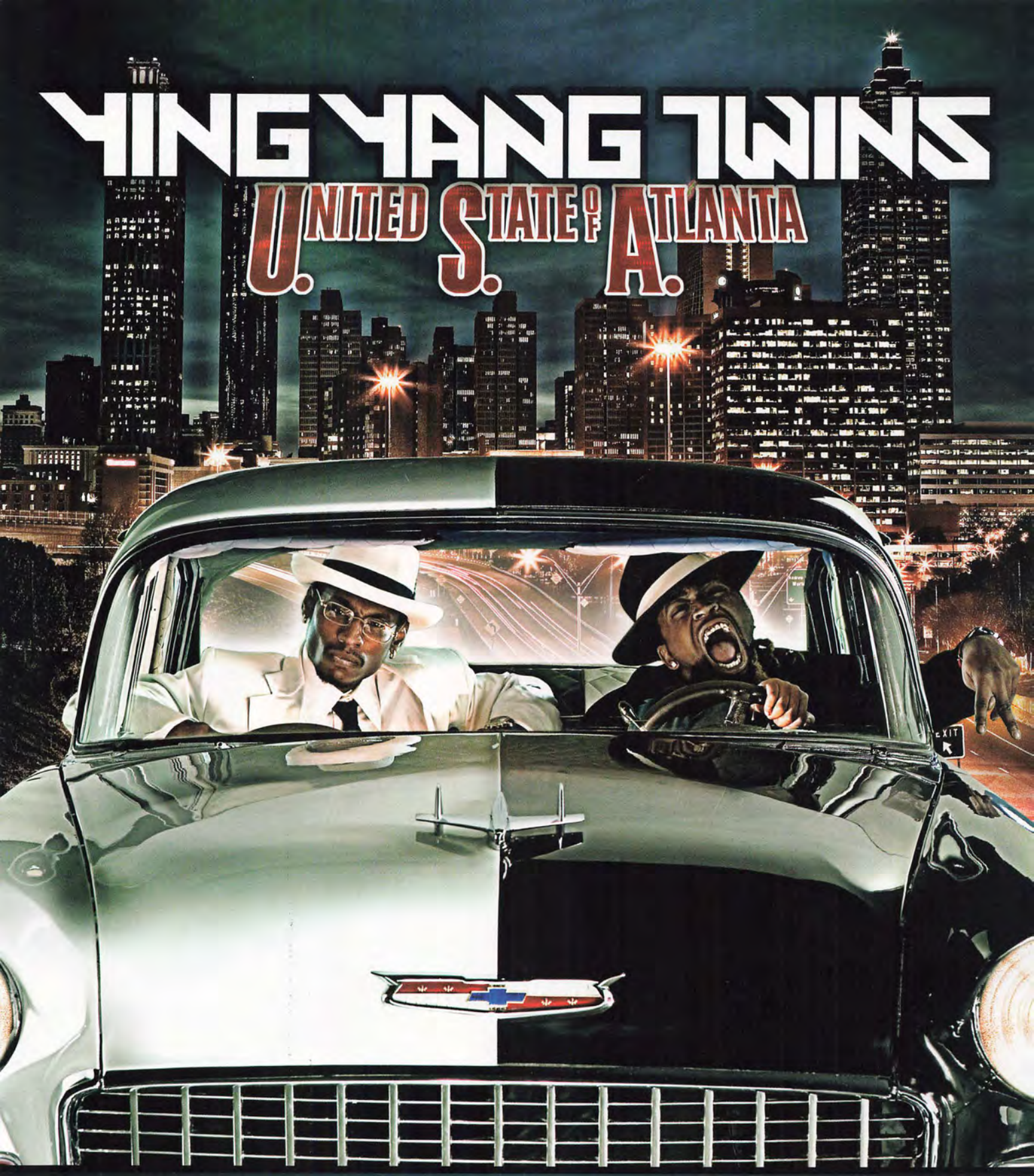

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You've Got Mail

WE WANT YOU TO SHARE . . .

IF THE GLOVE FITS ...

Great tribute to Johnnie Cochran on the spine of your June issue: "Just like Cochran/You never see me boxed in." It's from Jay-Z's "Guilty Till Proven Innocent." I bet Jacko was hoping he'd stick around.

BEN FRAZIER, WESTLAKE, OH

THE KING

Way to go, *Blender*! Of course you'd feature the lyrics ("Don't be cruel to a heart that's true") to Elvis Presley's 1957 hit "Don't Be Cruel" under the picture of his little girl.

DENISE DONALDSON, MAMARONECK, NY

URINE FOR SALE

To be honest, I couldn't care less about boy bands. But your piece on the Backstreet Boys was fantastic. Who would ever have believed that a story about the band would include the quote, "I started paying crew guys for their piss?"

ERIC SNYDER, SCOTTSDALE, AZ

ARMED AND FUNNY

I loved Will Smith's description of Martin Lawrence as "beautifully, comedically off." If that was Lawrence's excuse to the cops back when they found him wandering around a street waving a gun, I'm not surprised they arrested him.

AL WILLIAMS, HELENA, MT

NAMING AND BLAMING

If Chris Martin really is such a nice guy, how come he gave his kid such a f***king stupid name?

RUPERT CARPENTER, BOSTON

Got some issues you're still working through there, *Rupert*?

CONGRATULATIONS TO TOBY BOWLING OF HAMILTON, OH, **WINNER OF *BLENDER*'S JUNE CROSSWORD CONTEST,** WHO SCORED A BELKIN PURE AV REMOTE TV.

LISTEN UP

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Coldplay: "Wait, gray is the new black, right?"

IDOL WORSHIPPING

Why have you become so obsessed with Billy Idol? First you interview him—fair enough, he's a funny guy—but then you feature not only a quote from him in Burner but also a story about him sucking some fan's nipple. Are you subconsciously hoping he's going to come round to the *Blender* office and suck your nipples?

COURTNEY JUDD, TALLAHASSEE, FL

No. No! Dear god, please, no.

ITS NAME IS RIO

While I thoroughly enjoyed your piece about the Brazilian *baile* scene, I feel obliged to point out, as a regular visitor to Rio, that most tourists not looking for trouble are unlikely to be threatened with guns or forced to eat excrement.

KEVIN OLLIE, HARRISBURG, PA

If only you could say the same thing about Detroit. *We keeed! We keeed!*

IDOL BASHING

I was interested to read that Debbie Gibson thinks *American Idol* is "past its peak." I guess she'd know.

CRAIG HAVENS, WILDWOOD, NJ

Her recent *Playboy* pictorial would seem to prove you wrong! Or, uh, so we've heard.

THE PASSION OF THE CHRIS

Thanks for just about the best Coldplay article I've ever read. No wonder their music sounds so good given the trauma Chris Martin goes through making it. See, nice guys do finish first sometimes!

SABRINA FRANK, BELEN, NM

LUDICROUS LUDACRIS

In defense of Ludacris's naming his child *Karma*, it has to be said that at least it's less ludicrous than the name he gave himself.

JAMES CROUCH, WICHITA, KS →

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GOD BLESS AMERIE

Blender, you're the magazine I trust. And whenever I've doubted you, you've always turned out to be right, no matter how outlandish the tale. Until now! Come on, there's no *way* a hottie like Amerie is writing a "*Lord of the Rings*–style series." And, if she is, I'll eat my first Edition copy of *The Hobbit*.

DANIEL SHANK, MONROE, LA

We don't see why it's so unlikely. Have you ever seen any photos of J.R.R. Tolkien? Stone *fox*.

WHOAH!

Whoah, whoah, whoah! While I realize that you can't give five stars to all of Bob Dylan's '60s and '70s albums—although I'm not sure why not—I can't let you get away with giving the *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* soundtrack one star. (A) It's not that bad, and (B) it's got "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," for Chrissakes. I bet you've never written anything even a hundredth as good.

CARLY FISCHER, PROVO, UT

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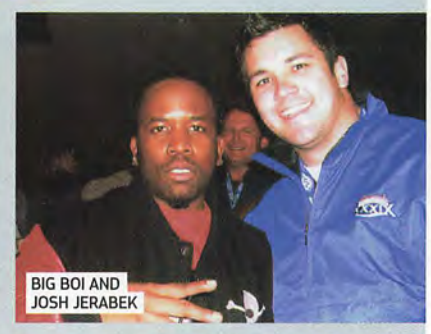

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HA!

I really enjoyed that joke Bruce Dickinson told in your last issue. I haven't laughed so much since that time I read an Iron Maiden lyric sheet.

JOE PANTALUCCI, WYCKOFF, NJ

TOMMY: CRUMMY

Hats off to Anderson Cooper for calling out *Tommy*. Like him, I was for years afraid to admit that I found the Who's "rock opera" incomprehensible and, frankly, crap (and don't get me started on Pink Floyd's *The Wall*). You haven't got ADD, Anderson—you've got good taste.

EILEEN ROBBINS, ST. ANDREWS, SC

STARR REPORT

Think it's ironic that the Beatles' Apple company won't license the band's songs to Apple's iTunes? Then consider the fact that, while the Fab Four's magnificent output is unavailable it *is* possible to download much of the solo output of Ringo Starr. Whoopee!

SUE HARRIGAN, GRAND JUNCTION, CO

Ironic? It's like rain on your wedding day.

NAUGHTY BITS

Did Lisa Marie Presley really mean to say that she was "very anal" about about shaving her bikini area? It seems a provocative choice of words.

RICHARD HART, SPRING CREEK, NV

AMERIE: JUDSON BAKER

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Gorillaz: "You don't want to know how that thing's oil gets changed."

Tomko at the 2004 Coachella festival.

MOB SCENE

I started this letter to thank you for including the Dan Band in "20 Songs You Should Download This Month" (May 2005). I'm finishing it to thank you for including me in it. I was surprised to see myself on page 94 in the white baseball hat up front. Sorry I look pissed off—it was hot and the girls in front of me were really moody.

SHAUN TOMKO, NEW YORK CITY

SYSTEM MALFUNCTION

Re the System of a Down feature: You can't fool me. That's not Serj Tankian. That's Anthrax's Scott Ian you photographed. But what I can't figure out is why he chose to scalp Kenny G.

CAITLIN MORRISON, AMES, IA

MULLET-HUNTING

Re your Killers vs. the Bravery beef piece: So what if Sam Endicott used to be in a ska band? Before he was in the Clash, Joe Strummer was in a bar band. And David Bowie used to be a dodgy, hippie folk singer. And is Brandon Flowers so positive that he doesn't have any skeletons in his closet? Maybe it's time *Blender* did one of its exposés and tracked down his high school photo. I've got ten bucks says he used to rock a mullet.

BILL LINDE, AUGUSTA, GA

HATERATION, PART DEUX

I was reading the letters and Robert Fentruck was wondering when J. Lo got her own dictionary with the word *hateration* in it. I can't believe you guys didn't know that it was actually Mary J. Blige who coined the word on her *No More Drama* album. Come on guys! You're slacking!!

GEN JONES, ST. LOUIS, MO

SMARTASS NO. 1

I was amazed to read that Rod Stewart planned to marry a 33-year-old. When did he start dating old chicks?

ALEX REYES, FREMONT, CA

MADDEN AS HELL

¿Usted sabe su lead singers? In your May issue, you published an article, "*¿Yo Quiero* a Piece of Me?," in which you identified Hilary Duff's dog's best friend as Josh Madden. The dog's best friend looks like Joel Madden, lead singer of Good Charlotte, to me. Unless Benji and Joel are now triplets, I think you made a mistake.

SARA ZELLON, LANSING, IL

BIRDS OR FROGS?

Great reviews, guys, but you suck at biology. Those aren't "birds chirping" on the Mars Volta's *Frances the Mute* (April 2005)! Those are Puerto Rico's indigenous *coqui* tree frogs—no doubt the sound Omar Rodriguez-Lopez went to sleep to every night in his native Bayamon. Get your amphibians right!

JOAQUIN MONSERRATE, WASHINGTON, DC

Well, the *coqui* tree frog *is* known as the bird of the, uh, swamp. OK, we screwed up.

SMARTASS NO. 2

So Ashlee Simpson told a Chicago audience that she has learned "many important lessons" in the past year. It's a shame none of them involved learning how to sing.

KAITLIN NU, ORCAS ISLAND, WA

NO GUTS

I have discovered that there is one part of stuffing an animal that the Gorillaz didn't explain in last month's Useful Tips: how to get your girlfriend to let you gut, skin and "fill the insides" of said animal on the kitchen table.

MIKE MCCALLAN, BOSSIER CITY, LA

IF POP STARS WERE DOGS...

Send us a photo with your name and address and who your dog happily resembles. If we print your photo, you'll win an iRiver H10 5GB MP3 player, complete with FM tuner and color screen to view photos!

MARILYN MANSON
THE POP STAR

FINN
THE DOG

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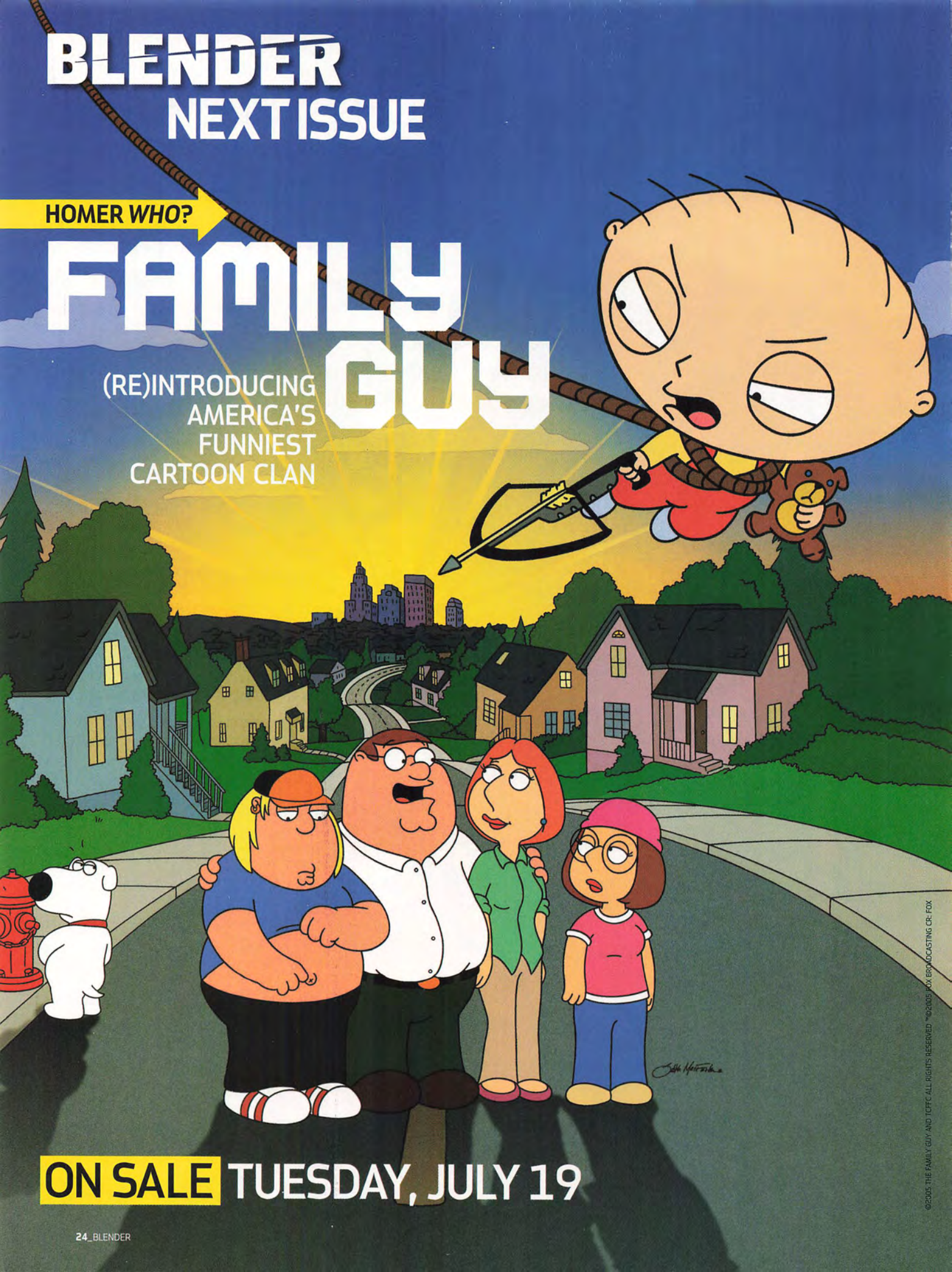
HOMER *WHO*?
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ON SALE TUESDAY, JULY 19
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BURNER

COURTNEY LOVE // POPE BENEDICT XVI // DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

Straight outta … suburban Dallas, actually.

JACKASS'D!

JESSICA SIMPSON PARTIES HARD WITH NEW SK8TR BOI PALS AND THROWS DEATH-METAL HAND SIGNS!

JESSICA SIMPSON has been expanding her social circle to include some unlikely male companionship.

Uncharacteristically dressed down in a sweatshirt, the pop reality star went nightclubbing with skateboarder and MTV star Bam Margera and his *Jackass* friends in April. Before the young Hollywood brigade left through the back door, they posed for photos. A fun-loving Simpson stuck out her tongue and flashed photographers what appeared to be either a gang sign or a modified metalhead devil-horn sign.

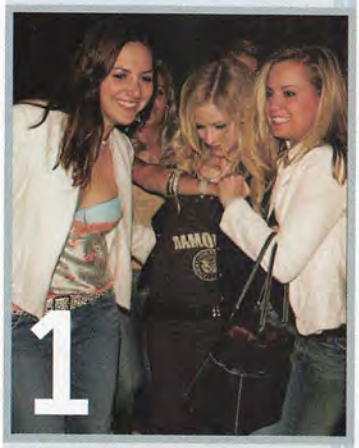
The blonde singer's carefree solo jaunts have intensified whispers of a split with husband Nick Lachey, who has been recording a new album in Sweden. When she attended a birthday party for actor/director Zach Braff with her married *The Dukes of Hazzard* co-star Johnny Knoxville, eyewitnesses claimed stealth hand-on-hand petting occurred. Rumors of an on-set affair between the pop star and Knoxville have increased steadily since the movie finished filming in March. Both have denied any impropriety. *NOEL BODDIE*

Viva la Bam: Margera leaves his parents' house long enough to chat up Jessica.

OPPOSITE: BAUER-GRIFFIN.COM; THIS PAGE: SPLASH NEWS (2)

DRUNK'D!

AVRIL LAVIGNE DYES HAIR, GETS DRUNK, CALLS PARIS A SLUT



REQUIRING ASSISTANCE from her girlfriends, a newly bleached-blonde Lavigne leaves Los Angeles's Spider Club in April.

HOPPING INTO the front seat of an SUV, she yells into the car's PA loudspeaker system, "Paris Hilton is a slut!"

FLIPPING THE BIRD for the cameras, she tells the paparazzi to "fuck off!"

NEWS ROUNDUP

Many possessions of late Who bassist **JOHN ENTWISTLE** have been auctioned off. Items included a fiberglass suit of armor, a pinball machine and two skeletons.

DMX has been charged with driving with a suspended license after being involved in a crash with two other cars—one of which was a police cruiser. This is the rapper's third serious driving incident in just over a year.

TUPAC SHAKUR's mother, Afeni Shakur, has announced the final posthumous release by her son, who was murdered in 1996. The as-yet-untitled disc is due early next year.

WORD!

"I hate music right now."
ANDRE 3000

MAN-O-PAUSE

Hot flashes! Moody outbursts! Muumuus! The change of life is hitting classic British pop stars hard. Take a closer look at how Boy George, George Michael and Elton John are coping with their raging middle-age hormones.

	BOY GEORGE	GEORGE MICHAEL	ELTON JOHN
AGE	44	42	58
HAIR	None.	A slick version of the Hasselhoff (poofy top, shorn back).	Someone else's.
STYLE	Recently went out in public in gray jogging pants, sans makeup.	Wrinkle-concealing shades.	Currently favoring cropped jackets worn over floor-length North African muumuus.
LASHING OUT	Called George Michael a hypocrite for acting straight. Said Elton John was a "humorless dame" who is "desperate to be trendy."	Shut down the chat room on his Web site after fans criticized him on message boards.	Screamed at photographers and reporters at Taiwan airport, calling them "rude, vile pigs."
MORE LASHING OUT	Renamed Madonna "McDonna, a living, breathing cash register." Also, claimed that Gavin Rossdale had a homosexual love affair.	Complained that Elton John "makes millions playing those old classics—day in and day out."	When talking about George Michael's new record, John suggested he "get out more."
MOOD SWINGS	Published a second tell-all memoir, *Straight*, in March.	Whined about how he used to sound like a girl when he performed with '80s supergroup Wham!	Spread rumors about an exclusive London wedding for himself and his longtime partner.
GOLDEN YEARS LIFE-PARTNER	Dutch commoner he met on the Internet.	Boyfriend Kenny Goss, currently drying up in rehab.	Longtime lover David Furnish.

LAVIGNE: BAUER-GRIFFIN.COM (3); GEORGE: RON GALELLA/WIREIMAGE.COM; MICHAEL: JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC.COM; JOHN: RICK DIAMOND/WIREIMAGE.COM; ANDRE: AVIK GILBOA/WIREIMAGE.COM/ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH

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ALMOST FAMOUS

NATASHA BEDINGFIELD

ALREADY A U.K. SUPERSTAR, THIS POP SONGBIRD IS GUNNING FOR AMERICA

BY NICK DUERDEN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC FISCHER

NATASHA BEDINGFIELD IS FROWNING. She's recalling a time, five years ago, when her head was full of puzzling questions.

"I was studying psychology because I needed a deeper understanding about life and everything else," she says in a London rehearsal studio, cradling a cup of tea. She smiles serenely, as if to suggest that life has revealed to her at least some of the answers.

Born 23 years ago in London to devoutly Christian New Zealand émigrés, Bedingfield chose a recording career over a college degree. Older brother Daniel was becoming a Europop star (his debut single, "Gotta Get Thru This," was a minor hit here in 2003), and Natasha was keen to follow in his footsteps.

"We are the Williams sisters of pop," she says, referring to the tennis supremos. "Competitive, but supportive of one another."

So supportive that in 2003, when Daniel was in a near-fatal motorbike crash, he insisted she leave his hospital bedside to launch her debut—a task she performed with finesse. Flavored with Gwen Stefani's pop sensibilities and Nelly Furtado's global rhythms, *Unwritten* has sold more than 1 million copies in the U.K. since its release there last September.

Though in person she can navel-gaze as studiously as Conor Oberst, in her music she is vibrant and infectious. "I'd love to do a Coldplay—to be successful in the U.S. on my own terms," she says. "But I'm not desperate. I want to be seen as a proper songwriter, and not just another pop star."

"I'D LOVE TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN THE U.S., BUT I'M NOT DESPERATE."

ALL ABOUT ME!

FAVORITE SONG
"So Far Away" by Carole King

WON'T TOUR WITHOUT
My iPod and a big bag full of clothes.

TYPICAL NIGHT OF DEBAUCHERY INCLUDES
Out with my mates for a big feed, a live gig or club, then back to chill and chat at someone's flat till the early hours.

MOST DIVA-LIKE DEMAND
Room-temperature water.

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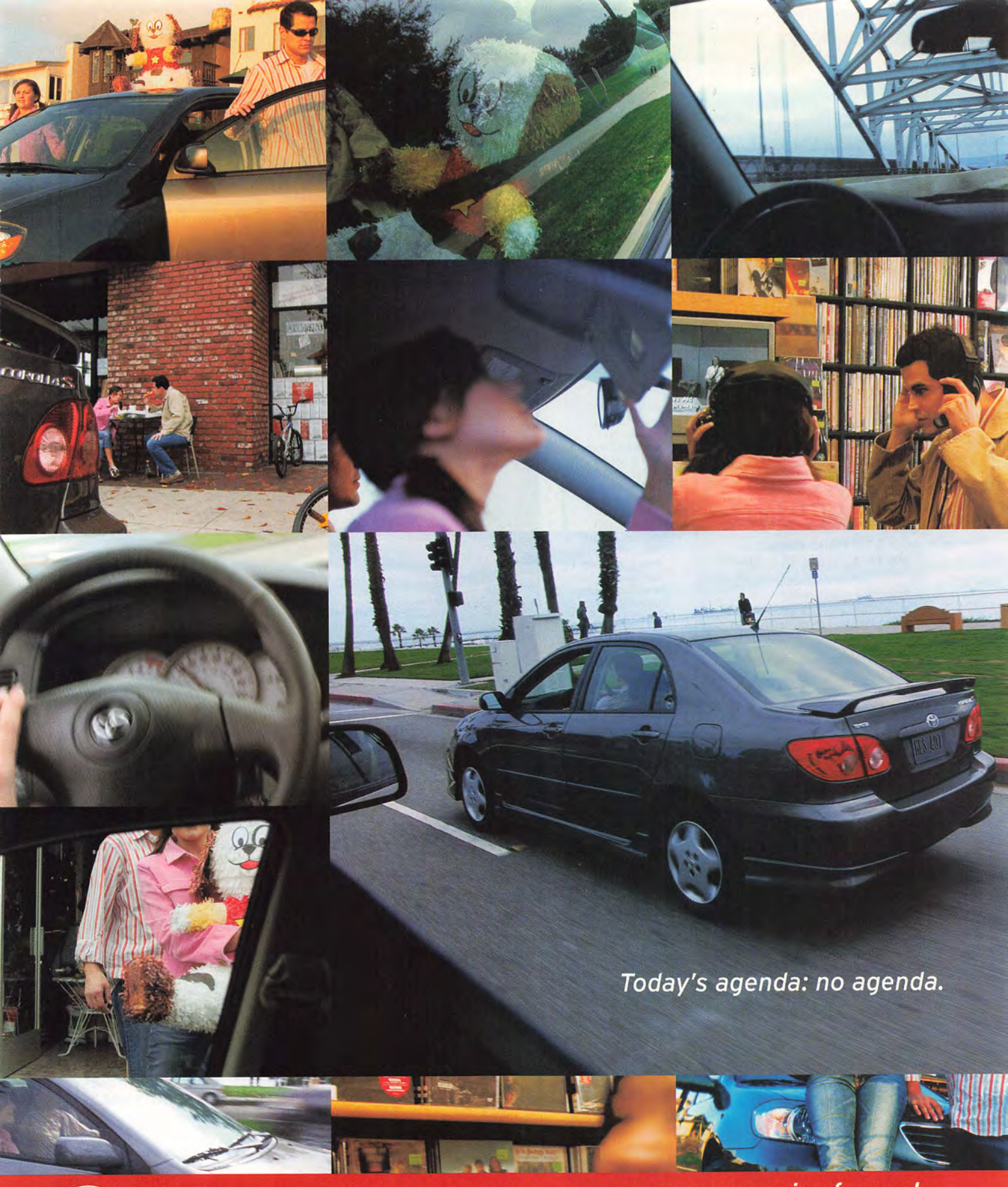

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Smile! OK, not *that* much.

DO YOU ROCK?

GAVIN DEGRAW

DOES THE PIANO-POUNDING SINGER-SONGWRITER ... ROCK?

Ever trash a hotel room?
There's always some amount of gradual, slow-burning destruction over the course of partying.

Biggest celeb's home you've ever gotten drunk in?
Andy Roddick.

Ever had a brush with the law?
When I was a kid I got busted for throwing a rock through a car window and egging a house on Halloween.

Worst rock & roll injury?
I like to do splits on stage. I've pulled my groin a few times.

Worst tour horror story?
A couple of weeks ago our trailer came loose from the bus and passed us on the highway.

Thing you've done you've most regretted?
Going to college.

Worst place you've been sick?
I was flying to the U.K. with pneumonia. I puked as soon as I got off the plane.

Stupidest thing you've ever eaten?
Wheat grass.

Hobby?
Shooting rifles and playing with model cars that run on jet fuel.

Craziest rider clause?
Raw meat. We have a George Foreman grill on the bus. *DAVE HILL*

VERDICT

YEAH, BUT *BARELY*. DEGRAW IS LUCKY HE MENTIONED RIFLES AND RAW MEAT.

→ GAVIN DEGRAW'S DEBUT ALBUM, *CHARIOT (J RECORDS)*, IS OUT NOW.

NEWS ROUNDUP

C-MURDER, currently facing a life sentence for second-degree murder, is changing his name to C Miller. The rapper, born Corey Miller, claimed his previous moniker referred to seeing murder while growing up in New Orleans.

American Idol judge PAULA ABDUL has protested that she is not on drugs, despite appearances to the contrary during the show's latest season. Calling the press speculation "hideous and mean," she blamed her unusual behavior on a rare neuropathic disorder, reflex sympathetic dystrophy.

An eBay charity auction of singer GEORGE MICHAEL's black Range Rover—registration number "J5 STUD"—sold for $20,000, an amount far below original expectations.

WORD!

"Weed is good."
THE GAME

PRE-OP!

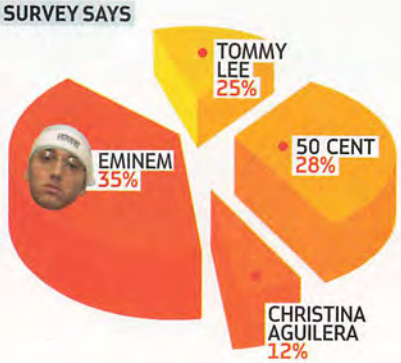
LOOKING BACK AT COURTNEY LOVE'S STRIPPING DAYS

BLENDER has uncovered photos of a pre-surgically altered Courtney Love stripping at Jumbo's Clown Room in Los Angeles. The 1984 pictures show a 21-year-old Love, who was trying to start a band at the time, looking very different from her current smaller-nosed, bigger-breasted incarnation. "Every girl in a band stripped to buy guitars and amps," said Love. The newly rehabbed rocker started taking her clothes off for hire in Asia at 14. "It's better than prostitution," she said. "Luckily, I was fat, so nobody paid attention to me."

BLENDER'S BURNING QUESTION

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT ROCK STAR TO FIND JESUS?

SURVEY SAYS



READER WISDOM

"50 CENT WILL FIND JESUS WHEN SOMEONE SHOOTS HIM."

ABBIE AUSFELD, WINNET, MONTANA

Log on to Blender.com for July's "BURNING QUESTION."

One deserving reader will have his or her comment published in the next issue and win this MOTOROLA V220 cellphone plus 375 minutes from Cingular.

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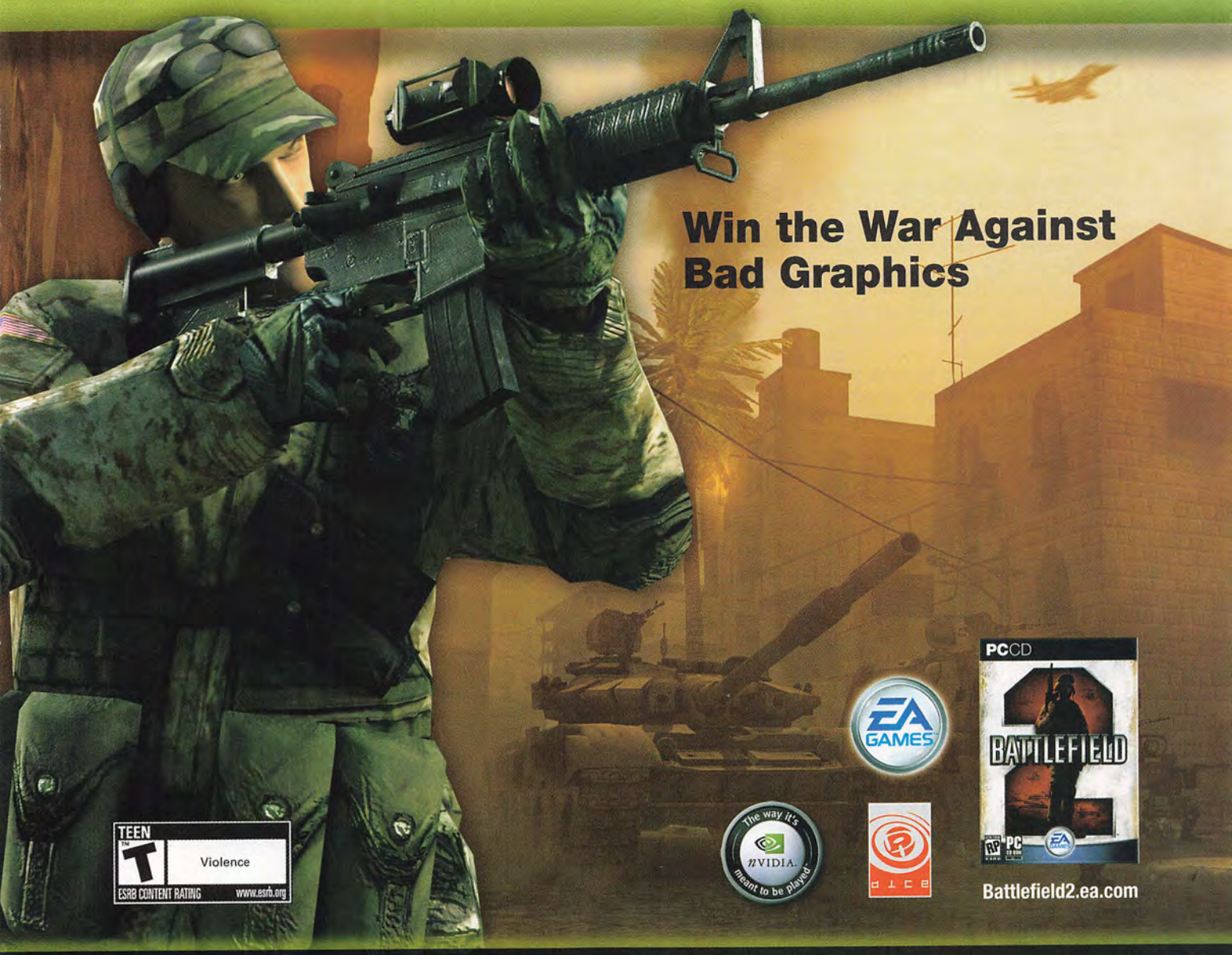

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ALMOST FAMOUS

MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK

A BRAINY QUINTET SPECIALIZES IN THESAURUS-PUNK

BY JONAH WEINER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEGO

ON THE RAWK-O-METER, working a day job at an embroidery company ranks pretty low. But Justin Pierre, pop-punk singer and proud employee of the needlework industry, is the first to tell you: He and his band, Motion City Soundtrack, are powerfully square.

"We're not very attractive, we're old and we're not hip," 28-year-old Pierre says, speaking with nervous speed and a constant self-deprecation worthy of Woody Allen. "We're like groupie repellent." He's also given to using words like *plethora* in his songs—call it thesaurus-punk.

Formed in Minneapolis in 1997 by Pierre and guitarist Josh Cain, 28 (bassist Matt Taylor, 26, Moog player Jesse Johnson, 27, and drummer Tony Thaxton, 26, joined later), the band specialize in riff-heavy pogo anthems full of pop-cultural references to Pierre's childhood.

"There are certain feelings I can capture better talking about an old Revlon commercial I grew up seeing 80 times when I was watching *Inspector Gadget*," he explains. "I guess things don't blow my mind the way they used to."

The band's talent for soaring choruses drew the attention of blink-182, who chose Motion City Soundtrack as tourmates in 2004. Blink bass player Mark Hoppus was impressed enough to produce their sophomore album for Epitaph, *Commit This to Memory*.

Pierre admits that this was something of a gamble for both parties. "He hadn't heard our new material, and he had never produced anything," Pierre recalls. "We're really proud with how it turned out, but it could have been horrible!"

OUT NOW *COMMIT THIS TO MEMORY* EPITAPH

ALL ABOUT US!

NUMBER OF TATTOOS IN BAND:
"At least 25. My personal favorite is CITY OF LOST CHILDREN, written around my ankle in French." (Pierre)

WON'T TOUR WITHOUT:
"These gray gardening gloves that have fallen apart. I wear things until they rot off me." (Pierre)

SILLIEST HAIRCUT EVER:
"I used to have a pretty sweet mullet back in the day." (Thaxton)

SONG THAT MAKES ME WANT TO KILL:
"Anything by Collective Soul." (Cain)

"WE'RE LIKE GROUPIE REPELLENT."

Left to right: Jesse Johnson, Tony Thaxton, Justin Pierre, Matt Taylor, Josh Cain.

"And if you go chasing rabbits, and you know you're going to fall/Tell 'em a hookah-smoking caterpillar has given you the call."

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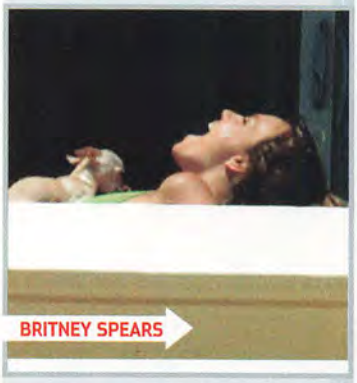
POPSTAR MUST-HAVE

DOGGIE LOVE!

MEN CAN BE SO DISAPPOINTING. POOCHES, ON THE OTHER HAND, JUST WANT TO CUDDLE

JOSS STONE

JESSICA SIMPSON



BRITNEY SPEARS

PARIS HILTON

NEWS ROUNDUP

An unnamed former drummer for THE KILLERS is suing the band, claiming he wrote their hit "Mr. Brightside." Singer BRANDON FLOWERS said, "He had nothing to do with it, but his wife is a lawyer."

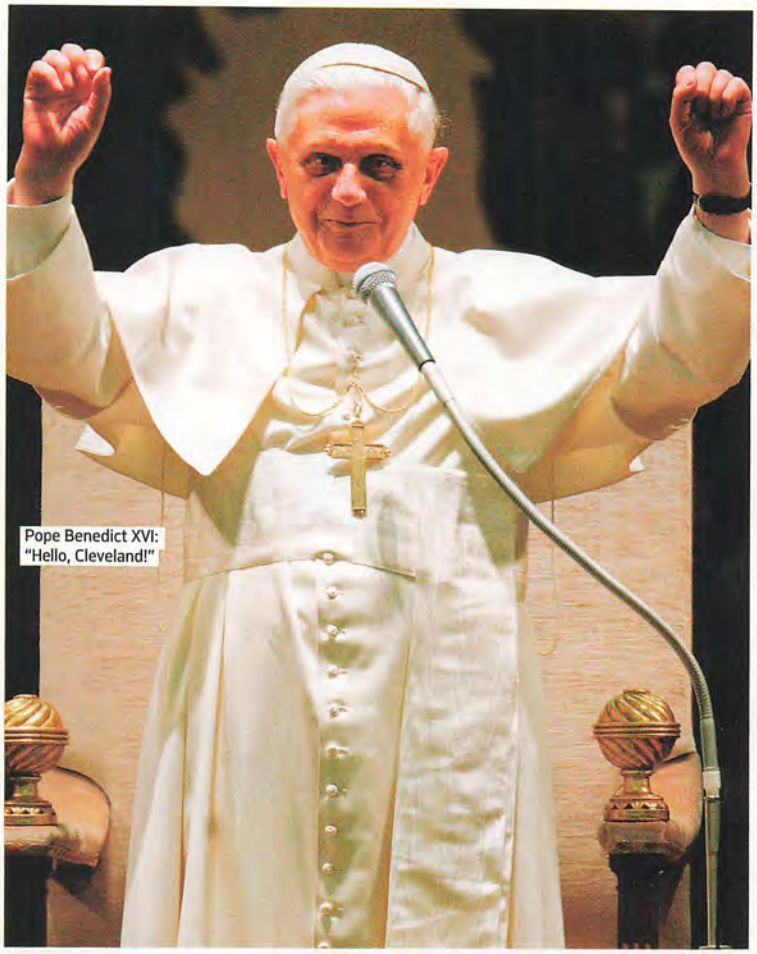
Rush guitarist ALEX LIFESON has agreed to a plea bargain to avoid serving time for a brawl with a policewoman at a Ritz-Carlton hotel in Florida last New Year's Eve. Lifeson allegedly pushed the officer down a flight of stairs and spat into another's face. He suffered a broken nose during the incident.

P. DIDDY is selling half of his poorly performing company Bad Boy Records to Warner Bros. for $30 million.

WORD!

"That's when that *J. Lo* shit comes in handy."

JENNIFER LOPEZ, ON SIGNING SPEEDY AUTOGRAPHS.



Pope Benedict XVI: "Hello, Cleveland!"

Playa Hatin'!

The new pope says rock music is "the instrument of the devil"

POPE BENEDICT XVI hates rock & roll.

The newly appointed pontiff, Joseph Ratzinger, who has long been a Vatican hardliner, has branded rock music "an instrument of the devil" and has urged young people not to listen to it for fear of mortal corruption. Speaking in November 1996, the Cardinal said "subliminal" satanic influences were to be found in songs by the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, Queen, Led Zeppelin and the Eagles.

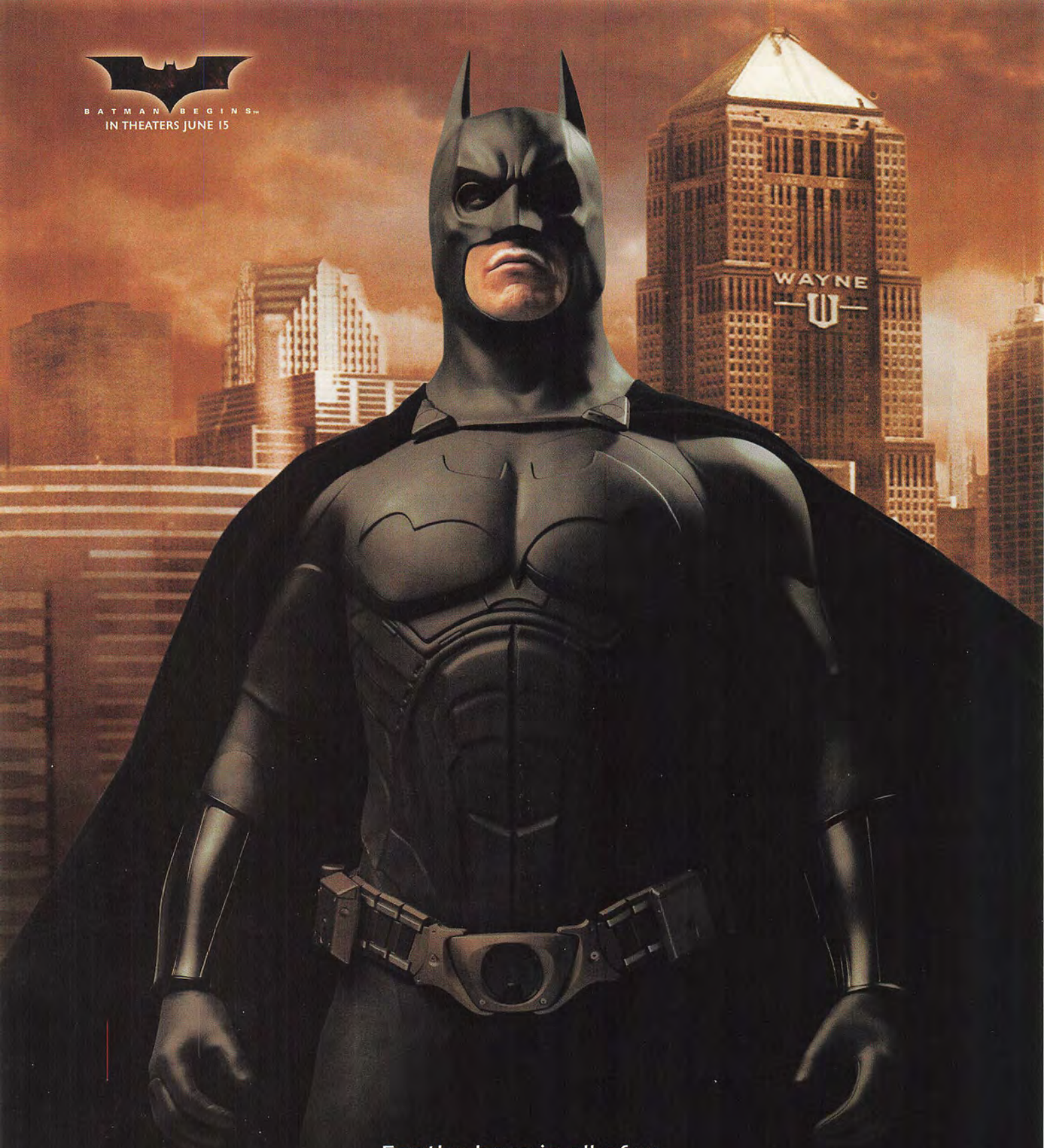
"SUBLIMINAL SATANIC MESSAGES ARE IN SONGS BY THE BEATLES AND QUEEN."

"Diabolical and satanic messages may endanger the human soul," the former member of the Hitler Youth said. Vatican officials identified some of the "worst offenders" as Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath and AC/DC, whose initials they claimed referred not to bisexuality but to the phrase, "anti-Christ/death to Christ" and urged those bands to purify themselves.

His predecessor, Pope John Paul II, who seemed to be more tolerant of modern popular music, personally invited a team of Polish breakdancers to perform for him last year. The pontiff appeared to approve, waving his hand after each dancer had completed a move, then applauding the entire group.

"For this creative hard work, I bless you from my heart," the deceased pope said. "Artistic talent is a gift from God and whoever discovers it in himself has a certain obligation: to know that he cannot waste this talent, but must develop it." NICK DUERDEN

STONE: SPEARS: SPLASH NEWS; SIMPSON, HILTON: X17 AGENCY; POPE: CELSO JUNIOR/AE/ITS PRESS/GAMMA/NEWSCOM; LOPEZ: STEPHEN LOVEKIN/FILMMAGIC.COM; ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH



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Carlos and Deborah Santana, without their guru, Dr. Dan.

SUPERNATURAL!

CARLOS SANTANA'S ASSISTANT FIRED FOR NOT BEING "CLOSER TO GOD."

AFTER 17 YEARS of working for legendary guitarist Carlos Santana, Bruce Kuhlman, 59, is suing his former employer for wrongful termination and over $100,000 in damages.

In his suit, Kuhlman says that Santana's wife fired him in April 2004 after he missed an appointment with her spiritual guru, "Dr. Dan". In previous meetings, Dr. Dan had tested Kuhlman's ability to become enlightened through "neuro-emotional technique." According to Kuhlman, Dr. Dan determined that Kuhlman's age prohibited him from reaching the level of spiritual awakening the Santanas favor in their employees and that he needed to be "closer to God" in order to work for the family. Carlos Santana has declined comment. *STEVE KANDELL*

TELL US A JOKE

LARS FREDERIKSEN OF RANCID

"WHATS RED AND GOLD AND LOOKS GOOD ON A HIPPIE? FIRE!"

NEWS ROUNDUP

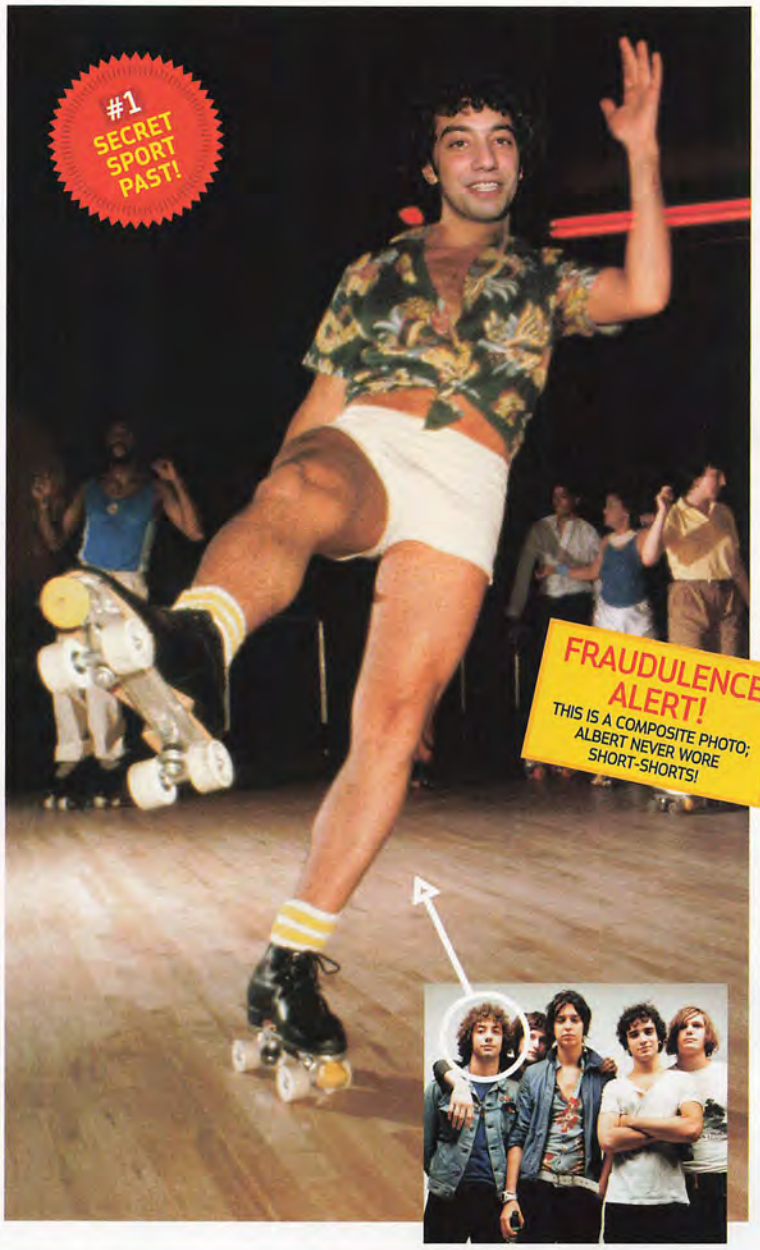
The Darkness frontman JUSTIN HAWKINS suffered broken ribs and a torn leg muscle after an accident involving an inner-tube "doughnut" and a speed boat.

Commemorating his tenth anniversary in the music industry, JAY-Z has collaborated with watchmaker Audemars Piquet to create a limited-edition range of watches retailing between $23,500 and $69,500. "It's a perfect marriage," the rapper said.

Former *Source* magazine chief brand executive RAYMOND "BENZINO" SCOTT has been accused of gender discrimination and sexual harassment. The legal documents claim the part-time rapper discriminated against female employees in favor of hometown buddies who rarely turned up for work.

WORD!

"TV's not ready to see everything that goes on in my life."
P. DIDDY



Boogie!

BEFORE JOINING THE STROKES, ALBERT HAMMOND JR. WAS A ROLLER-SKATING CHAMP

New York's downtown rock world was recently surprised to learn that hip Strokes guitarist Albert Hammond Jr. was once a teenage champion roller-skater.

"It's weird it hasn't come out sooner," said Hammond Jr., 25. "I used to skate in front of 5,000 people and was never nervous, but the first time I got onstage, there were four people there and I vomited."

The revelation came from the musician's own dad, Albert Hammond Sr., a successful songwriter, while father and son were promoting the elder's new record, *Revolution of the Heart*, in the U.K.

Hammond Jr. is now back in New York, recording the Strokes' third album, due early next year, with David Kahne, whose credits include skater faves Sublime and Sugar Ray. *JOSH EELLS*

SANTANA: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM; HAMMOND: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM; ROLLER-SKATER: ROGER ROSSMEYER/CORBIS; STROKES: CHRIS BUCK/CORBIS OUTLINE; DIDDY: ROBIN PLATZER/FILMAGIC.COM/ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH; FREDERIKSEN: JOHN SHEARER/WIREIMAGE.COM

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USEFUL TIPS FROM THE STARS

HOW TO ...

SHOP FOR A DIAMOND

Philadelphia rap duo **Young Gunz** strap on their magnifying glasses to present a flawless plan for buying top-quality ice

BY STEVE KANDELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEGO

1 TRUST YOUR DEALER

NEEF: "We got a jeweler in Philly recommended to us by Freeway, but if we want something real big, we talk to our homey Jacob the Jeweler. Use a guy someone else you know has used, 'cause you can't trust just anyone. With people like Jacob, you're gonna pay more for the name."

2 BREAK THE BANK

YOUNG CHRIS: "Stay away from places like Canal Street in New York or Market Street in Philly, places that offer discounts and shit. Get the stone appraised by three jewelers to make sure no one's running a scheme on you. But you gotta spend that real money if you want that real ice."

3 SIZE DOESN'T MATTER

YOUNG CHRIS: "Diamonds ain't gotta be all big, know what I'm sayin'? Just two carats is fine. A lot of rappers just go for the big shit. You might have a big dumb chain with a lot of diamonds on it and I may have a little chain, but I'd rather have the one with the better quality stones, ones that can cut glass."

4 SEEK CLARITY

NEEF: "You got to get the clear shit, you don't want the cloudy shit that's been filled in with glass. You gotta get the high-quality, the VVS—that means the stone's pretty much flawless inside and out. Canary yellow's the color, motherfucker. Them shits cost more; that's what you need."

YOUNG GUNZ' NEW ALBUM, *BROTHER FROM ANOTHER* (ROC-A-FELLA), IS OUT NOW.

Young Gunz, from left: Christopher "Young Chris" Ries and Hanif "Neef" Muhammad.

PROP STYLIST: EVAL BARUCH

 "Diamonds in her hair, diamonds fill her eyes/Diamonds from her rough to sympathize."

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WHEN WILL YOUR FAVORITE POP STAR CROAK?

#19

PARIS HILTON

CURRENT AGE	24
DEATH CALCULATOR STARTS AT AGE	79

CATEGORY	YEARS ADDED/SUBTRACTED
Longevity genes: Great-grandfather lived to age 91	+5
Family ties: Strong family relationships (+5), but the porn and nude exploits have gotta hurt (-2)	+3
Pet owner: Chihuahua named Tinkerbell	+2
Neurobic—pursuing multiple creative projects: actor, entertainer, model, entrepreneur	+2
Potential future frustration: Hasn't exhibited talent in any of these pursuits	-2
Deadly diet: Junk-food diet, fried-chicken sandwich promoter	-5
Substance abuse: Regularly spotted smoking pot	-1
Bad "air"ess: Frequents bars with secondhand smoke (VIPs can always smoke, no matter what a city's rules are)	-1
School dropout: Got G.E.D.	-1
Frisky business: Porn video, lengthy list of ex-boyfriends	-2
Caffeine craver: Claims excessive use of Red Bull	-1
ESTIMATED LIFE EXPECTANCY	78
PROJECTED YEAR OF DEATH	2059

GERONTOLOGIST DR. DEMKO SAYS: "This partying diva pushes the envelope too hard. She should thank God for her longevity genes; otherwise she may end up where it's 'hot' real soon."

NEWS ROUNDUP

JENNIFER LOPEZ is now into downsizing. The star says she is considering selling her large houses and keeping just one car. "I want to go back to something simpler," she said.

EMINEM's schoolboy bully DeAngelo Bailey has failed to convince a Michigan appeals court that the lyrics to "Brain Damage" are defamatory. The panel decided lines like those claiming Bailey beat the future star so hard his "whole brain fell out" would not be taken literally by a reasonable listener.

limpbizkit frontman FRED DURST is developing his own reality/talk show. "I just want to have a spontaneous platform to have good conversations with people," he said.

WORD!

"Is that a lot?"

MARIAH CAREY, ON THE 40 PIECES OF LUGGAGE SHE REQUIRES TO TRAVEL

Death Cab for Cutie: "Hey, next time, let's record in color, OK?"

IN THE STUDIO

"Full-On Love Songs"

Indie gods DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE turn smitten for a major-label debut

"I NEVER WOULD have thought," marvels Death Cab for Cutie singer Ben Gibbard, "eight years ago, when we were making records in a living room in Bellingham, that we'd be doing this now."

He's talking about *Plans*, the Washington sad-sacks' follow-up to their breakthrough fifth album, *Transatlanticism*, which has sold nearly 300,000 copies. Most of *Plans* was recorded in a barn-turned-studio on a Massachusetts farm and, according to Gibbard, it was as low-key as you'd expect from the sweater-clad bookworms.

"We did a lot of sledding," he says. "And reading—Amazon.com saved our lives." Their studious vibe even spilled over to the notoriously hard-partying band Jet, who were working next door. "They were as starved for interaction as we were," Gibbard says.

The new record finds the band enjoying their budding fame. "The theme is accepting the good things in life without thinking there's a catch," Gibbard says. "For the first time, we even have full-on love songs. 'Soul Meets Body' is the most upbeat—we're all feeling it as a single."

In April they also made their first appearance on *The O.C.*, the show that helped break them thanks to the character Seth Cohen's fanatical devotion.

"Mischa Barton came up and said hi," Gibbard says. "Everyone was super." JOSH EELLS

ALL ABOUT OUR ALBUM

ARTIST
Death Cab for Cutie

PRODUCER
Chris Walla

STUDIO
Longview Farms, North Brookfield, MA

LAST ALBUM
Transatlanticism, 2003

NEW ALBUM
Plans, September 2005

ALSO IN THE STUDIO

Pop-rock siren SHERYL CROW is working on *Wildflower*, the follow-up to her 2002 platinum-selling album, *C'mon C'mon*, in L.A.

Finnish goth rockers and *Jackass* favorites H.I.M. are recording their seventh record, at L.A.'s Paramour Studio, with Tim Palmer producing.

Tex-Mex trio LOS LONELY BOYS are in Willie Nelson's studio outside Austin working on their sophomore release with producer John Porter.

Oscar winner JAMIE FOXX is in South Beach, Miami, working on his second album with producers including the Neptunes and Timbaland.

HILTON: GEORGE PIMENTEL/WIREIMAGE.COM; DEATH CAB: AUTUMN DE WILDE; CAREY: GREGORY PACE/FILMMAGIC.COM/ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH

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TRASH'D!

DRUG ENTHUSIAST **PETE DOHERTY** SORTS THROUGH STREET GARBAGE

Walking in London on a cloudy day in April, **KATE MOSS'S** boyfriend notices a possible goldmine.

PICKING UP the random bundle of rubbish, the ex-Libertines singer sifts through its contents with a pint of Guinness in his hand.

AFTER ASSESSING the bag's lack of valuable items, he gingerly puts it back where he found it, kicks up his heels and continues his stroll.

NEWS ROUNDUP

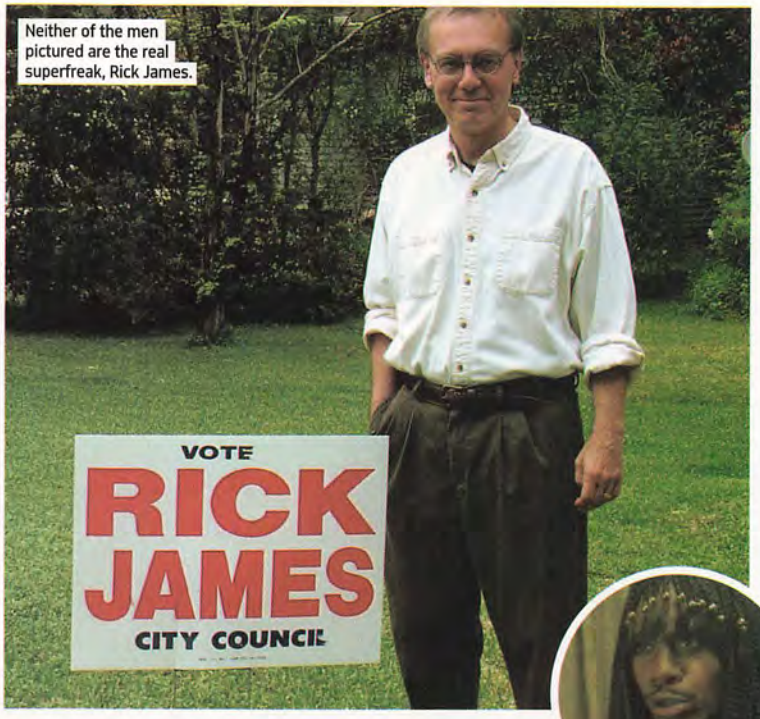
AVRIL LAVIGNE is lending her voice to forthcoming animated movie *Over the Edge*. Her character's father will be voiced by former *Star Trek* captain **WILLIAM SHATNER**.

DONALD TRUMP has promised to reimburse **USHER** after a suitcase containing $100,000 worth of goods was stolen from New York's Trump International Hotel.

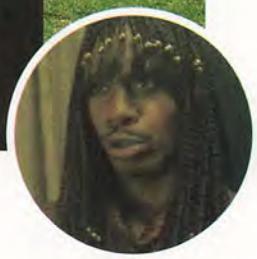
THE BLACK EYED PEAS have announced they are temporarily disbanding. "We decided to show that we as individuals could represent our own styles," explained Taboo.

WORD!

"In addition to my own sense of style, a lot of people admire Tinkerbell's look."
PARIS HILTON



Neither of the men pictured are the real superfreak, Rick James.



Bitch!

Mississippi man shares name with dead coke freak. Hilarity ensues!

A POLITICAL HOPEFUL in Mississippi discovered the downside to sharing a celebrity name. In his bid for Hattiesburg city council, Rick James, a 53-year-old former mental health worker, has been the victim of vandalism and thefts.

Having never seen the infamous, expletive-laden *Chappelle's Show* parody of the cocaine-loving funk singer, James was confused when the word BITCH appeared scrawled under his name on placards throughout the district. Many others have been stolen. "It's gotten so bad, they will be gone the same day I put them out," James said. Classmates of his 15-year-old daughter now routinely shout the Dave Chappelle catchphrase "I'm Rick James, bitch!" when he drops her off at school. *NOEL BODDIE*

WEIRD BAND ALERT

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE

A BAND OF OLD PEOPLE

Old-school punk. Literally.

HOW OLD ARE THESE GUYS?
Mono-monikered JoDina, 65, formed the band 18 years ago in Scottsdale, Arizona, and estimates the mean age is 64. Two members reached 87 before "leaving the band" (a nice way of saying they left the worldly plain). "My first idea was an all-girl band," JoDina recalls, "but I went for all retired people instead."

WHAT DO THEY SOUND LIKE?
Ramones without the musical virtuosity, banging out Dead Milkmen covers and scrappy originals like "Menopause" and "Backstabbin' Son of a Bitch." "My son wrote that about his father," she says. "We play it last because I get so riled up."

WHERE DO THEY PLAY?
Right now they are concentrating on Scottsdale. "At a gig at a nursing home, we took bets on when they'd turn their hearing aids off. We tortured them!" *STEVE KANDELL*

DOHERTY: MATRIX/BAUER-GRIFFIN.COM; JAMES (TOP): AP PHOTO; GRAVE: COURTESY ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE; HILTON: LAWRENCE LUCIER/ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH

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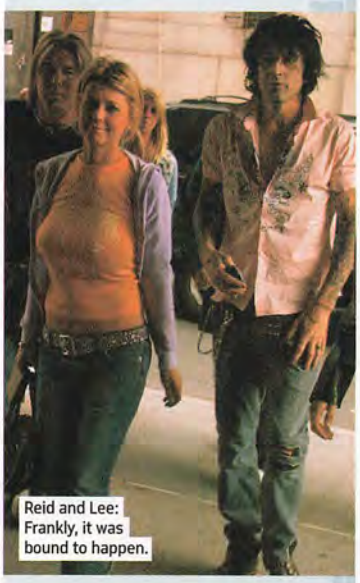

Reid and Lee: Frankly, it was bound to happen.

MOTLEY!

TOMMY LEE AND TARA REID MEET, ARE IMMEDIATELY CROWNED *BLENDER*'S FAVORITE COUPLE

LEGENDARY partier Tommy Lee has met his match in booze-happy actress Tara Reid, star of 1999's *American Pie*.

The synchronistic pair met at the Hard Rock club in Las Vegas April 29. The next day—declared by the mayor of Las Vegas to be "Nicky Hilton Day"—Reid, 29, accompanied the drummer to Wichita, Kansas, a stop on Mötley Crüe's two-year world tour. The following night was spent in Loveland, Colorado, for yet another show.

In May the lovebirds traveled to New York, where the twice-divorced Lee, 42, was promoting his new six-episode NBC reality show, *Tommy Goes to College*, airing in August.

"She's fun," said Lee, declining to elaborate. *NOEL BODDIE*

WHAT'S IN FRED'S HEAD?

"We are all just channels for something more than we can comprehend at times."

A RANDOM THOUGHT TAKEN FROM FRED DURST'S BLOG

NEWS ROUNDUP

Recovering alcoholic RONNIE WOOD has been forced back into rehab. The Rolling Stones guitarist fell off the wagon after engaging in a toast on his wife's fiftieth birthday.

The six-year legal battle between OUTKAST and veteran civil-rights activist Rosa Parks has ended amicably, with the duo promising to "enlighten today's youth about the significant role Rosa Parks played in making America a better place for all races."

FOXY BROWN has pleaded not guilty to assaulting two nail-salon workers following a dispute over payment last August. Her attorney did confirm, however, that "a struggle" had occurred.

WORD!

"I love my red hair."

LINDSAY LOHAN, JUST BEFORE SHE WENT BLONDE

LIFE AFTER ROCK

Richie Stotts: Voted least likely to become a software programmer and tester.

RICHIE STOTTS
OF PLASMATICS

THEN
GUITARIST, PLASMATICS
1978–1983

NOW
SOFTWARE PROGRAMMER AND TESTER, THE THOMSON CORP., NEW YORK, NY

"IN 1978, ROD Swenson, manager of Show World porno theater on 42nd St. in New York, approached me with a proposition: 'We've got this performer, Wendy Williams. She's never sung, but she could be great. I'll work with her singing, you write the music and put the band together.' And that's how the Plasmatics started.

"I had an epiphany early on. I was watching *Taxi Driver*, and when Travis Bickle shaved his head, I was like, 'Holy fuck! The Mohawk!' Up to that point, no one in rock had done it. Soon I was wearing nurse uniforms and tutus, and Wendy was chain-sawing guitars in half.

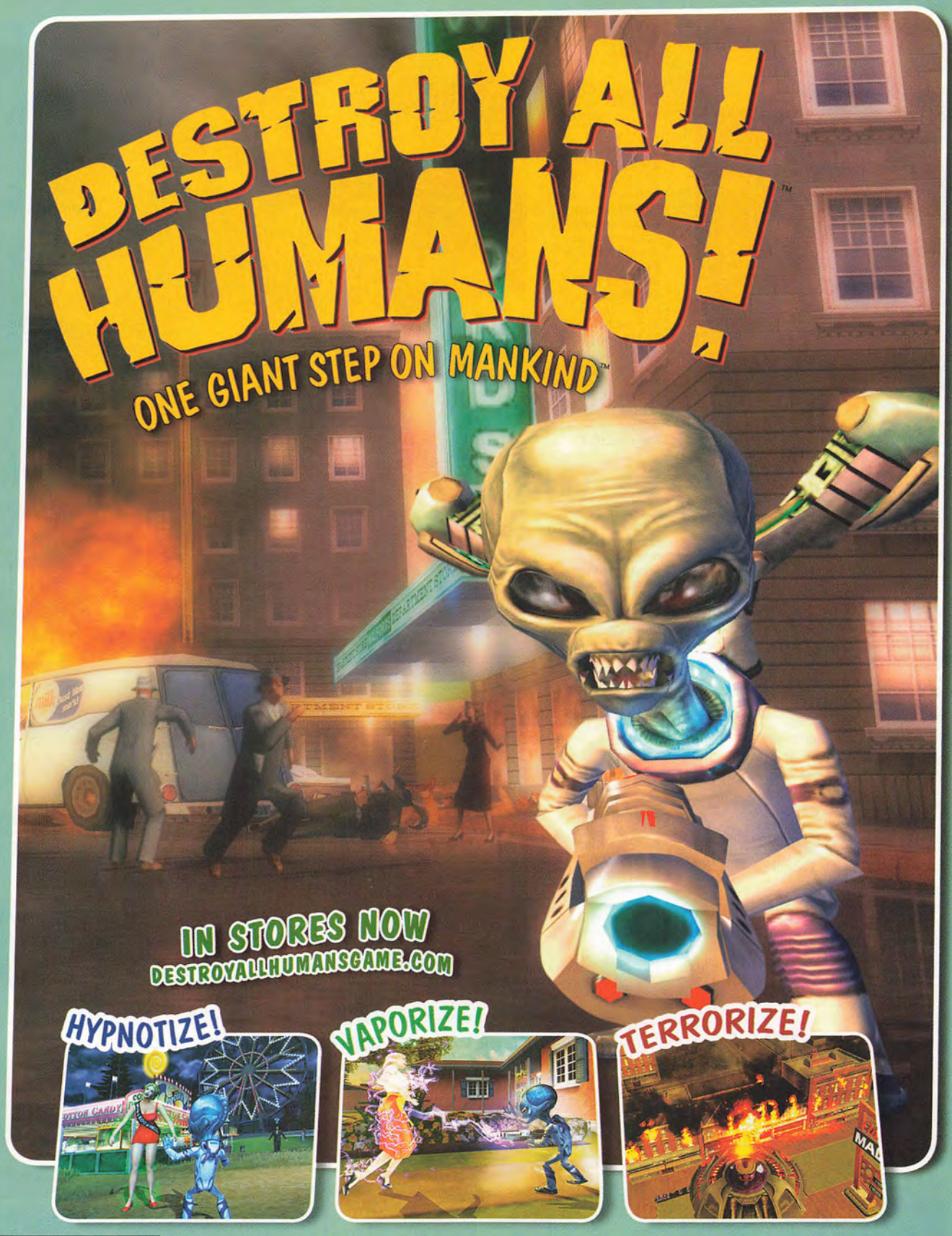
"I WAS WEARING NURSE UNIFORMS AND TUTUS."

"Our live show generated tons of publicity, but we never had a hit record. In 1982, Capitol dropped us and we ended up touring with Kiss. One day Gene Simmons, who'd begun working with us, told me, 'The Plasmatics have a bad connotation, so we're starting anew with a Wendy O. Williams album. It's gonna be heavy metal Joan Jett. You can audition for her band.' Sure, it was a business decision, but I was devastated.

"I didn't want to be a martyr to the music industry, so I went back to school, graduated summa cum laude with a geology degree from Hunter College in Manhattan, and then accepted a full scholarship to Indiana University to get my masters. Back in New York, while writing my thesis, I got a job programming and testing software for a financial news and information company on Wall Street. It paid well and there was opportunity to move up, so I stuck with it. It's a good gig, actually.

"I do miss performing and having a little fun. Recently, I found a song I wrote with Joey Ramone called "Rock & Roll Is the Answer." Joey's [real] brother Mickey and I are mastering it. Maybe we'll release it someday." *AS TOLD TO ANDREW BAKER*

REID: PAUL CUNNINGHAM/ACE PICTURES/NEWSCOM; PLASMATICS: BETTMAN/CORBIS; STOTTS: COURTESY RICHIE STOTTS; LOHAN: JAMES DEVANEY/WIREIMAGE.COM/ILLUSTRATION BY GARY FRENCH; DURST: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM



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Language
Sexual Themes
Violence

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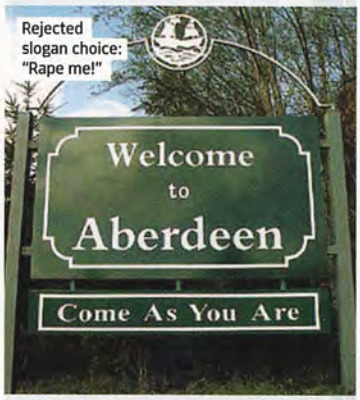


SIGN'D!

KURT COBAIN'S HOMETOWN HONORS THE GRUNGE ICON WITH A ROAD SIGN

ELEVEN years after his suicide, Kurt Cobain's hometown of Aberdeen, Washington, has paid tribute to the grunge icon.

The "Welcome to Aberdeen" sign, overlooking a grassy bluff, now reads "Come As You Are," after the brooding Nirvana anthem. "It's about time," said Kurt's grandfather Leland Cobain.

The small lumber town and its river, the Wishkah, on whose banks Cobain's ashes were later spread, inspired the 1996 album title *From the Muddy Banks of the Wishkah*.

The troubled singer had ambiguous feelings about his hometown of 20 years. "Aberdeen was depressing," he recalled in 1992, "and there were a lot of negative things about it." *LAUREN HARRIS*

OBITS

JOHNNIE JOHNSON
80, April 13, in St. Louis, Missouri, of natural causes. Boogie-woogie piano player on several of Chuck Berry's hits, including "Roll Over Beethoven." Johnson, said to be the inspiration for Berry's song "Johnny B. Goode," was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2001.

PAUL HESTER
46, March 26, in Melbourne, Australia, by suicide. Drummer of the rock group Crowded House, who scored a pair of 1987 hits with "Something So Strong" and "Don't Dream It's Over." Hester became known to a new generation of fans with a role on the kids' TV show *The Wiggles*.

JUNIOR DELGADO
46, April 11, in London, England, of natural causes. Jamaican roots-reggae singer who recorded with Lee "Scratch" Perry and released several solo records.

SIGN: KEVIN HONG/THE DAILY WORLD; HOWARD: FUSE VJ STEPHEN, HOST OF FUSE'S "STEVEN'S UNTITLED ROCK SHOW" AT TASTE OF CHAOS TOUR, JACKSONVILLE, FL

EMO!

NAKED, PINEAPPLE-BEARING HIJINX AT THE TASTE OF CHAOS TOUR

REBELLING against his Mormon roots, the Used bassist Jeph Howard decorated his denuded body with a pineapple.

Backstage at the Taste of Chaos tour in Florida, Howard cupped an average-sized pineapple in front of his genitalia while members of New Jersey band My Chemical Romance surrounded him.

"I ran out naked to tackle my boys in MCR," Howard explained, "but they were being interviewed by *Fuse* and I was sketched out, so I ran onto their bus and grabbed a pineapple." *JOHANNA PIAZZA*

POP HISTORY

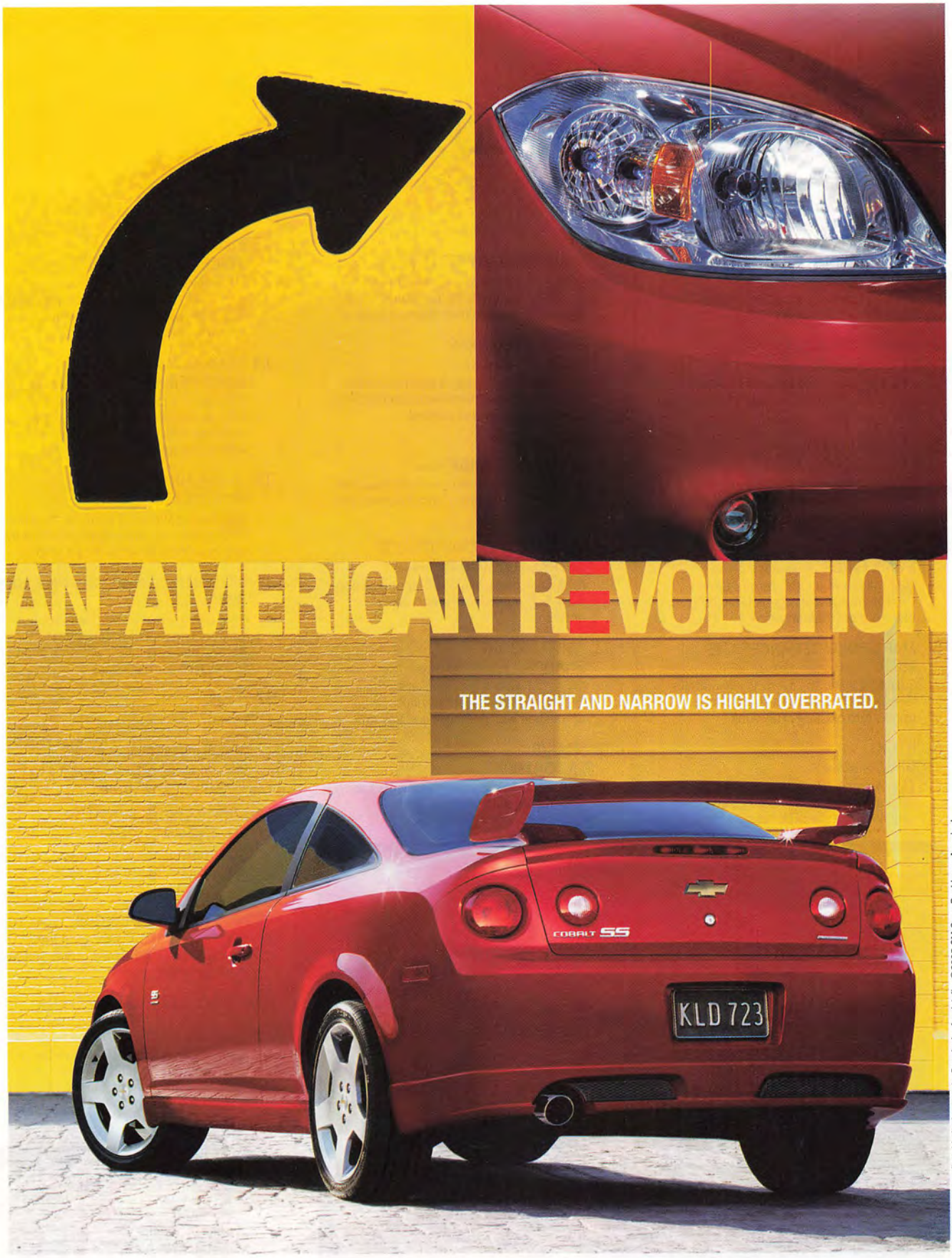
10,000 B.C.–A.D. 5,000,000 THE MAKING OF GUNS N' ROSES' *CHINESE DEMOCRACY*.

Work on Guns N' Roses long-awaited new album actually began 10,000 years before the birth of Christ.

By 2050, record executives were worried. Would the album ever be finished by the now-aged Axl Rose?

By the time the CD finally came out, mankind had evolved into a race of floating brains who spoke largely in binary code.

WRITTEN BY CLARK COLLIS // ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JAY



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20 SONGS YOU SHOULD DOWNLOAD THIS MONTH

1 R. KELLY
"TRAPPED IN THE CLOSET (CHAPTER 1)" *JIVE*
Kells weaves a suspenseful cat-and-mouse cliffhanger. Part one of *five*.

2 WHITE STRIPES
"BLUE ORCHID" *V2*
Jack and Meg are back with some serious falsetto and '70s metal sludge.

3 MISSY ELLIOTT
"ON AND ON" *GOLD MIND/ATLANTIC*
The Neptunes step into Timbaland's shoes and bring the dance-floor weirdness.

4 RACHEL STEVENS
"SOME GIRLS" *POLYDOR U.K.*
All grown up, this former British teen-popstress guns for Kylie's electro-discothèque throne.

5 MARS VOLTA "FRANCES THE MUTE" *GSL/STRUMMER/UNIVERSAL*
After the avant-garde metallic clanging, this epic outtake breaks into exciting prog-punk.

6 BECK
"GIRL" *INTERSCOPE*
A cracked love song about bleaching bones and spit, powered by the singalong rock hook of the summer.

7 !!!
"TAKE ECSTASY WITH ME" *TOUCH AND GO*
Dance-rockers cover the Magnetic Fields, adding some New Wave gloss to their thumping disco.

8 BLACK EYED PEAS
"PUMP IT" *INTERSCOPE*
The L.A. pop-rappers loop the *Pulp Fiction* theme and carry on like hip-hop's answer to Paxil.

9 COLDPLAY
"SPEED OF SOUND" *CAPITOL*
Synth atmospherics? Plaintive Chris Martin lyrics? Arenas, you have been warned.

10 MOTION CITY SOUNDTRACK
"ATTRACTIVE TODAY" *EPITAPH*
These blink-182-approved pop-punks write a brisk loser anthem.

11 YOUTH GROUP
"SHADOWLAND" *ANTI-/EPITAPH*
Aussie indie-rockers write a crackling song about staving off despair with nostalgia and Valium.

12 SHAKIRA
"LA TORTURA" *EPIC*
Bootylicious in any language, the Colombian star is back.

On *Survivor: Shakira*, no one wanted to be voted off.

13 AIMEE MANN
"VOICES CARRY (ITUNES ORIGINALS VERSION)" *ITUNES*
This acoustic version of the L.A. songstress's old hit hits the spot where haunting meets classy.

14 TEAIRRA MARI
"MAKE HER FEEL GOOD" *ROC-A-FELLA*
Jay-Z's new R&B protégé curls around a slinky beat and begs for a man who tells her the truth—and who knows how get his freak on.

15 JASON MRAZ
"WORDPLAY" *ATLANTIC*
Giving Maroon 5 a run for their lite-white-rock money, this likable dork writes a single about writing a single.

16 BIG BOI FEAT. BUN-B, BIG GEE & GEE-ROCK
"808" *[MIX TAPE]*
It didn't make *Speakerboxxx*, but this posse cut from Outkast's Big Boi and pals would be a welcome addition to any Jeep worth its bass.

17 8-BIT
"I-DEEZ" *NINJA STAR*
L.A. foursome raps about being alcoholic robots over old-school Nintendo sounds. So strange, it's no wonder Beck loves them.

18 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
"ALL THE WAY HOME" *COLUMBIA*
The Boss serves up some comfort food for failures and rejects.

19 MAXIMO PARK
"APPLY SOME PRESSURE" *WARP*
For fans of the Killers and the Bravery, synth-laced rock … actually made by British people!

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INSIDER

KNOWING STUFF IS GOOD

Lindsay Lohan: "Me and Herbie are just good friends, OK?"

MEAN DADS

LINDSAY LOHAN

FAME? CHECK. BEAUTY? CHECK. CRAZY FATHER? CHECK. P55

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BEST BUY

Michael wishes the *other* Joe Jackson was his father.

PAPA WAS A ... TOTAL BASTARD!

THE WORST ROCK DADS OF ALL TIME

FATAL SHOOTINGS. BATHTUB BEATINGS. MURDEROUS THREATS. NO, THIS ISN'T THE WORLD OF THE MAFIA—IT'S THE WORLD OF THE MUSIC DAD. *BLENDER* WAGS AN ACCUSATORY FINGER AT POP'S POOREST PATERS.

BY CLARK COLLIS

OUR EXPERTS

TRAVIS BARKER
Drummer with the on-hiatus blink-182, star of MTV's *Meet the Barkers* and father of two.

DR. DREW PINSKY
Medical director of the Department of Chemical Dependency Services at Pasadena's Las Encinas Hospital and host of Discovery Health Channel's *Strictly Sex With Dr. Drew*.

ELIJAH BLUE
Frontman of Deadsy, currently at work on their third album, and son of Cher and the mercurial Gregg Allman.

WACKO JACKOS

JOE JACKSON AND MICHAEL JACKSON

> **WHO?** Joe: Father of Michael, Janet, Latoya, Jermaine, etc. Michael: Erstwhile King of Pop and father of three.

> **PARENTAL INADVISORY:** Mill-worker Joe had to get up at 4 A.M. and insisted that his children do the same. Which left plenty of time for rehearsals: Joe forced the Jackson 5 to practice for eight hours at a time. "If you messed up at rehearsal you got hit," according to Michael. Latoya would later charge that she had been sexually molested by Joe, who "showed only one emotion, and that was anger."

Michael himself has proved an unorthodox parent, to put it mildly. He named his first son Prince Michael, then named his second son Prince Michael II. The latter he infamously dangled from a high balcony in Germany. The two Princes, together with sister Paris, who was reportedly conceived via artificial insemination, wear masks and scarves when in public to hide their faces. Which is completely understandable, seeing as how their pop is on trial for child molestation.

> **EXPERT OPINION:** "I wouldn't make my kids practice six hours a day," says Travis Barker. "They'd just end up resenting it. But, personally, I don't really know any disadvantages of being famous and a father. I never thought, with all the bad stuff I've done to my penis, I would even be able to make a baby. It's rad."

JACKSON: FRANK EDWARDS/FOTOS INTERNATIONAL/GETTY IMAGES; BARKER: THEO WARGO/WIREIMAGE.COM; PINSKY: MARK SULLIVAN/WIREIMAGE.COM; BLUE: LUIS MARTINEZ/RETNA LTD.

ARE YOU A F***ED-UP ROCK & ROLL OFFSPRING?

IF SO, YOU'RE PROBABLY TOO HIGH TO DO THIS QUIZ. BUT TRY ANYWAY!

1 **YOU MISS A COUPLE OF NOTES DURING A SCHOOL PIANO RECITAL. WHAT DO YOUR PARENTS DO?**

a) Tell you not to worry—they didn't notice and no one else did, either.
b) Send you to bed without supper.
c) Send you to bed without supper—after making you defecate on a plate.

2 **IF MALE, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?**

a) Robert
b) Rufus
c) Plutonium Hendrix von Betamax III

3 **IF FEMALE, TO WHOM DID YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY?**

a) Your boyfriend, whom you love very much.
b) Some dude in a bar.
c) Jack Nicholson.

4 **LAST BIRTHDAY YOU ASKED YOUR DAD FOR A CAR. WHAT DID HE GIVE YOU?**

a) A car.
b) Four extra hours of piano practice.
c) A shot of Mexican black tar heroin.

5 **HOW ARE DISAGREEMENTS BETWEEN YOUR PARENTS RESOLVED?**

a) With openness and candor.
b) With bitterness and rancor.
c) With a shotgun.

IF YOU ANSWERED:

MOSTLY A'S: You are not a f**cked-up rock & roll offspring.

MOSTLY B'S: You are not a f**cked-up rock & roll offspring, but you are still going to need a lot of therapy.

MOSTLY C'S: You are a f**cked-up rock & roll offspring. Race you to rehab!

CLARK COLLIS

The Lohans: father Michael (left) and Lindsay (third from left).

Murry Wilson (above) and that no-good, talentless Brian (inset).

MEAN DAD

MICHAEL LOHAN

> **WHO?** Jail-frequenting father of curvy actress-singer Lindsay Lohan.

> **PARENTAL INADVISORY:** Michael Lohan was often absent during Lindsay's childhood, serving three jail terms for stock fraud and subsequent parole violations. In December of 2004 he pleaded guilty to assaulting his brother-in-law with a shoe. In January, Michael's wife Dina filed for divorce, claiming he had threatened to kill her and her children and had told the family's security guard, "O.J. Simpson has nothing on me." Michael said he would not contest the divorce if Dina agreed to film a reality show with him entitled *Living With Lohans*. Lindsay recently claimed that her father "didn't do anything for my career except go out and not come home at night."

> **EXPERT OPINION:** "Wow, wow, oh boy," says Dr. Pinsky. "It's pure exploitation."

APPETITE FOR DEFECATION

MURRY WILSON

> **WHO?** Cyclopic father of Beach Boys Dennis, Carl and Brian.

> **PARENTAL INADVISORY:** "My dad was an asshole and his punishments were sick," Dennis Wilson once said of his father. Those punishments included beating Dennis in a bathtub and, most notoriously, forcing Brian to defecate on a piece of paper. "Afterward, he forced me to look," the Beach Boys' cracked genius recalled in his autobiography. "He made my mother look too." The event, according to Brian, "scarred me for life." Further scarring occurred when old man Wilson freaked his son out by removing his glass eye. Later, in his role as Beach Boys manager, Murry sold the rights to the band's songs despite their begging him not to. When Murry died in 1973, neither Dennis nor Brian attended his funeral.

> **EXPERT OPINION:** "You can't really get more abusive than making your son defecate on the floor," says Dr. Drew Pinsky.

TWISTED LOVE

HANK HARRISON

> **WHO?** Conspiracy theory–obsessed father of Courtney Love.

> **PARENTAL INADVISORY:** "She is one fucked-up person," Hank has said of Courtney. "Kurt [Cobain] would probably be alive today if he hadn't met her." A onetime Grateful Dead roadie, Hank lost contact with Courtney when she was 7 after he separated from her mother. According to the singer, "He was alleged in court … to have given me some acid and boasted about it, like some biological experiment." After Cobain's 1994 suicide, Harrison asserted that Courtney had hired someone to kill Kurt. Courtney's response was to tell a journalist in 1995, "I don't want this man near me, ever." Last year, Harrison told *Dateline* that Courtney was a "psychopath" before admitting that he had a "sociopathic personality."

> **EXPERT OPINION:** "Sociopaths exploit anything and anyone to their advantage," says Dr. Pinsky. "Even their own children."

LOHANS: CONTOGRAPHER/CORBIS; MURRY WILSON: PICTORIAL PRESS; BRIAN WILSON: GLENN A. BAKER/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN JAY

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WORST ROCK DADS

John Phillips offers to give Mackenzie her allowance in crack.

"Hey, this isn't an ice cream parlor!" Leann and Wilbur Rimes.

CALIFORNIA INJECTIN'

JOHN PHILLIPS

> WHO? Late leader of the Mamas and the Papas; father of singers and/or actresses Mackenzie, Chynna and Bijou Phillips.

> PARENTAL INADVISORY: When Mackenzie Phillips was 10, her notoriously drug-addled father taught her how to roll his joints for him. At age 17 he introduced her to intravenous drug use by shooting her up with liquid cocaine. According to Mackenzie, "In a twisted sort of way, it was a form of bonding." She herself became an addict, who "squandered a million dollars and most of my life on drugs." At one point she checked herself into rehab with her father—"We encouraged each other to fall off the wagon"—before she finally sobered up.

> EXPERT OPINION: Dr. Drew: "Giving your child her first injection of cocaine is not good—and you can quote me on that!"

NEAR DEF EXPERIENCE

JAMES SMITH

> WHO? Trigger-happy father of James Todd Smith, a.k.a. LL Cool J

> PARENTAL INADVISORY: LL's truck-driver dad was a jealous man who, according to the hip-hop star, would hit his mother, Ondrea, when he suspected her of flirting with another man. "One time, my pops wanted to get a loan to buy a truck," LL later recalled, "and Moms didn't think it was a good idea, so he choked her for not co-signing." Eventually Ondrea separated from her husband and moved with her son into her parents' house. It was there, when LL was 4, that Smith used a 12-gauge shotgun to shoot both Ondrea and her father. Incredibly, both survived—and, more incredibly, James would later manage the rapper. In his teens, a traumatized LL became a school bully, a porn addict and a chronic masturbator.

> EXPERT OPINION: "Becoming a compulsive masturbator is typical of kids who were traumatized," says Dr. Pinsky.

INSTANT ORPHANING

VERNON MOORER

> WHO? Father of country chanteuses Shelby Lynne and Allison Moorer

> PARENTAL INADVISORY: In 1986, when Shelby was 17 and Allison was 13, their father fatally shot their mother, Laura, and then turned the gun on himself. Vernon was a frustrated musician with a drinking problem. He had also become depressed in the wake of separating from his wife, whom he had physically abused. Shelby and Allison were in bed when the murder-suicide took place and were woken by the shots. "It's hard to explain how we got through," Lynne said in 2000. "I was whisky-bent and hell-bound."

> EXPERT OPINION: "Music stars, almost without exception, come from chaotic family systems, and had trauma or neglect at the hands of their parents," says Dr. Drew Pinsky.

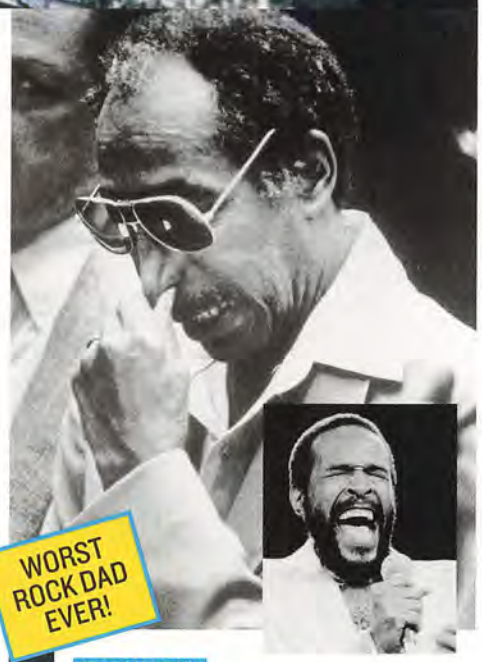
TRIPLE THREAT

WILBUR RIMES

> WHO? Father and onetime manager/producer of country songbird Leann.

> PARENTAL INADVISORY: Wilbur worked his teen daughter hard, booking her to perform 500 shows in less than four years. "I was in a fishbowl," she told *Blender* in 2002. When she was 15, an exhausted Leann passed out onstage. In 2000 the singer sued her father, accusing him of "gross mismanagement." Leann alleged that Wilbur had charged her as producer, manager and guardian—"triple-dipping"—and had stolen over $7 million from her. Leann also sought to be free of her contract with Curb Records. When a court sided with Curb, she turned to her father and declared, "I hate you."

> EXPERT OPINION: "There should be boundaries in a familial relationship," says Elijah Blue. "I did play guitar with my mom for a while. It was fun but, at the end of the day, you're still with your parent and it's just uncool."



WORST ROCK DAD EVER!

JEALOUS GUY

MARVIN GAY SR.

> WHO? Father of soul legend Marvin Gaye.

> PARENTAL INADVISORY: A spanking-happy disciplinarian and evangelical minister, Gay Sr. taught his son Marvin to play the piano but was outraged when he decided to become a singer, telling him, "the road you're choosing is not only wrong but impossible." Frankie Gaye claimed that his brother's subsequent success made his father angry and jealous. In the early '80s, Marvin, who had become hopelessly addicted to cocaine, returned home to live with his parents. On April 1, 1984, an argument escalated between father and son until Gay Sr. fatally shot Marvin with a gun the singer had bought him several months earlier.

> EXPERT OPINION: "It's no surprise that jealousy would be the thing that would drive him to murder," says Elijah Blue. "Fame is so powerful that you don't see your kid anymore. You just see someone who's upstaging you. People become fame junkies."

PHILLIPS: NEAL PRESTON/CORBIS; RIMES: CHRIS KRAFT/RETNA LTD.; GAY: BETMANN/CORBIS; GAYE: TOLCA/SUNSHINE/RETNA UK

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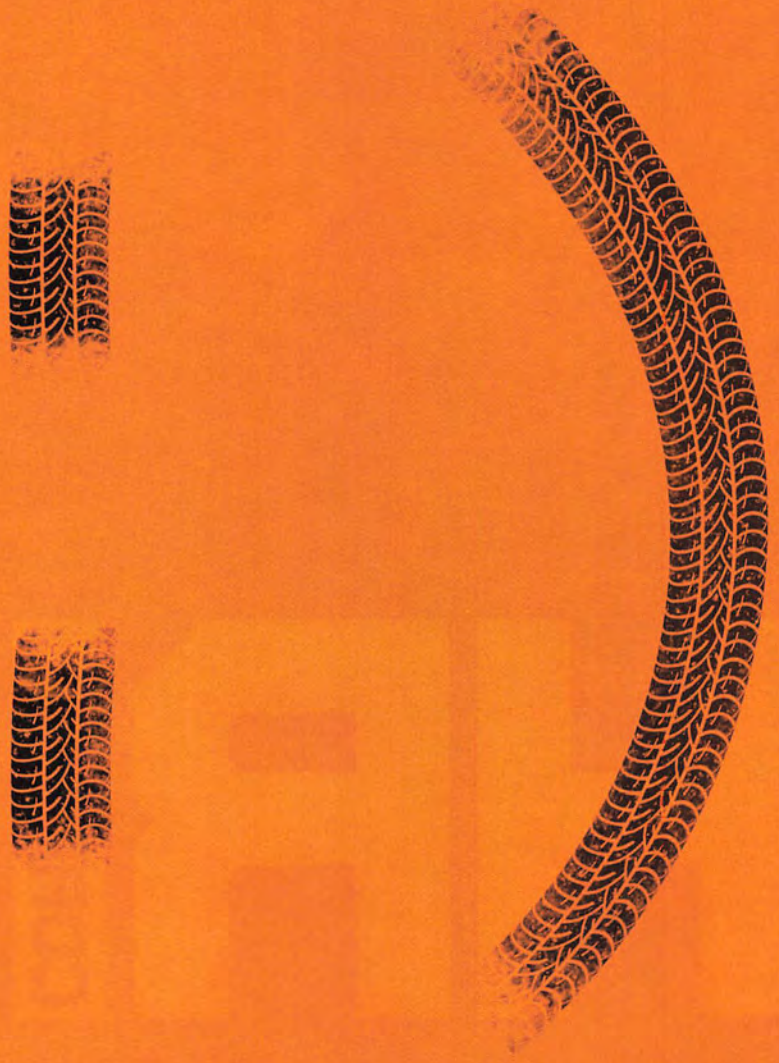

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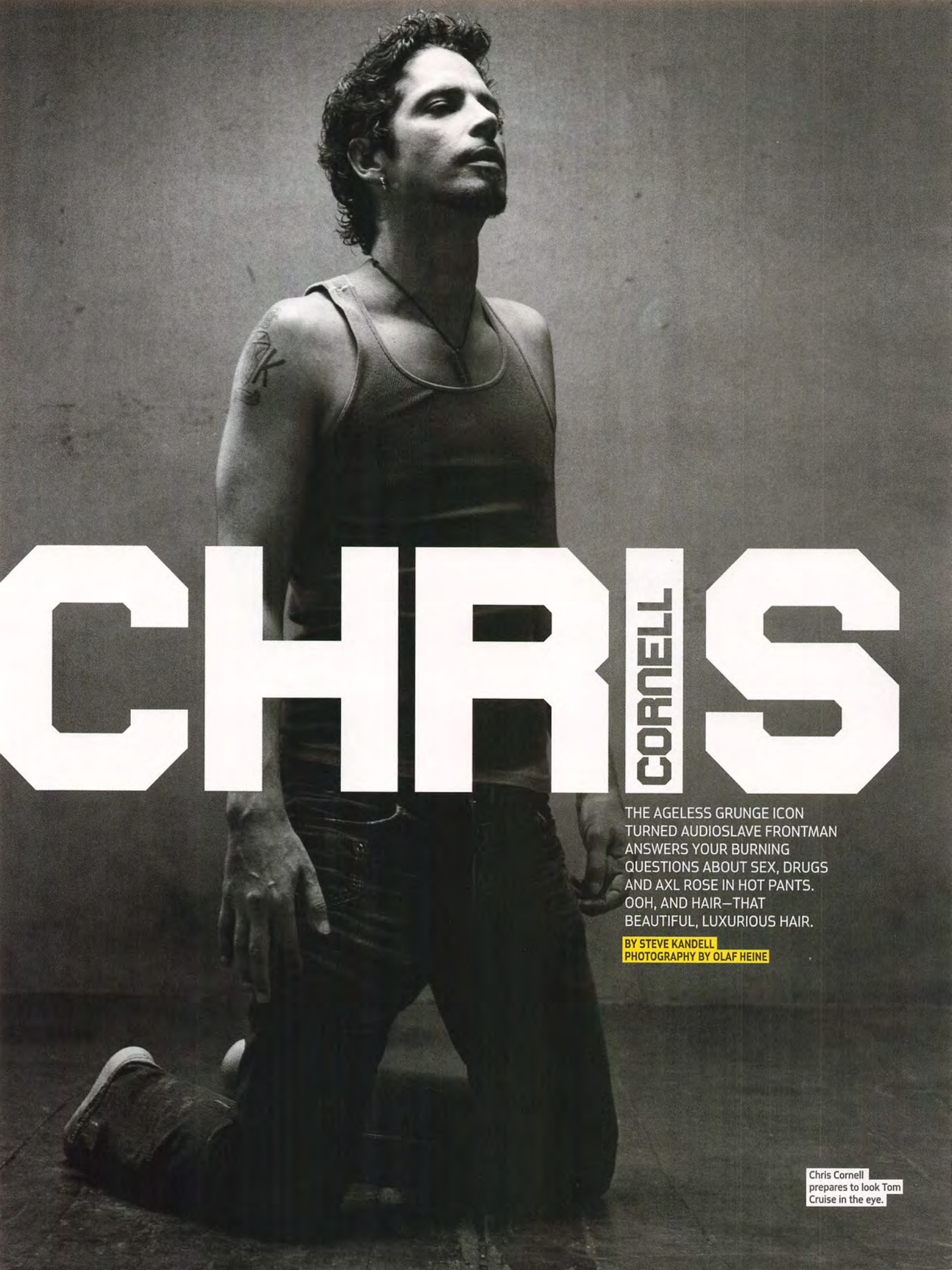

CHRIS CORNELL

THE AGELESS GRUNGE ICON TURNED AUDIOSLAVE FRONTMAN ANSWERS YOUR BURNING QUESTIONS ABOUT SEX, DRUGS AND AXL ROSE IN HOT PANTS. OOH, AND HAIR—THAT BEAUTIFUL, LUXURIOUS HAIR.

BY STEVE KANDELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY OLAF HEINE

Chris Cornell prepares to look Tom Cruise in the eye.

INSIDER

Dear Superstar

YOU SEND QUESTIONS, WE GET ANSWERS. WHO LOVES YA, BABY?

IN EVERY way imaginable, the Beverly Hills Peninsula Hotel is the polar opposite of Seattle, circa 1992: posh, immaculate, sun-drenched, well-mannered. Nonetheless, this is the breakfast nook of choice for the former grunge poster boy who once shrieked, "I wanna fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck you!" on a nightly basis.

As a Muzak version of "Every Breath You Take" wheezes through the hotel lounge's hi-fi, Chris Cornell enters looking very California indeed, wearing a wool hat, a black hoodie and a tan that would make George Hamilton envious. At 40, he seems half that, and is still the youngest person in the room by about 20 years.

Eight years since the unexpected dissolution of Soundgarden, Cornell is on the eve of a tour with Audioslave, the band he formed in 2002 with the three ex-members of Rage Against the Machine who are not Zack de la Rocha. Their just-released second album, *Out of Exile*, serves up riff-heavy arena rock along the lines of the supergroup's two-million-selling self-titled debut and, more important, establishes that the band is no one-off vanity project designed to fluff sagging egos or bank accounts. (We're looking at you, Coverdale/Page.)

Leafing through a recent issue of *Blender*, Cornell stops on a story about the 50 Cent/Game beef and waxes nostalgic for the comparatively toothless and gunplay-free Soundgarden–Pearl Jam–Nirvana rivalry of yore. "Yeah, that's how it was in Seattle," he deadpans. "'I'm way harder than you, Stone Gossard!'" With a new band, wife and baby—and newfound sobriety after two decades of the rock-star debauchery that claimed the lives of friends and fellow Seattle musicians like Layne Staley and Andrew Wood—Cornell shakes his head like the elder statesman he now is. "It's weird that pop music now includes people shooting each other to death."

Riled up and guzzling the first of several double espressos, Cornell appears primed to have his famously coiffed brain picked by you, our loyal readership. Or so we hope ...

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SCREAM THAT WAY? DOESN'T IT HURT?

MIMI1984, LAS VEGAS

Soundgarden wrote a song called "Heretic" while I was still playing drums. Hiro Yamamoto, our original bassist, sang the lyrics, but it was just a shriek. Once I became the singer and went for those shrieks, I was able to hit these notes, started playing with that. It doesn't ruin my voice—I can continually do it. My mom tells people that when I was born, I came out screaming, but she's my mother. She says stuff like that.

WHAT'S THE DUMBEST THING YOU EVER DID WHILE ON DRUGS?

PRINCEBILLY, TACOMA, WA

I don't remember. [*Laughs*] That's the whole nature of drugs. When I was drunk eight years ago, I jumped out of the tenth story of an apartment building onto the top of a pine tree and then climbed down. I'm not sure that's the dumbest thing I ever did, but it comes to mind.

WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER MOST—IF ANYTHING—ABOUT TOURING WITH GUNS N' ROSES IN 1992?

BOTTLEROCKET1, SAGINAW, MI

There were two main things: First, they had this enormous aluminum stage with catwalks, and at the end of each catwalk was a teleprompter so Axl could read the lyrics to his own songs. Which I thought was a little weird, since they only had two albums. The other thing was that you were not allowed to be in a hallway or anywhere Axl might see you when he was walking between the dressing room and the stage ... unless you were Chris Cornell. So, one day, I see a security guard walking him down this long corridor where there's no one except for me, and it's like they want me to see him. He's wearing his Axl Rose tennis shoes that say AXL ROSE on them and these teeny-tiny, painted-on red shorts, a backwards baseball cap and a fur coat that goes to the floor. And he just walks by and goes, "Hey, bro!" And that was it. At that point, it's one of those moments where you think about your life as a comic book—this isn't really happening.

HOW MUCH MONEY DO I NEED TO RAISE TO GET YOU TO DO A SOUNDGARDEN REUNION? I'M PREPARED TO PAY TOP DOLLAR!

BLACKHOLESUN1970, PORTLAND, ME

I don't think any of us have ever talked about it. I remember when we all met, about four weeks after the band broke up, in this warehouse rehearsal space we owned. I've never seen the four of us that happy—we were just so relieved not to be in Soundgarden anymore and live our own lives. From that point, we got along great. But I just don't see it happening.

WHO HAD MORE SEX IN SEATTLE IN THE '90S—YOU OR FAMED SUPERSONICS SEED-SPREADER SHAWN KEMP?

GROVER_666, SEATTLE

Oh, for sure Shawn Kemp—I was never promiscuous. In fact, for a rock singer, I'm sure I've broken records for how often I have *not* had sex.

AT WHAT PARTICULAR MOMENT DID YOU REALIZE YOU'D TRULY BECOME A BONA FIDE ROCK STAR?

CANYONGIRL, VALPARAISO, IN

Not until a few years after Soundgarden broke up. Once we were a part of history that couldn't be altered or changed and we were highly regarded, I could look at it with a different objectivity. It wasn't the money—in Seattle, anybody who wrote software could suddenly be worth five times as much as me or Eddie Vedder. There are shops full of used Ferraris from people nobody knows. Getting a check and being able to buy a house didn't make me feel like a rock star.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN YOU LEARNED KURT COBAIN HAD KILLED HIMSELF?

TIGGER2, MODESTO, CA

Oddly enough, I was in Paris, the last show of a Soundgarden tour. I didn't know him that well, but I had friends who were trying to talk to him and it wasn't working out. I →

Axl Rose, pre–tummy tuck.

Soundgarden kept tour costs down by camping.

Spoonman: Great with spoons, less so with scissors.

had this idea that when I got home, I'd try and sit down with him.

DID YOU EVER MEET JOHNNY CASH AFTER HE COVERED SOUNDGARDEN'S "RUSTY CAGE?"

CASHAHOLIC2004, BRIGHTON, MI

Once. Had I met Bill Clinton, I wouldn't have been afraid, but meeting Johnny Cash, I was terrified. I think part of it was that I was a fan from about 9 years old, when my brother brought home *Live at San Quentin*. I loved that record and would spin it over and over. He was enormous and wearing nothing but black, so from the sky to the floor is this gigantic black figure, and when he spoke, you felt like the ground was shaking. He knew I was intimidated and was very gentle and complimentary. Later—and this I regret—I was staying at a hotel on tour and my tour manager said Johnny Cash was in Room 217 and wanted to talk to me. I was too scared to call him.

WHOSE CAREER—MUSICAL OR OTHERWISE—WOULD YOU MOST WANT TO EMULATE?

LILLYOFTHEWOODS, SETAUKET, NY

Tom Waits. Someone that can have children, have a wife who's involved in his career in a positive way creatively, and then sit around in a barn and make great records. He chose what he loves about being a musician and an artist, and everything else he chucked.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO APOLOGIZE FOR HAVING REMOTELY ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE MOVIE *FEELING MINNESOTA*?

BBROOOMFIELD, METARIE, LA

You know what? I deserve applause because my lawyer told me we could sue them, but I just didn't want to be part of that. I was kind of embarrassed about it at the time, but looking back now, I feel all right about it.

NOW THAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH TOM MORELLO, IS THERE A TEMPTATION TO WRITE SONGS THAT USE WORDS LIKE "NICARAGUA" AND "MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX" A LOT?

T-MACK, MORRISTOWN, NJ

Not at all, and I've thought about this a lot lately. Tom never intended that whatever he did musically had to have a political focus. It was just a matter of circumstance that he wound up with this rapper who wrote political, poetic lyrics. You can't compare Zack de la Rocha to anyone else—what he does is really impressive.

HEY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SPOONMAN?

LEROYCAL, BERKELEY, CA

He's still Spoonman. He's the only person I've ever met who can walk into a room and do something musically you've never seen before that will just blow you away.

THROUGHOUT YOUR CAREER, YOUR LYRICS HAVE INCORPORATED RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM. DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A RELIGIOUS DUDE?

VELMO, ITHACA, NY

Given my understanding of the word *religious*, I would say no. Because to me, all the connotations are negative. It makes me imagine organized thought. Most of my religious imagery comes from being raised Catholic—from the time you're 6 years old, somebody is telling you that you are inherently a sinner and there's a good chance you might experience eternal suffering and pain. That kind of sticks with you.

WHAT'S THE MOST EXPENSIVE, DECADENT TOY YOU'VE EVER BOUGHT YOURSELF?

WILFREDPR, VAN NUYS, CA

I just bought a Bentley Continental GT. By a huge stretch, the most expensive and decadent toy.

YEARS AGO, I READ AN INTERVIEW WHERE YOU BOASTED ABOUT YOUR ABILITY TO MAKE QUALITY DUCT TAPE WALLETS. IS THIS SOMETHING WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING AT AUDIOSLAVE'S MERCH TABLE?

GIRLYBRO, GREENWICH, CT

We actually talked about it in Soundgarden, but it takes too long. I was trying to figure out a way where I could Henry Ford it, form a production line of duct tape wallet-makers and do it in an amount of time that made sense, but it's impossible. [*Blender* notes the irony of having three-fourths of Rage Against the Machine establish a sweatshop operation.] Tom Morello isn't against menial labor, as long as people are properly compensated and can survive.

WAS THERE A PARTICULAR MOMENT WHEN YOU DECIDED YOU HAD TO GET CLEAN?

RANDYKEEL99, HOLLYWOOD, CA

Four years ago, if you saw me at 11 in the morning, I wouldn't have looked as young as I do now. When my first daughter was born around then, I had every inten- →

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CHRIS CORNELL

Johnny Cash: "But I *am* smiling."

tion of stopping, and found it wasn't so easy. I was also in a relationship with her mother that was a daily disaster, and I couldn't deal with it as a sober person because I had never actually been a sober person. Everything crashed, and suddenly, for somebody who's had such a fortunate life, it was hell. At this point, I've quit smoking, so my only vice left is coffee. It's a Seattle thing, I guess.

YOUR NEW SINGLE, "BE YOURSELF," IS MORE DIRECT LYRICALLY THAN A LOT OF YOUR SONGS. DID REHAB AFFECT THE WAY YOU WRITE?
TRENTINJOJO, OKLAHOMA CITY, OK

Could be. It could also be fatherhood. Ten years ago, I would have written the line, "Be yourself is all you can do" and talked myself out of it. Now I keep myself from scratching something out just because it's the first thing I thought of.

YOU USED TO WORK AS A COOK—WHAT'S YOUR SIGNATURE DISH?
OATESANDHALL, BETHESDA, MD

It was all seafood. That's not an entertaining answer. Having worked as a professional cook cures you of ever wanting to cook at home.

WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO SONG FOR KARAOKE?
RICHBITCH, DENVER

"Whole Lotta Love."

WHAT'S THE WORST INJURY YOU EVER SUFFERED WHILE PERFORMING?
INCUBUS_GIRL, VANCOUVER, BC

I threw a guitar up in the air really high just as the guy with the spotlight hit me in the eyes. I couldn't see anything, and it landed right on my forehead. I saw a flash of lightning and then the right side of my head swelled up. I looked like a boxer who lost a bad fight. That was probably '94.

WHY ARE YOU LIVING IN PARIS THESE DAYS? DON'T YOU MISS THE U.S.?
SCHRIEVER_FAMILY, AUSTIN, TX

I met my wife in Paris on the first European Audioslave tour, two years ago—she owns a PR company there. So I would go over a lot to see her and just really liked it. She's from a Greek family, and for anyone who has seen *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*, there ended up being an apartment available above her mother's, by magic. We got married, we got pregnant and now we live in the apartment above her mother and brother. And I don't miss the U.S., because I'm here all the time for work.

Cornell in 1989, confused about that whole skateboarding thing.

I READ ONLINE THAT YOU WERE STARTING TO SING OPERA. IS THIS GOING TO BE A NEW CAREER DIRECTION?
SHORTY77, LOCKHART, TX

I'm waiting to put on 150 pounds first. Technically, it's not possible—opera singers have to start very young, and my voice, I'm sure, is already ruined for opera. I think what this person must be referring to is that we recorded "Ave Maria" for *A Very Special Christmas 3*.

I'M BORED OF ALL THE SONGS ON MY IPOD—WHAT ARE SOME BANDS I SHOULD BE LISTENING TO THAT I MAY NOT KNOW ABOUT?
JMIHALY, YONKERS, NY

The new record from Matt Sweeney and Bonnie Prince Billy, *Superwolf*, I'm kind of addicted to. I'm afraid to see them live because the record is so perfect.

DO YOU EVER GET THREATS FROM DISGRUNTLED RAGE FANS?
LOUDOG01, VENICE BEACH, CA

The only time I ever noticed anything was at a show somewhere, maybe San Francisco, and there were two kids who looked like Zack, flipping me off. Not in an angry way, just like a fist in the air. And I thought it was great—I mean, they paid to do that, you know?

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SELF?
LARRY_HON, TEMPE, AZ

Oh man, I was so crazy at 16. I'd just tell myself to relax. [BLENDER]

"MY ONLY VICE LEFT IS COFFEE. IT'S A SEATTLE THING, I GUESS."

OMG! Zack looks hottt!

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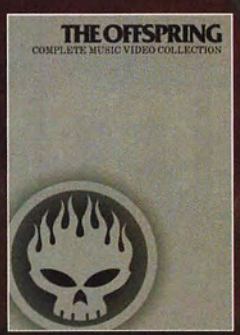

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BLENDER EXPLORES THE FINEST TUNES IN HISTORY

Chic, left to right: Bernard Edwards, Alfa Anderson, Tony Thompson, Luci Martin and Nile Rodgers.

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CHIC

"Good Times"

WHEN THESE '70S DISCO PILLARS WEREN'T MAKING ECSTASY AT HOME, THEY WERE MASTERMINDING DISCO'S LAST HURRAH—AND SETTING THE STAGE FOR HIP-HOP WITH THE FUNKIEST BASSLINE EVER WRITTEN

BY JODY ROSEN

"1979?" RECALLS NILE Rodgers, the guitarist and songwriter behind disco titans Chic. "Well, it kind of sucked."

This is unexpected. When Chic formed in New York in 1976, their sleek, funky sound—built around Rodgers's crisp rhythm guitar and cofounder Bernard Edwards's buoyant basslines—was immediately embraced by clubland cognoscenti and, soon enough, just about everyone else. The Clash, Mick Jagger and David Bowie openly revered them; they toured baseball stadiums and were the darlings of Studio 54. And yet ...

"1979 really, really sucked," Rodgers says. "The whole 'Disco Sucks' backlash was at its peak. We had a lot of commercial success. But as far as the industry was concerned, we were persona non grata."

This backlash was taking a toll on the group too. That same year, Luther Vandross, Chic's lead vocalist, announced he was quitting to pursue a solo career. As Rodgers says, "We felt totally embattled."

It was against this conflicted backdrop that Rodgers found himself out one night, club-hopping with Queen bassist John Deacon. Rodgers spent the evening feasting on a mélange of coke, homemade ecstasy, champagne and vodka. ("I used to call it my 'Breakfast of Champions.'") He and Deacon wandered from the clubs straight to the Power Station, a Manhattan recording studio where the band were working on their third album, *Risqué*.

"When I got there, Bernard was late," Rodgers recollects. "The only people there were [engineer] Bob Clearmountain, one of our keyboard players and Tony"—Tony Thompson, Chic's hard-hitting drummer, who was later drafted by Led Zeppelin for a 1985 reunion. Eventually, Edwards straggled in and plugged in his bass.

"I started screaming over the drums: 'Walk!' Bernard said, 'What?' I shouted, 'Walk, walk!'" Rodgers laughs. "So then Bernard, well, he started to walk."

The result was one of the most famous and influential basslines of all time, a surpassingly funky 20-note riff that became Chic's sonic signature.

Rodgers recalls: "Bernard started playing that now-famous bassline. 'Is that what you mean?' he asked. And I said, 'That's cool.' And we laid down the track in one take."

With Vandross out of the band, Chic was in need of a new male vocalist. Rodgers called up Fonzi Thornton, whom he'd met in the early '70s when the pair toured with Big Bird as members of a *Sesame Street* revue.

"Nile told me he had a new record he wanted me to sing on," Thornton says. "When I heard Bernard's bassline—it was almost scary, because it was so new. I said, 'This is something special.'"

The vocal, performed by Thornton, Alfa Anderson and Michelle Cobbs, was nearly as original: the eerie, strangely lush sound of singers straining at the very edge of their ranges.

Chic finished recording *Risqué* in the spring and originally slated "My Feet Keep Dancing" as its first single. Inadvertently, this decision almost tore the group apart: For a time, Rodgers and Edwards stopped speaking, each wrongly believing that the other preferred "My Feet Keep Dancing" to "Good Times." Eventually the pair cleared up the misunderstanding and told Atlantic to destroy the million singles it had pressed. Released that summer, "Good Times" was the band's fastest-selling song, shooting to No. 2 on the Billboard charts, where it remained for weeks, locked in a symbolic tussle with the Knack's "My Sharona."

"It was like the entire music industry was rooting for 'My Sharona,'" Rodgers recalls. "Everybody wanted to see rock at the top of the charts again. And when 'My Sharona' dropped out and [we] went to No. 1, it felt like a moral victory, because we were clearly the underdog."

"Good Times" is eight minutes of unmitigated disco bliss, both a summation of and an elegy for a bygone era of powdered noses and Halston suits. But look more closely at the lyrics, and you'll discover a surprising subtext.

"We were in the midst of a very big economic recession, the biggest since the Great Depression," Rodgers says. "I remember journalists criticizing us: How could our music be so celebratory and hedonistic when the times were so bad? But we were aware of the historical context."

Indeed, the opening verse makes knowing allusions to two Depression-era hits. The song plays like an ironic update of the smile-even-though-you-don't-have-a-dime pop songs from half a century earlier. "I always talk about Chic songs having 'DHM'—Deep Hidden Meaning," Rodgers says. "We can't write any other way. Even today, when I'm onstage playing 'Good Times,' I'm still thinking about the song's real message."

"Good Times" turned out to be Chic's crowning glory—and swan song. "After that, we were finished," Rodgers says. Fatally stung by the disco backlash, the group disbanded in 1983. They reformed in 1992, but Edwards died four years later, followed by Thompson in 2003. (Today, Rodgers and Thornton are at work on songs for a new Chic album.)

Meanwhile, "Good Times" has enjoyed one of the most auspicious afterlives in pop history. In 1980, John Deacon took the song's bassline and plunked it straight into Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust," their biggest hit. The most famous gloss on "Good Times," though, is the Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight," which lifted the song's groove wholesale and created commercial rap.

Rodgers is proud of Chic's crucial place in hip-hop history. "'Rapper's Delight' is one of my favorite songs of all time. At first, I admit, I was pissed off. You work your whole life to write a song like 'Good Times.' It takes all of your experience, all of your music lessons, all the places I got fired, all the times I was robbed—all of that living. But the truth is, I was especially pissed because, as innovative and important as 'Good Times' was, 'Rapper's Delight' was just as much, if not more so."

Rodgers chuckles. "Anyway, that's why they call it hip-hop—it's collage art. You take something hip, and you hop on it. And you know, 'Good Times' is definitely hip." [BLENDER]

VITAL STATISTICS

SONG: "Good Times"
ARTIST: Chic
PERFORMERS:
Nile Rodgers, *guitar*
Bernard Edwards, *bass*
Tony Thompson, *drums*
Raymond Jones, *Fender Rhodes*
Rob Sabino, *piano*
Fonzi Thornton, *vocals*
Alfa Anderson, *vocals*
Luci Martin, *vocals*
Ullanda McCullough, *vocals*
Michelle Cobbs, *vocals*
LABEL: Atlantic
PRODUCERS:
Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards
CHARTED: June 1979
HIGHEST CHART POSITION: 1
WEEKS ON CHART: 19

WHO'S WHO

NILE RODGERS
The disco era's foremost guitarist/auteur/Studio 54 habitué, who later produced hits for David Bowie and Madonna.

BERNARD EDWARDS
Rodgers's co-songwriter/producer and a nimble-fingered bass genius. Died of pneumonia at age 43 while on tour in Japan.

FONZI THORNTON
Sweet-voiced singer who replaced Luther Vandross as Chic's male lead.

ALBUM: MR. SNUGGLES; RODGERS: EBET ROBERTS

My Music

OUR FAVORITE STARS' FAVORITE RECORDS

"GOD, WAS I TEASED"

SO RECALLS **RYAN SEACREST,** HIGHLY GROOMED HOST OF *AMERICAN IDOL* AND RADIO'S *AMERICA'S TOP 40.* BUT NOT ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK ...

BY STEVE KANDELL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JUSTIN STEPHENS

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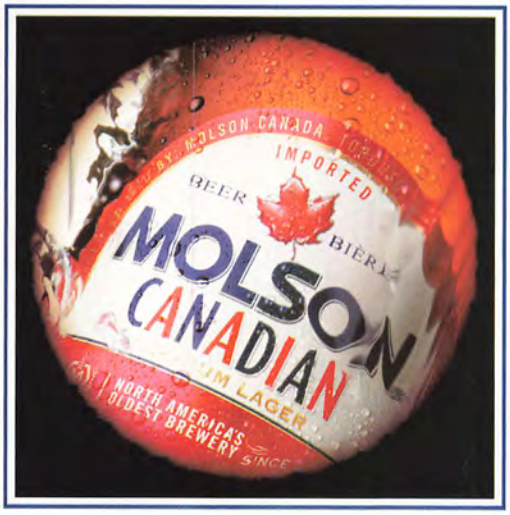

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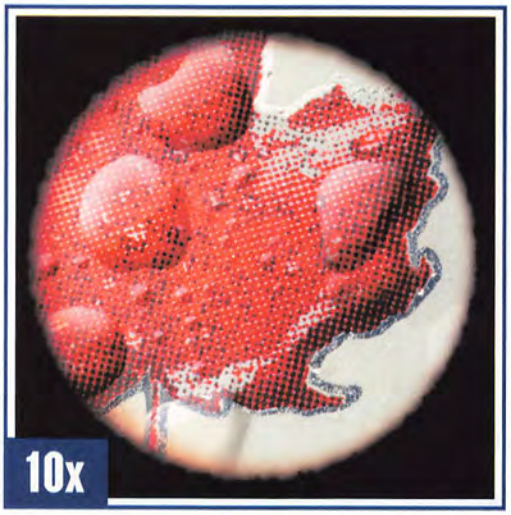

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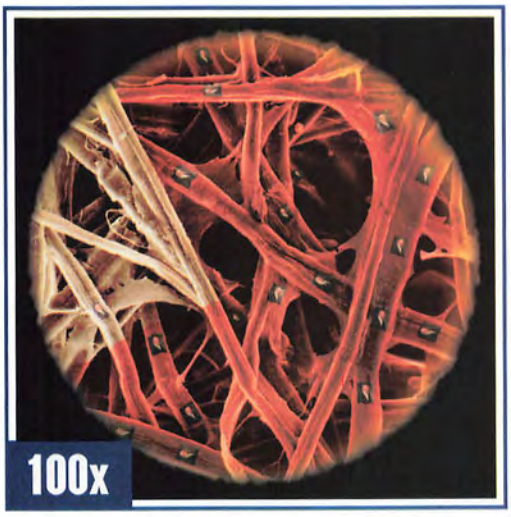

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THE ALBUM THAT
MADE ME DJ FOR A LIVING

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
BORN IN THE U.S.A.
COLUMBIA, 1984

"This was one of the first CDs I ever purchased. I'd lock myself in the room and pretend to be on the radio, introducing each song. There were so many hits off that album, nearly half the songs were played on *America's Top 40*, which is the show I host now, so my life has come full circle. This album stands out because it was the first time I understood what it meant to be a DJ and thought it was something I wanted to do."

THE ALBUM THAT
PROVED TO BE PROPHETIC

PAULA ABDUL
FOREVER YOUR GIRL
VIRGIN, 1988

"I have some ultimate cheese in my collection. The surreal thing is, the other album I mixed into fake radio spots was Paula Abdul's *Forever Your Girl*—'Straight Up' had a 20-second intro I could talk over. I have always been a massive pop fan. That's not always the coolest thing for a guy to admit, and I definitely got teased for it. But I remember thinking Paula was hot. That's when I realized I liked girls."

THE ALBUM THAT
CONJURES OLD HOLLYWOOD

FRANK SINATRA
PORTRAIT OF SINATRA
COLUMBIA, 1997

"I came around to Sinatra later in life and I just find peace listening to him. I picture Hollywood at that time, all the stories. Obviously I never got to see the place when Sinatra was in his heyday, but I think all of us in this business wonder what it was like then. As you grow older and wiser, your appreciation for music becomes a little broader and deeper. I probably play this a couple times a week in the evening, perfect for sunset."

THE ALBUM THAT
REMINDS ME OF BARBECUE

FOUR TOPS
GREATEST HITS
CLASSIC WORLD, 2000

"Growing up, my parents listened to a lot of Motown, so when I was a kid, it was a lot of Smokey Robinson and the Four Tops around the house, not a lot of rock & roll. 'I Can't Help Myself (Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch)'—the song just reminds me of a Friday night in Dunwoody, Georgia, with my dad coming home from work and firing up the grill. I'll always remember seeing how happy my parents were when these songs came on. It's a good memory to have."

THE ALBUM THAT
MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A HONKY

50 CENT
GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN'
G-UNIT/AFTERMATH/INTERSCOPE, 2003

"He was on my show a while ago and when I went to hug him, he had the bulletproof vest on. I asked him if he had any G-Unit stuff in small, but everything comes in XXL so you can fit layers over the flak jacket. *The Massacre*'s huge right now, but this was the record that was guaranteed to get people onto the dance floor. And I find his story really interesting. His reality is very far from mine, but this is a great party record."

THE ALBUM
I FIRST MADE OUT TO ... WITH A GIRL!

DEF LEPPARD
HYSTERIA
MERCURY, 1987

"Peachtree Junior High prom, first slow dance, first makeout—'Love Bites.' Hands on hips, swaying slowly and awkwardly, for 5 1/2 minutes, wondering if I was going to try and kiss this girl. I put a watermelon Jolly Rancher in my mouth so I'd have good breath, just in case. It's a great album; it's got 'Pour Some Sugar on Me' too. Some songs may not be the most brilliant pieces of work, but they put you right back into certain moments in your life."

THE ALBUM THAT
THE DUNWOODY WILDCATS LOVED

EAGLES
THEIR GREATEST HITS
ASYLUM, 1976

"I played football in high school, believe it or not, despite my lack of girth. And this was the disc our bus driver played going to and from games to get us fired up. Especially 'Take It Easy,' the first song on the album. You have that sick feeling in your gut, the adrenaline's rushing as you pull up to the stadium. And win or lose, we'd listen to the same album on the way home, although we'd listen to 'Desperado' if we lost, on the verge of crying."

THE ALBUM THAT
MAKES ME CRAVE ITALIAN

STING
ALL THIS TIME
A&M, 2001

"I was a Police fan, but I love Sting's solo stuff. He recorded this on September 11, 2001, at his place in Tuscany—he was struggling with whether or not to go ahead with the show, and you can feel him going through that process. Plus, Tuscany is probably my favorite region in the world; I try to go there as often as I can on holiday. I love the landscape, the food, the wine."

THE ALBUM THAT
MAKES ME ACT LIKE A GROUPIE

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND
LIVE AT RED ROCKS
BAMA RAGS/RCA, 1997

"I really like Dave's live albums, and this is my favorite. I've seen him every single time I could—Dodger Stadium, small theaters, different cities—and I step out of being in the music business when I'm at one of his concerts and just become a true fan. I became a fan while I was at the University of Georgia, before he broke mainstream. He really built a buzz playing college towns."

THE ALBUM THAT
GUYS LIKE ... BUT I DON'T

LED ZEPPELIN
IV
ATLANTIC, 1971

"Antithetical to most guys, I never got into it and I don't miss not getting into it. Every one of my friends swears by that album and I always hit skip in the disc player when it comes on at their houses. Maybe I'm completely naive, but they're one of those bands I just never connected with. Same with the Beatles even, I just couldn't care less. And I hated Metallica growing up, although I've started to come around a little recently. *God*, was I teased."

T-SHIRT BY "R" LINE PANTS BY TRUE RELIGION SHOES BY NIKE

Ask Blender

SOLVING POP CONUNDRUMS SINCE 2001

IS IT TRUE THAT WHITNEY HOUSTON ONCE SANG FOR A CULT?

RUDY TERCHOFF, GRAND RAPIDS, MI

She came very, very close. In 1997 the singer agreed to perform at Blessing '97, a mass wedding thrown in Washington, D.C., by the notorious Korean cult leader Reverend Sun Myung Moon. 2,500 disciples of his One World Unification Church (nicknamed the Moonies) were set to be married, even though many had never even met before.

Houston's publicist explained the booking thus: "She's always attracted to things that are family oriented"—but the $1 million fee might have had something to do with it too.

After anti-cult campaigners created a controversy, Houston pulled out of the gig with two hours to spare, citing "sudden illness." By this point, her band had already set up, and many local residents had been lured inside the stadium by the promise of a free Whitney concert. Instead they were treated to a performance by Latin superstar Jon Secada, whose rep told *USA Today*, "We honestly thought it was a Whitney Houston concert. We had no idea it was for a [Unification] wedding." Whoops!

WHAT'S THE WORLD'S BIGGEST-SELLING SINGLE?

CATHERINA FRENDEL, RED BANK, NJ

Believe it or not, the single that has sold the most copies around the world is "Candle in the Wind '97" by Elton John—the new version of his 1973 ode to Marilyn Monroe that John rewrote and recorded following the 1997 death of Princess Diana.

It sold 31 million copies in just 37 days and eventually hit a staggering 33 million—beating the previous title-holder, "White Christmas" by Bing Crosby, which sold 30 million copies over a 55-year period. The response was truly international—only about 5 million of those sales were in the Princess's native U.K.—proving that love for the glamorous outcast from the British royal family wasn't limited to the land of fish and chips.

Of course, John was not able to spend the proceeds on chandeliers and silk brocade—all royalties from sales (over $35 million by the end of '97) went to charities through the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund. So at least *some* good came from the song.

Smashing Pumpkins, before Billy Corgan got all "Uncle Fester."

"'TODAY' WAS A JOKE SONG ABOUT HOW I WANTED TO **KILL MYSELF.**"

BILLY CORGAN

IS THE CHEERFUL SMASHING PUMPKINS SONG "TODAY" ACTUALLY ABOUT SUICIDE?

GLENN GIVEN, STONY BROOK, NY

Pretty much. Even though the band's 1993 feel-good hit is best known for the line "Today is the greatest day I've ever known," the lyrics certainly relate to having suicidal thoughts. Written while singer Billy Corgan was alone at home recovering from 14 months of nonstop Pumpkins touring, the song was "pretty much like a joke song about how I wanted to kill myself ... I just thought it was funny to write a song that said today is the greatest day of your life because it can't get any worse."

Despite Corgan's dark mood, the rumor that he actually attempted suicide during this period is apparently false. "If I did, I would have succeeded," he pointed out. Not exactly a "joke song" in the Weird Al sense, then.

DID ELVIS COSTELLO WRITE "PARTY GIRL" ABOUT LIV TYLER'S MOTHER?

CHRIS A.M. RATHERS, ROCHESTER, NY

John: Unsurprisingly, England lost the World Cup that year.

That's the received story, but no. Just a year after giving birth to Steven Tyler's daughter, the groupie legend Bebe Buell—who claims to be the prime inspiration for Kate Hudson's *Almost Famous* character, Penny Lane—did add nerd-rock star Costello to her list of famous sexual conquests (which includes Todd Rundgren, Jimmy Page and Mick Jagger). The unlikely pair had a long-running relationship that co-existed awkwardly with Costello's first marriage.

Buell is often said to have inspired the romantic epic "Party Girl," but this is actually impossible: Costello performed an early version at his famous Hollywood High gig on June 4th, 1978—and met Buell for the first time later that same night. Indeed, Costello has forcefully rebuffed her claims to have inspired virtually all of his 1979 *Armed Forces* album, writing in the reissue liner notes: "It is a tragic delusion about which I wish I could say, 'I shall not dignify that with a response,' but 'dignity' doesn't come into this story."

To be fair, Buell probably *did* inspire the 1991 Paul McCartney collaboration "So Like Candy"—"Candy" was one of the pet names Costello had given her. [BLENDER]

YOUR QUESTIONS

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MISS UNIVERSE

SHE CAN CURSE IN ARABIC, OWNS THE BEST HIPS IN MUSIC AND DATES A PRESIDENT'S SON. NOW SHE WANTS TO MAKE AMERICA SING IN SPANISH. THE REST OF THE WORLD ALREADY BELONGS TO SHAKIRA. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO STAND IN HER WAY?

BY ROB TANNENBAUM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES WHITE

STYLING: LINDA MEDVENE; HAIR: MARK TOWNSEND FOR MAGNET; PHOTOGRAPHED AT OLD FORT BAY, NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS

Shakira makes
even testing
pH levels look sexy.

VINTAGE DRESS BIKINI BY **DOLCE & GABBANA**

BIKINI BY DOLCE & GABBANA SHIRT BY NICOLE MILLER

EARLY LAST YEAR, Shakira recalls with glee, she made a shocking decision. She was starting the follow-up to *Laundry Service*, the 2001 album that made her as big a star here as she is in Spanish-speaking countries. And, she announced to her band, she had a new direction in mind. "I said, 'Acoustic guitars are forbidden. This is one of the rules. It's going to be all synthesizers. We are making'"—she bangs a table for emphasis—"'a new *BANG* wave *BANG* record *BANG*.'"

Now, *Laundry Service* sold 3.5 million copies in the U.S. because hits like "Wherever, Whenever" and "Underneath Your Clothes" mixed synthesizers with acoustic guitars—plus trashy guitar riffs, big, frisky rock beats and Shakira's throaty, Middle Eastern roar—in an audacious, mongrelized way that felt both instantly familiar and entirely inventive. So it seemed like madness to change her style so severely. A new wave record? *Que*?

But willpower constitutes most of the singer's 4-foot-11 stature, and when she makes a rule, people obey: synthesizers only, then, and God help anyone who ventures near her with an acoustic instrument. For the next few months, the band worked only on electronic keyboards. All was peaceful, briefly. And then, one day, she turned to address her band again.

"I said, 'I'm sick of synthesizers. I don't wanna see one more synthesizer. Bring all the acoustic guitars you can.'" And in an instant, synthesizers were banished as though she was allergic to them.

This scenario explains not only the dialectic process of combining opposites that led to her new Spanish-language album, *Fijación Oral 1*, in which new wave keyboards frolic with acoustic guitars in a Latin American club, but also what it's like to be in Shakira's sphere: She's a tornado, you're a tree. You either bend to her force or get uprooted and thrown into some trailer homes.

In a tour documentary released last year on her *Live & off the Record* DVD, Shakira argues with manager Freddy DeMann about playing a concert in Argentina. DeMann, who managed Madonna—the original human tornado—won't agree to the money-losing trip. She glares, pouts, insists, threatens. He puts his hands to his head in frustration. "Read my lips," he tells her. "We're not going to Argentina." Then, as in a sitcom where the husband can't defy the wife, the film jumps to a Shakira concert in Argentina. DeMann, by the way, no longer manages Shakira.

She is not only willful but also smart: fluent in Spanish, English and Portuguese, she can also speak decent Italian and some Arabic ("Just the curse words"). She makes occasional mistakes in English ("humoristic" instead of "humorous") but also speaks with a poetic flair for analogy, and inflects her answers with references to Charles Baudelaire (French writer, dead) and Gabriel García Márquez (Colombian writer, alive) and Woody Allen (American director, barely alive). She's probably smarter than you—unless you're fluent in Portuguese and can swear in Arabic—though she would never say so.

She is not only smart but also talented: With a mix of Colombian and Lebanese ancestry, she has developed a mighty mixture of the two vocal traditions, with a vibrato she shakes like her hips. On top of her willfulness, her intelligence and her talent, she also has the best hips in music, though she would never say so. She laughs easily, cries easily, tucks her bare feet under her when she sits, and says "fricking" instead of "fucking" because Catholic inhibition prevents her from swearing. She's lovely, as long as you don't tell her she can't do a concert in Argentina.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AND SHAKIRA IS not only a star, she's also a tutor. For much of this spring, she was teaching Americans to speak Spanish.

Ever since Ricky Martin lived *la vida loca* in 1999, Top 40 radio has been less like McDonald's and more like Taco Bell. Rappers toss in an *ay mami* here and there, or step aside for a guest spot from Fat Joe, who's Puerto Rican, and there are Spanglish radio hits by Daddy Yankee and Frankie J. But "La Tortura," the first single from *Fijación Oral 1*, isn't bilingual, it's purely Spanish. So MTV aired a *Making the Video* in her native language with English subtitles. For a moment, MTV looked like PBS.

The song is a witty, playful, sparring duet with Alejandro Sanz, who's less well known to most Americans than Horatio Sanz, despite being a star in Spanish-speaking countries. Singing the role of his lover, Shakira berates him for having a mistress, a custom she says "is so common in Latin America that it's almost embraced as picturesque." Ever since her first album, recorded when she was 13, her songs have described relationships as a wonderful agony and love as a spell that turns the bearer into *un perro faldero*, a tagalong dog, as one new song puts it.

"Women are all the same. We're just trouble." The singer, 28, is sitting in the roomy kitchen of her parents' waterfront ➔

WELCH: EVERETT COLLECTION; MARY: CHRISTIE'S IMAGES/CORBIS; VELEZ: HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS; HAYWORTH: UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD/CORBIS; MIRANDA: BETTMANN/CORBIS

Raquel Welch "disappointed" by dressing room.

BOMBS AWAY

IN HONOR OF SHAKIRA'S NEW SPANISH-LANGUAGE ALBUM AND, UM, HER HOTNESS, *BLENDER* PRESENTS A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LATINA BOMBSHELL.

1531

LA VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE appears in a vision to a missionary named Juan Diego atop a hill in Mexico. By all accounts, she's both able to perform miracles and cute in that black-velvet-painting way.

1927

Legendary and accurately nicknamed "Mexican Spitfire" **LUPE VELEZ** debuts in a Laurel and Hardy comedy. Seventeen years later, she offs herself with a bottle of Seconal.

1937

Brooklyn-born dancer and B-list actress Rita Cansino changes her name to the less Spanglish **RITA HAYWORTH**, becomes a sex symbol, marries Orson Welles before he gets real fat.

1943

Having turned hats made of fruit into an unlikely fashion statement, **CARMEN MIRANDA**, a.k.a. "The Brazilian Bombshell," is the highest-paid entertainer in her country. ➔

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PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ÅHUS, SWEDEN
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PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ÅHUS, SWEDEN
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ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
MANDRIN
Absolut Mandrin is made from a unique blend of natural mandarin and orange flavors and vodka distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. The distilling and flavoring of vodka is an age-old Swedish tradition. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879.
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MANDARIN FLAVORED VODKA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ÅHUS, SWEDEN
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WHAT COCKTAIL ARE YOU?

find your personalized cocktail at **absolut.com**

Build over ice in a highball glass. Garnish with a wedge of lime.

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ABSOLUT
MANDRIN MULE

WHAT COCKTAIL ARE YOU?

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ABSOLUT
CITRON + TONIC

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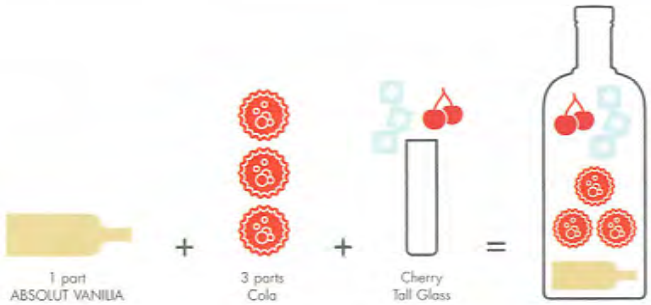

Build over ice in a tall glass. Garnish with a cherry.

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RASPBERRI BURST

house in Miami Beach, at twilight, wearing jeans, a sheer white linen shirt and some gold jewelry.

"I think it's punishment from God to have put men and women on the same planet. Only for having stolen a simple apple, we received the punishment. Women are full of buttons, little buttons, millions of buttons. And men have just the *on* and *off* switch. Men need only food and *you-know-what*. We need so much more. We're like—what do you call them? Barrels without bottoms. There's no way to satisfy a woman. Ever."

Does that include you?

"Yes, I am trouble. Trouble is my middle name!"

In the living room, watching TV, sits her boyfriend of five years, Antonio de la Rua. She wrote *Laundry Service* as an extended love note to him (the couplet "To buy more thongs/And write more happy songs" summed up her delight). He's a full stepladder taller than she is, an amiable, dark-haired lawyer in an Izod dress shirt, with a cellphone constantly pressed to his ear. His father, Fernando, was president of Argentina, though one nonpartisan watchdog group described his tenure as "hapless," and he resigned in December 2001, after two years of economic crisis, fleeing in a helicopter as protesters fought with police outside the government palace.

"Antonio's a saint, believe me," Shakira says, looking at him through a window. "If I had to be him, I would have left a long time ago. I'm a drama queen. Drama is my last name." She laughs. "Trouble's my middle name, and Drama is my last name. Shakira Trouble Drama."

Like her music, Shakira's life is full of conflict and theater: Even making an album involves tears and torments and tantrums. "Every day, I suffer over decisions. People →

Unorthodox tan lines hold no fear for Shakira.

BIKINI BY **DOLCE & GABBANA** BEADED DRESS BY **CELINE**

PERON: BETTMANN/CORBIS; CHARO: EVERETT COLLECTION; LOPEZ: FIROOZ ZAHEDI/JBGPHOTO.COM; DORA: KRT/NEWSCOM; HAYEK: MIRAMAX/EVERETT COLLECTION

1946

Charting the course that Hillary Clinton would later follow—albeit far less sexily— **EVITA PERON** helps her husband become president of Argentina and inspires a sappy musical.

1966

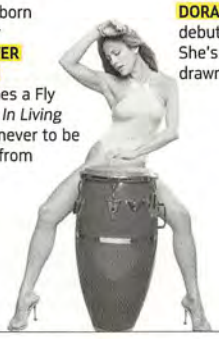
RAQUEL WELCH, better known to *su madre* as Raquel Tejada, wears a fur thong in *One Million Years B.C.*, thus introducing the unlikely phrase "hot Neanderthal" into the popular lexicon.

1977

Spanish-born "cuchi-cuchi" mama **CHARO** makes the first of her record-setting eight guest appearances on *The Love Boat*, paving the way for blonde, single-monikered Chicana singers with ample cleavage to be accepted by gringo audiences.

1990

Bronx-born dancer **JENNIFER LOPEZ** becomes a Fly Girl on *In Living Color*, never to be heard from again.



2000

DORA THE EXPLORER debuts on Nickelodeon. She's not bad—she's just drawn that way.

2002

SALMA HAYEK is so hot, she even makes monobrowed, mustachioed Mexican painter Frida Kahlo sexually appealing.

STEVE KANDELL

around me see me cry and see me very insecure. I guess I don't feel like I'm delivering a baby if I don't feel the pain and the contractions, you know? It's a masochistic way of living a career."

"She's obsessed with work," says Sanz, her duet partner. "She thinks about songs 24 hours a day. Plus she's female, and Latin American—so she has everything she needs to be highly emotional."

"She's a tortured soul and she struggles over every bit of it," adds producer Rick Rubin (Audioslave, Red Hot Chili Peppers), whom she consulted while choosing songs

Still cheery, despite her threadbare wardrobe.

"MEN NEED ONLY FOOD AND YOU-KNOW-WHAT. WOMEN NEED SO MUCH MORE."

and hiring musicians. "Very few pop artists are such auteurs, with such a vision of their whole sound. But she second-guesses herself, and tries things a million different ways."

"I should have been a theater actress," Shakira says, "but I have way too many inhibitions."

Inhibitions? Is this the same woman who onstage wears leather pants that fit her like a snake's skin, and pumps her bare midsection like she's waiting for her turn on the pole?

"Oh my goodness, you don't even know. I'm so shy. Super-shy. The most shy person in the world. No, not the most shy, but probably second-most," she laughs.

"My body, for example? I'd die if someday a paparazzi catches me coming out of the shower and takes a picture through a window. I would never go out again in the street. I would change my name, my passport, my social security ...

"I don't like to be explicit about my sexual life. I don't talk about it and I don't like to make references about it, but I believe in sensuality. Sensuality has to be every woman's flag. I can't say that's how I'm gonna think in 30 years. Maybe when I'm 50, I'll be a whore."

Antonio, cellphone in his hand, tells Shakira they need to leave for the airport instantly or they'll miss a flight to the Bahamas, where they live. *Blender* asks him, is Shakira as dramatic as she claims to be?

"Yeah, totally," he says sheepishly.

So what does he do when it gets bad? "Stay away. Give her some massage," he giggles.

"Oh yeah," Shakira trills. "He gives the best massages."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BLENDER FIRST MET Shakira in October 2001, before the release of *Laundry Service*, when her fame was contained to areas south of the equator. Her English was slightly more awkward and accented then, and she was puzzled by the way Americans responded to her.

"They ask me if I'm Britney Spears," she said, sitting on the terrace of a Miami hotel. "Twice a day. 'Are you Britney Spears? Can you give me an autograph?'"

What a silly comparison: Shakira would never marry a backup dancer. Though she's diplomatic about it, she also makes it clear, now, that Britney is not her peer: "I don't find common places between her and I, besides the fact that she's blonde. And the difference is," she laughs, "she's probably a natural blonde, and I'm not."

Shakira says her popularity is based not on her dancing or her body ("I don't look like a model. I'm not six feet tall or anything") but on her mind. "That's the part of myself I can count on. After all, it's a man's world. That's the best tool you can have. When you see a woman shake her ass, it translates immediately as anything but intellect or sensuality. But in the Hispanic world, there's a clear understanding of who I am."

When she dyed her hair blonde, sang in English and sexualized her videos, some old fans called her a *vendida*, a sell-out. But Gustavo Cerati, a respected Argentinean rock musician who produced two songs on *Fijación Oral 1*, cites Shakira as a role model for the next generation of Latina singers: "It's easy to see a lot of cartoon, Disney pop stars here. It's different with her—she's involved in the production and the writing. Now a lot of women in Latin America are writing their own songs too."

"Normally, female Latin artists are a little bit dull. She's not a puppet—she's a real musician," says Sanz.

The booming Latino population of ➔

ROCK & ROLL *EN ESPAÑOL* PHRASEBOOK

ARE YOU A GRINGO ROCK STAR ABOUT TO TOUR LATIN AMERICA? IF SO, HERE ARE SOME PHRASES YOU MIGHT FIND USEFUL

"HOLA, CARTAGENA!"
("Hello, Cartagena!")

"LAS SEÑORAS DE LA PARTE DE ATRAS, NO LAS OIGO!"
("Ladies in the back, I can't hear you!")

"HORA PARA EL TAMBÓR. PORQUE NO SALIMOS A FUERA PARA ORINAR?"
("Time for the drum solo. Why not step out for a pee break?")

"VAMOS A FIESTAR DE NUEVO EN MI HABITACIÓN!"
("Party back at my suite!")

"ESTAS DROGAS ESTAN TREMENDAS."
("Dude, these drugs are awesome.")

"ESTAS PROSTITUTAS ESTAN TREMENDAS."
("Dude, these hookers are awesome.")

"PORQUE ESTA CHICA SE ESTA PONIENDO AZUL?"
("Why is this chick turning blue?")

"ALGUIEN TIENE EL NUMERO DE UN BUEN ABOGADO?"
("Does anyone have the number of a good lawyer?")

"DEFINITIVAMENTE NECESITAMOS SERVICIO DE CRIADA EN LA HABITACION 904."
("We desperately need maid service in room 904.")

"NO, SEÑOR JUEZ, YO NO SE COMO ESE KILO DE COCAINA SE ME METIO POR EL TRASERO."
("No, judge, I don't know how that kilo of cocaine got up my ass.")

"CONTRA, ESTA ES UNA CELDA BIEN PEQUEÑA."
("Wow, this is a small cell.")

"POR FAVOR, NO ME AGAS TU PUTA."
("Please do not make me your 'bitch.'")

SHAKIRA: KEVIN KANE/WIREIMAGE.COM; ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN JAY

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How Dirty Boys Get Clean.

NEW AXE SHOWER GEL

With boyfriend Antonio de la Rua in 2002.

Shortly after scalping Linda Perry in 1999.

With dad and mom at the 1999 Latin Music Awards.

the U.S. is up to 40 million, making it a desirable market for peddlers from politicians to Pepsi. But most established Spanish-language stars who have tried to cross over to Anglo audiences have either started fast and fizzled (Ricky Martin, Marc Anthony, Enrique Iglesias) or failed horribly (Paulina Rubio). "She's the only one who can make the crossover in her own way," says Cerati.

And beyond that, Shakira—multilingual, half-Latin and half-Arabic—is the embodiment of globalization, the digital-age demolition of national boundaries author Thomas Friedman calls the "One Big Thing" now guiding politics and economics.

"The world's shrunk," Shakira reflects, sitting one afternoon in her house in the Bahamas, moments after finishing a rehearsal and before packing for a four-day vacation in Turkey. "The planet was never smaller, no? I do feel global. I feel like a citizen of the world."

She followed *Laundry Service* with *Fijación Oral 1*, rather than with an English record, in the hope that American radio and TV would play Spanish songs. "It's more possible now for Spanish records to spread than it would have been five years ago," says John Ivey, program director of radio powerhouse KIIS-FM in Los Angeles. "The tide is turning."

Living in two different worlds has required a doubled set of talent and will. Shakira's syncretic gifts began in Barranquilla, Colombia, a northern port town. She heard Donna Summer's disco songs, which she liked because they were "so contagious." She heard Middle Eastern music from her father. While her girlfriends adored Milli Vanilli and New Kids on the Block, she listened to Metallica, using headphones in literature class to hide from the nuns, though since she didn't speak English, "the lyrics were all *blah blah blah blah*." At 13, her puberty was electrified by Depeche Mode's "Enjoy the Silence." "I told my mom, 'Every time I hear that guitar riff, I feel this weird thing in my stomach.'"

She made her first record after cornering a Sony music executive in a hotel lobby and insisting on an unscheduled audition, but her teenage albums were not successful, partly because they were scandalous. "The first songs I wrote were dramatic love songs. A 13-year-old girl singing love and hate songs was a little radical. Some people thought I was a 30-year-old woman. And there were local critics who weren't into the idea that a young girl was singing such dramatic love songs."

Her father, William, owned a jewelry store, but went bankrupt. From one of the many Arabic families that settled in Colombia, he had seven children from an earlier marriage before meeting Shakira's mother, Nidia. Even as a girl, Shakira was indomitable.

"I had my first boyfriend when I was 12, and my parents knew about it. My dad was very jealous. I had an older sister in medical school, and he would not let her wear tight jeans.

"I sat down with my dad and told him, 'Listen, I like this guy. I'm gonna be his girlfriend whether you like it or not. Do you want to know about my life? Or do you want me to hide what I do?' He said, 'Okay, I want to know about it.'

"I never went through an adolescence, when kids become rebels and do drugs. I was always a good girl."

Her parents are still rarely far from her, either physically or mentally. "My parents have been the center of my universe for a long time. You know, I'm almost 30—I'm almost on the third floor!—and I still listen to them. I'm the only child in my mother's marriage with my dad, so I've been overprotected sometimes. But it's weird, because I have a very dominant personality as well. It's like a paradox."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN SHAKIRA WAS 2 years old, an older half-brother, William, died in a motorcycle accident. "That's actually my first memory of my life. I remember the exact moment when my parents got the news." As a result, she has always been terrified of death, and also obsessed with it.

In the last year, her first manager, Patricia Tellez—"more than a manager, my sister, probably the best friend I ever had"—died in her sleep of a heart attack. And a friend from Barranquilla died from cervical cancer at only 32. "This is going to be a very tragic article," Shakira says with a resigned laugh.

"The Pope died; what can we simple mortals expect? Life is just a second, but we have to make it seem like 10 minutes."

To deal with her fear of death, she began to see a psychoanalyst two years ago. "It's like a guided trip inside myself. I've gotten to know the many different corners of my labyrinthine mind. It's helped me grow—though that doesn't mean I'm mature!" Analysis led her to the title of her new record. In the fall, she'll release a companion English-language CD, titled *Oral Fixation 2*.

"I never overcame that initial stage in every life, which is the oral fixation stage. I'm still there. I've always lived through my mouth, like a person in jail lives through a window. It's my biggest source of pleasure: what I say, what I sing, the kisses I give, the chocolate I eat—which is," she adds, "a lot. My new resolution is to find pleasure everywhere, no matter how."

"TROUBLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME. DRAMA IS MY LAST NAME."

On the cover of *Fijación Oral 1*, Shakira poses in an off-white slip dress, part virginal bridal gown and part honeymoon negligee, and holds a baby near her bosom. "She would've been breast-feeding," says manager Ceci Kurzman, "if it weren't for having to stock the record in Wal-Mart."

The photo is a mixture of innocence and fertility, a twist on Latin and Catholic iconography. Of course, in pop music, as in Freud, "oral fixation" has another, more sexual connotation.

"I knew it could be a provocative title," Shakira admits. "But the word *oral* is very vast, and that's what I like about it. Through our mouths we discover and explore the world. Our mouth is the first source of pleasure, right?" [BLENDER]

LEFT TO RIGHT: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM; SANTIAGO IRIGOYEN/NOTIMEX/NEWSCOM; ROBERTO SCHMIDT/AFP/NEWSCOM

PERSONNEL LEAVE OF ABSENCE FORM

TYPE OR PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS USING BLUE OR BLACK INK IN BLANK AREAS ONLY

Employee's name _____ (Last name) _____ (First name) _____ (MI)

Department: _____ **Position title:** _____ **ID#:** _____

Reason for leave of absence: (Please attach appropriate documentation as described on attached instructions)

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- ☐ Medical-worker's comp
- ☐ Medical-family
- ☐ Parental
- ☐ Foster care
- ☐ Destination _____ (Anywhere)

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Blender's "dine and dash" suggestion gets a lukewarm response.

ROCK STAR DOUBLE DATE

***BLENDER*'S GUESTS**
SHOOTER JENNINGS AND DREA DE MATTEO

THE SETTING
STANTON SOCIAL, LOWER EAST SIDE, NYC

THE GOAL
SCRUTINIZE THE INNER WORKINGS OF CELEBRITY ROMANCE

"WE'RE GONNA GO HOME AND PUKE!"

HE'S HONKY-TONK ROYALTY. SHE'S A RECENTLY WHACKED TV MAFIA MOLL. TOGETHER THEY CAN DRINK A *LOT* OF TEQUILA.

BY VICTORIA DESILVERIO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SCHMELLING

IT IS LATE in the evening when Shooter Jennings pushes his straggly locks behind his ears and looks square into the eyes of *Blender*. "I would drag my balls over ten miles of broken glass to hear Drea piss in a tin cup over a telephone," he says, taking the concept of "too much information" to previously uncharted terrain. Then the youngest son of late badass country legend Waylon Jennings squeezes the hand of his girlfriend, *Sopranos* and *Joey* actress Drea de Matteo, and finishes his thought. "She is the bullet to my gun."

It would be easy to blame Jennings's extreme munitions- and excretion-oriented declarations of devotion on the tequila he has consumed. But, in fact, from the moment the pair met up with *Blender* several hours earlier at a trendy downtown Manhattan restaurant, it was clear the all-denim-clad duo are in love—or, at the very least, in lust—with de Matteo's hand glued to Jennings's bony inner thigh the moment we take our seats. "We're always like this," she apologizes. "It's embarrassing."

Tonight marks the latest installment of *Blender*'s voyeuristic double-date series, an ongoing anthropological experiment where-by two highly trained *Blender* editors observe the secret love language of coupled stars, over rich meals and bottomless cocktails.

On paper, this evening's subjects—a 26-year-old C&W singer and a 32-year-old Catholic-school-bred thespian—may seem like our unlikeliest lovebirds to date. But take into account that she's a little bit country (her mother always said she was born with a southern-fried soul) and he's a little bit rock & roll (the first record he bought was by AC/DC), and the math starts to add up. Quick to downplay their choice of the schmancy East Village boîte, they enthuse at length about their preference for living on the road, eating at waffle houses and making memories on Motel 8 beds.

Indeed, de Matteo is keen to deny rumors that their relationship has been something of a roller-coaster ride, protesting

Competitive tongue wrestling: sport of the future.

"Olive you so much!"

Competitive tongue wrestling: sport of the … oh, nevermind.

"We only broke up once" before somewhat contradicting herself with the declaration, "We are gonna be good and not drink straight booze—otherwise we're gonna go home and kill each other."

The pair orders two relatively peacekeeping margaritas, although they will later undo their good intentions by instructing the waiter to wield a heavier hand with the tequila. Food-wise, Shooter and Drea essentially recite the entire menu when they order: French onion dumplings, lobster rolls, kobe beef burgers, duck empañadas, pierogies, pork buns, meatballs. "Bring it on! I ain't scared," Jennings shouts. Neither is he scared of looking stupid in public. When an old friend of de Matteo's appears, gifting them with a red, lacey pair of panties, he wraps them around his head, further widening the eyes of our already rubbernecking fellow diners.

After the first plates of food arrive, they feed choice morsels to each other, and then, over another round of drinks, reminisce about their first meeting, two years ago, backstage at a Dwight Yoakam concert. Jennings thought she was "the hottest woman I had ever seen." Drunk as a skunk, he sidled up to her and mumbled that he hadn't showered in three days. De Matteo replied that she hadn't taken one in three weeks. It was love at first smell. But as both were spoken for at the time—she with her longtime partner in an East Village clothing store and he with a girl who "[he] wanted to kill and who wanted to kill [him]"—the sparks were forced to smolder.

A few weeks later, de Matteo's friend Vince Vaughn invited her to a party. She didn't bite until the words "Shooter is coming" traveled down the line. "I was there in, like, 10 minutes," she says.

Shooter was too drunk not to fall face-first into a stone path. When he did, Drea took a look at his bloody jaw and folded him into the backseat of her limo. "I barely remember getting in the car," he laughs.

"HONEY, I'M GOING TO MARRY YOU IF IT KILLS ME," JENNINGS EXCLAIMS

Back at her hotel, they smoked pot and fell asleep. "We didn't have sex," swears de Matteo. "Nothing happened! He called me the next day and I played the message for my mom—I was like, 'I love this guy!'"

But it was neither the weed nor the chastity that got him hooked. "What really got me was that she had all of David Allan Coe's dirty stuff," he says, referring to the often-incarcerated 1970s outlaw-country icon. Swaying like two kids in a choir, they sing to each other, holding hands: "Fuckin' in the butt, I'd like to fuck the shit out of you/Hey, please put my gland in your hand."

"Honey, I'm going to marry you if it kills me," Jennings exclaims, grabbing at her waist as a platter of oysters arrives. As *Blender* hungrily eyes the gooey mollusks, de Matteo makes a face. She doesn't do "ocean pussy," as Jennings calls it, but she gamely guzzles one down when goaded. "I hate you, people!" she cries, grabbing for her margarita. *Blender* consoles her by reminding her of their alleged sexual powers. She is unimpressed.

"Pigs in a blanket are aphrodisiacs for the guinea and the redneck," she says.

"When we are ready to make love, we serve up a whole platter," Jennings elaborates. "A plate full of pigs in a blanket, Cuervo Gold and a joint. If we have that, we're happy."

For a year and a half after first hooking up, the pair struggled through a long-distance relationship, she in New York and he in Los Angeles (the two currently share David Bowie's former house in the Hollywood hills). "Every night, he would sing me to sleep over the phone," she coos. Last July, when she landed the *Joey* gig, the couple piled her belongings into a RV and drove cross-country to L.A., accompanied by her three dogs and two parents. If that's not love, *Blender* doesn't know what is.

"On my new record there's gonna be eight songs about her," Jennings says proudly, his googly-eyed adoration nearly too cute to bear. When de Matteo's *Sopranos* character, Adriana, was agonizingly whacked last season, Jennings admits he bawled his bloodshot eyes out.

"It's because she was just so goooood," he explains. "She's the female Jack Nicholson—it's the truth!"

A final round of drinks and caramel-covered doughnuts arrive. *Blender* asks Jennings if he's ever worried about being the less-famous half of the boldfaced power-couple.

"Most guys assume I'm not with her because I'm so fucking ugly," he says with a greasy grin. "They have to realize somethin'. It's not the face that's important. It's what's going on in the pants."

Clutching her overstuffed tummy, De Metteo leans over her man and confides their intentions for the rest of the night. "We're gonna go home and puke." [BLENDER]

DOUBLE DATE REPORT CARD

WILLINGNESS TO LET *BLENDER* PAY	A	
KNOWLEDGE OF OBSCENE SONGS	A+	
INTEREST IN *OUR* LIVES	D	
PUBLIC GROPING	A+	
CELEBRITY NAME-DROPPING	B–	
HOURLY MENTIONS OF PUKING	A	
MATCHING DENIM-ON-DENIM OUTFITS	A+	

HOT LEGS

GENETICALLY ENGINEERED L.A. ROCK CHICK, ROD'S DAUGHTER AND PARIS HILTON'S HANDPICKED NEW BFF **KIMBERLY STEWART** ON TABLOID FAME, CRASHING CARS AND HOW "YOU CAN ACTUALLY BE HOT *AND* WELL-EDUCATED."

BY DAVID KEEPS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF LIPSKY

STYLIST: LAURA DUNCAN FOR BEAUTY & PHOTO; MAKEUP: ERIN AYANIAN FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM; HAIR: ROB TALTY FOR LUXE

SWEATER BY **MADLEY** DRESS BY **CHLOÉ**
JEWELRY BY **CHRISTIE MARTIN** BOOTS BY **BCBG**

I SEE YOU'RE CATCHING UP ON CURRENT EVENTS WITH THE LATEST TABLOIDS.

Yeah. It's bumming me out, though: Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt were so cute. I like her, 'cause she's, you know, homely. She obviously has to have something else—it's not like she's gorgeous or anything. But Angelina and Brad are the two most beautiful people in the world, so that's boring.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN BUSTED BY THE TABLOID FASHION POLICE?

Sometimes, but not that bad. One woman was like, "She looks like Twiggy on crack." They're just jealous.

YOUR DAD, OF COURSE, IS ROD STEWART, AND YOUR MOM, ALANA STEWART, MARRIED PERMA-TANNED PLAYBOY/ACTOR GEORGE HAMILTON. IN WHAT WAYS ARE YOU LIKE YOUR PARENTS?

My mom is kind of neurotic and I'm like her, neurotic-wise. My dad is very sensible and practical and funny.

DO YOU HAVE ANY TATTOOS OTHER THAN THE ONE ON YOUR HIP THAT SAYS "DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL?"

I have my boyfriends name, "Cisco," and he has mine on his chest. And we both just got ladybugs on our wrists. Everybody has stars on their wrists, and we wanted to do something different.

CISCO IS THE SON OF FAMOUS RECORD PRODUCER LOU ADLER. YOU'VE ALSO DATED JAMES CAAN'S SON. WHY DO CELEBRITY SPAWN RELENTLESSLY DATE ONE ANOTHER?

[*Shoots* Blender *that "Duh!" look.*] Because they can relate! Actually, I don't have a lot of experience in the boyfriend department. I've only had two long-term relationships.

COME TO THINK OF IT, DIDN'T YOU ALSO DATE FELLOW ROCK-STAR OFFSPRING JACK OSBOURNE?

No. I did not. We're best friends. We're still very close, but he travels a lot. He's, like, in Thailand, being a professional fighter—and then he's going to climb some huge mountain. So he's never in town.

AS THE DAUGHTER OF A ROCK LEGEND, YOU MUST BE USED TO HEARING RUMORS ABOUT YOURSELF. WHAT WAS THE WEIRDEST?

That I was in Alcoholics Anonymous. That's pretty gnarly. I went there to support friends, and a British reporter totally took it out of context—"So, you attend AA meetings?" I was 18 at the time and I'm like, "Yeah!"

DIDN'T THEY ALSO SUGGEST YOU WERE DUI BECAUSE YOU CRASHED A CAR?

Yes. I did crash a car, but I wasn't drunk. It was the middle of the day—like a moron, I went to go pick something up on the floor of the car and all of a sudden I went into a mail post a block away from my house. It was pretty messed up.

YOU'RE 25 AND STILL LIVE AT HOME?

Very much so. I lived in the guest house, before my dad tore it down. He's building a 7,000-square-foot house on the property.

WHEN YOU SAW YOUR STEPMOM RACHEL HUNTER POLE-DANCING ON A COUNTERTOP IN THE "STACY'S MOM" VIDEO, DID IT MAKE YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN ONE?

I thought she looked hot—but I wouldn't want to dance in a video. I'm not the best dancer. I could do like Courtney Cox in that Bruce Springsteen video—jump on stage like a groupie.

DO YOU HAVE AN IPOD?

I do. My sister bought me one and rhinestoned it for my birthday. I actually never downloaded the music, 'cause I don't know how to use a computer. So it's just sitting there, cute and pointless.

She's young enough to be your ... wife! Kimberly and dad Rod.

CLINTON H. WALLACE/GLOBE PHOTOS

SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE REALITY SHOW?

Intervention—I love it. It's, like, people smoking crack, or cutting themselves. I like those reality shows that are *reality.* And *America's Next Top Model.*

SO, WHERE WILL YOU AND PARIS BE LIVING *THE SIMPLE LIFE 4*?

I know it's Hawaii. That's all I can say.

PARIS'S CATCHPHRASE IS "THAT'S HOT." WHAT'S YOURS GOING TO BE?

Probably "No, sir." If anyone asks me a question or says something I don't believe: "No, sir!"

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN *ONE NIGHT IN PARIS*?

No. I will not support that. That's gross.

IF YOU WERE GOING TO WATCH THAT, WHY NOT JUST HAVE A THREE-WAY WITH PARIS, RIGHT?

No. No, sir!

YOU WENT TO BEVERLY HILLS HIGH FOR A YEAR. DISCUSS.

It was like *90210*. People were very obsessed with their cars, who was wearing what and who was kissing who. And a lot of cattiness.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR FIRST KISS.

I was 15. It was in a movie theater and I was like, *Eeeew.* That was 10 years ago, dear. I don't remember it too well. I wasn't really all that into it, because it was the first time.

WHAT'S ONE THING YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND ABOUT MEN?

I have three brothers, so I pretty much understand men.

WHAT WILL MEN NEVER UNDERSTAND ABOUT YOU?

I guess how smart I am. I don't want to toot my own horn, but you can actually be hot *and* well-educated.

ON A SCALE OF ONE TO 10, RATE YOUR SEX DRIVE.

Probably an eight: pretty sexual.

WHAT'S THE SEXIEST PART OF A MAN?

His penis. No, right here: the Iliac crest. [Points to the spot between her hip and belly button.] Will you make me sound smart and say the Iliac crest instead of the penis? I'll love you forever. [BLENDER]

"I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF EXPERIENCE IN THE BOYFRIEND DEPARTMENT."

VINTAGE T-SHIRT FROM **LO-FI, L.A.**
NECKLACE BY **CHROME HEARTS**
BIKINI BOTTOMS BY **ASHLEY PAIGE**
EARRINGS BY **CHRISTIE MARTIN**

#1 IN A SERIES!

NEW WAVE

WHY IS THAT NEW BAND OF CUTE, MASCARA'D CHICKS—UH, DUDES—SELLING SO MANY RECORDS? THEY STOLE THEIR HAIRCUTS AND GUITAR LICKS FROM A 40-YEAR-OLD TRADITION OF PRETTY, POUTY POSEURS. HERE, ALL THEIR TRICKS REVEALED!

BY DOUGLAS WOLK

PISSY YOUNG BRITS

1977–1982

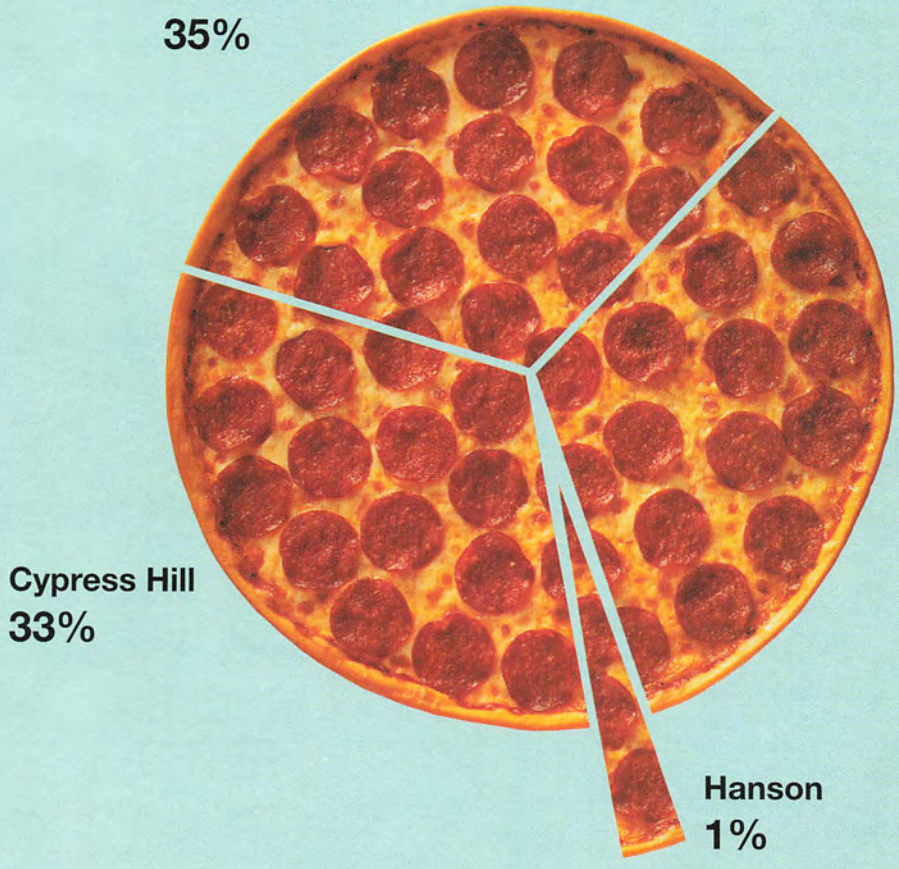
The first batch of skinny-tie Brits were singer-songwriters, many of them veterans of the pub-rock scene, who'd been invigorated by the anger and energy of punk but had something more tuneful in mind. **ELVIS COSTELLO** and **NICK LOWE** (both signed by reliably snarky Stiff Records) presented themselves as cruel, witty, acid-tongued songwriters first, and fiery performers second. **SQUEEZE** came on all caffeinated and catty, but their songwriting team of Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook took after '60s Motown rather than the **SEX PISTOLS**. And American expat Chrissie Hynde, a former music journalist herself, formed **THE PRETENDERS**, who snapped like punks but played zero-bullshit pop like "Brass in Pocket."

See also: Ian Dury, **JOE JACKSON**, the Only Ones, Graham Parker

Franz Ferdinand, featuring Alex "Crazy Legs" Kapranos.

FOLD-OUT SPECIAL!

Chance of getting the munchies at 3 AM while listening to:



Tons of artists. Zillions of songs. And oh yeah, it's free. Radio

Brought to you by America's 13,000 local radio stations that play artists like these every day.

OGs

1957–1977

There is no such thing as the first New Wave record, but the **VELVET UNDERGROUND** set the wave in motion—showing alienated freaks everywhere that even if you could barely play you could still make amazing records; later, **KRAFTWERK** showed them how pretending to be robots could be fun; **DAVID BOWIE** taught them about androgyny, alter egos, glamour, dancing and world-class haircuts; and **IGGY POP** (with and without the Stooges) taught them how to take mountains of drugs and seem dangerous and sexy. "Punk" and "New Wave" meant the same thing at first, but before long New Wave had established its unwritten rules: Strike a pose; give us a tune; be fake or mechanical; but whatever you do, don't be boring.

See also: Brian Eno, Roxy Music, the Modern Lovers, Buddy Holly (for the glasses, people!)

AMERICAN WAVE

1976–1982

America had punk rock galore, but didn't yield many first-rank early New Wave bands—those that did break through mostly emerged from freaky isolation. Akron, Ohio's **DEVO** were a brilliant joke about alienation and dehumanization who wore flowerpot helmets and gripped dinky keyboards like they were cock-rock guitars; **BLONDIE** were ex-hippies from NYC who married punk's roar to disco's bounce with the help of Debbie Harry's disaffected coo; **THE CARS**, from Boston, would've been a straight-ahead rock & roll band if not for their jerking synthesizers and Ric Ocasek's clipped, gulping voice; **THE B-52'S**, hometown heroes of Athens, Georgia, turned utopian drag-queen goofiness into silly-but-poignant surf anthems for teenage weirdos.

See also: Joan Jett, **TALKING HEADS**

AMERINDIE

1980–1988

American punk bands built a network of independent-minded clubs, radio stations and record stores, through which a second, scruffier American wave of low-budget pop weirdos found fame or something like it. **VIOLENT FEMMES'** geeky, coffee-nerved 1983 debut featured "Add It Up"—taken to heart by every horny teenager in the country—and eventually went platinum. Paul Westerberg's cigarettes-and-alcohol rasp in **THE REPLACEMENTS** and Black Francis's rabid howl in the **PIXIES** both seemed like punk voices—but were quickly embraced by fans of their spikier U.K. New Wave brethren. Amerindie's biggest commercial leap came from **R.E.M.**—initially just an Athens, Georgia, party band with a tingling guitar sound and a singer nobody could understand.

See also: The Feelies, Pere Ubu, Pylon, the dB's

MODERN RETRO

1994–2005

Sharply dressed, Cure- and XTC-loving, guitar- and synth-wielding bands had to become unfashionable before everyone remembered how much fun they are. When **ELASTICA**'s debut appeared in 1994, they were avatars of "the New Wave of New Wave": witty, immaculately coiffed and overflowing with songs that owed more than a little to Blondie and Wire. More recently, **FRANZ FERDINAND**'s "music for girls to dance to," **THE KILLERS'** platinum pastiche of Duran Duran and the Fixx, and **THE POSTAL SERVICE**'s heart-on-sleeve electropop would all have fit neatly on MTV (and the cool kids' lockers) 21 years ago.

See also: The Bravery, the Strokes, the Rapture, Bloc Party, the Futureheads, **SCISSOR SISTERS**, Interpol, Hot Hot Heat, the Kaiser Chiefs

1960

1965

1970

1975

OVERSEAS WAVE

1977–1985

The New Wave ideal spread quickly beyond the U.S./U.K. axis, and the results were so catchy that some stateside hits weren't even in English —Austrian smoothie **FALCO** had a hit with "Der Kommissar" before he extinguished 8 percent of the planet's brain cells with "Rock Me Amadeus." Others, like Norway's **A-HA** ("Take On Me"), were one-hit wonders over here but career artists back home.

See also: INXS, Men at Work, Plastic Bertrand, Trio

NOVELTY

1978–1984

In the early days of MTV a rash of bands broke through on the strength of indelibly silly images alone: The **BUGGLES**' "Video Killed the Radio Star" was the first video played on MTV; **THOMAS DOLBY** infiltrated suburbia with his wild-haired young Frankenstein act in "She Blinded Me With Science" and **ADAM AND THE ANTS** ("Goody Two Shoes") were a wiggle-hipped, costume-party crew with face-paint and a thing for leather.

See also: Bananarama, Lene Lovich, the Normal, Haysi Fantàyzee, M, Kim Wilde

FAUX NOUVELLE VAGUE

1978–1982

"Next wave, New Wave, dance craze, anyways, it's still rock and roll to me," **BILLY JOEL** declared, briefly hopping aboard the Aquanet bandwagon. Noticing that a) New Wave was what the kids were buying and b) it had a dress code, everyone from California warbler **LINDA RONSTADT** to teen idol **RICK SPRINGFIELD** enthusiastically joined in. Three years earlier, they'd all have been making disco records instead.

See also: Tommy Tutone, Alice Cooper

1980

HAIRCUTS WITH GUITARS

1979–1986

New Wave's style-first stance gave young British guitar bands a chance to flaunt their weirdness. Robert Smith led his bipolar bookishness and alley-cat singing voice into ing points for **THE CURE**, who cultivated their cult into stadiized audiences. Andy Partridge's congested hiccup branded initially frenetic power-pop, while **THE SMITHS** brought a new ular to underground rock—both Johnny Marr's lacy guitar ics and Morrissey's homophilic language and wrist-to-fore- yodel. And in the late '70s, when teenage Dubliners Paul Newson and Dave Evans respectively picked up a microphone and attached the world's loudest delay pedal to a guitar, they became Bono and the Edge of **U2**.

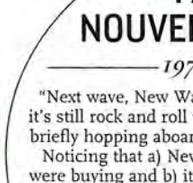
See also: Bauhaus, Gang of Four, Wire, PiL, Echo and the Bunnymen, the Psychedelic Furs, Siouxsie and the Banshees, the Police, the English Beat

DISCO-WAVE

1980–1986

Punk rock had spurned disco as artificial and bloated; New Wave noticed that dance grooves could also be sexy and figured that a dose of artifice was a healthy thing. **NEW ORDER** were the first big New Wave band to pay close attention to what was hot in the clubs. By 1983, New Wave singles routinely featured dance remixes, the young **MADONNA** acted like a club-friendly synth-pop ingenue rather than an old-fashioned disco diva and the **ART OF NOISE** ("Close (to the Edit)") had been created as a dance act without a public face—just the image of a pair of Greek masks and a hand clutching a wrench. Meanwhile, pop journalist Neil Tennant formed **PET SHOP BOYS**, a deadpan synthesizer duo that became a barometer of disco trends.

See also: early Prince, Rick James, Billy Idol, Grace Jones, Was (Not Was)



L.A. SILICONE WAVE

1980–1987

Thanks to Hollywood, Los Angeles was no stranger to peroxide and silicone, so the city's already-theatrical punk subculture—with the help of influential radio station KROQ —latched right on to the new sounds from England. L.A. opened its arms to women in bands—**THE BANGLES** emerged from the neo-psychedelic "Paisley Underground," and **THE GO-GO'S** gave the '60s girl-group sound a kick in the ass; **MISSING PERSONS**, featuring ex-*Playboy* Bunny Dale Bozzio singing and four former session guys playing bubbly synth-pop, couldn't have evolved anywhere else. The kings of the Angeleno scene, though, were the twitchy party mob **OINGO BOINGO**, worshipped by Californians and nobody else, and led by future film composer Danny Elfman.

See also: The Knack, Josie Cotton, the Plimsouls, **BERLIN**, Wall of Voodoo, the Motels

1985

HAIRCUTS WITH SYNTHS

1981–1986

As guitars became the sound of rock's macho present, prophets of sexually ambiguous pop futurism turned to synthesizers. British pretty boys **DURAN DURAN**, who aspired to both funk and glam but mostly just made killer pop records, were major teen idols, and **DEPECHE MODE** cranked out romantic electronica until they became unlikely arena stars. The movement was more about group personae than individual stardom—**THE HUMAN LEAGUE** ("Don't You Want Me") could have been a band of robots for all anyone cared about their three singers; the proto-emo **TEARS FOR FEARS** ("Mad World") were unfailingly anonymous and well-mannered, considering that their whole point was to advocate primal-scream therapy.

See also: ABC, A Flock of Seagulls, Heaven 17, Gary Numan, Soft Cell, OMD, Talk Talk, Ultravox, Thompson Twins, Eurythmics

1990

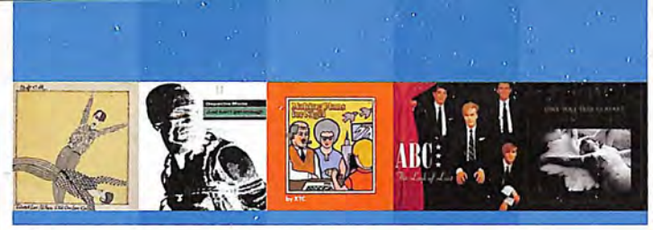
1995

2000

2005

COSTELLO: KEITH MORRIS/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; FRANZ FERDINAND: DEAN CHALKLEY/NME/IPC+ SYNDICATION; BLONDIE: GEMS/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; R.E.M.: EBET ROBERTS; THE KILLERS: PAMELA LITTKY/RETNA LTD.; VELVET UNDERGROUND: GERALD MALANGA; SCISSOR SISTERS: JOSEPH CULTICE/CORBIS OUTLINE; BUGGLES: LFI; SMITH: LFI; DURAN DURAN: G.W. KIENITZ/GOOD TIMES/VANIT/RETNA LTD.; MADONNA: MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA LTD.; JOEL: NEW EYES/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; GO-GO'S: LFI; NUNN: LYNN MCAFEE/RETNA LTD.

40 GREATEST NEW WAVE SINGLES...EVER!



FROM HAIRSPRAY-ABUSING SYNTH ADDICTS TO SCOTTISH DANDIES: *BLENDER* PRESENTS THE ULTIMATE NEW WAVE PLAYLIST.

40 BILLY JOEL
IT'S STILL ROCK AND ROLL TO ME 1980
The piano man hit No. 1 with this playful New Wave swipe … at New Wave fashionistas.

39 THE GO-GO'S
OUR LIPS ARE SEALED 1981
A clap-happy kiss-off to gossips and haters from this hotel-trashing ladies-only crew.

38 XTC
MAKING PLANS FOR NIGEL 1979
New Wave's Beatles tackle early-20s angst; like *The Graduate*, if Dustin Hoffman were a spastic Brit.

37 A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
I RAN (SO FAR AWAY) (1982)
New Wave's most infamous haircuts tell a chilly tale of long-distance love and … alien abduction?

36 GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE
WHITE LINES (DON'T DON'T DO IT) 1983
South Bronx hip-hop pioneers and electro-funksters detail the perils of that most '80s of pastimes: coca-sniffin'!

35 R.E.M.
RADIO FREE EUROPE 1981
The indie kings' catchy first single would make a great singalong if anyone knew what the hell Michael Stipe was mumbling.

34 BILLY IDOL
REBEL YELL 1984
Snarling arena rock from the shirtless bad boy who got his kicks straight from a bottle and got his blonde hair from one too.

THE BRAVERY ♥

33 U2
I WILL FOLLOW 1980
"The cool kids took me aside and said, 'Fuck "With or Without You." It's all about "I Will Follow."' My life was changed." –SAM ENDICOTT

32 A-HA
TAKE ON ME 1985
Icy synths, soaring falsettos and an ultrastylish video that's still ahead of its time. All in all, the greatest Norwegian pop song of all time.

THE RAPTURE ♥

31 SOFT CELL
TAINTED LOVE 1982
"If you ever see the *Top of the Pops* performance for this, you will be blown away!" –LUKE JENNER

30 ROMEO VOID
NEVER SAY NEVER 1982
A chunk of jangly punk and saxophone skronk (better known as "I Might Like You Better If We Slept Together"), courtesy of a Native American art student.

29 THE ENGLISH BEAT
MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM 1980
Jittery British ska-punk about cocaine abuse. The nervy beat only heightens the paranoia.

28 VIOLENT FEMMES
BLISTER IN THE SUN 1983
Milwaukee misfits who made alienation safe for a whole new generation of ninth graders.

27 NEW ORDER
BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE 1986
Manchester disco-punks blend bombast and swoon.

26 THE CURE
LET'S GO TO BED 1983
Though Robert Smith called it "pap," this dark come-on turned the depressive, brooding cult act into depressive, brooding stars.

25 MADONNA
BURNING UP 1983
Before Kaballah, Esther torched discos with this plea for "love."

24 DEVO
(I CAN'T GET NO) SATISFACTION 1978
Ohio art-popsters turn a Stones classic into an anxious anti-conformity satire.

THE KAISER CHIEFS ♥

23 FRANZ FERDINAND
TAKE ME OUT 2004
"Franz made New Wave fashionable again, they made you dance and they looked wonderful." –RICKY WILSON

22 THE PIXIES
DEBASER 1989
Cracked Bostonians who inspired Kurt Cobain crank out an epic scream about Surrealist film.

21 THE NORMAL
WARM LEATHERETTE 1978
Proto-industrial icon Daniel Miller writes a buzzing song about having sex in crashing cars.

20 M
POP MUSIK 1979
From a U.K. electro-geek, a pop smash about pop smashes.

19 GANG OF FOUR
I FOUND THAT ESSENCE RARE 1979
Franz's grandpas seethe about bikinis and bombs.

18 ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
PUMP IT UP 1978
Elvis spits a cautionary drug tale over an odd organ riff.

17 OMD
ENOLA GAY 1980
A synthtastic dance jam about the A-bomb? *Very* New Wave …

16 THE RAPTURE
HOUSE OF JEALOUS LOVERS 2002
NYC retro-rock luminaries remind hipsters they have hips.

15 BLONDIE
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER 1979
CBGB faves make getting stalked by a psychopath sound sexy.

14 ABC
THE LOOK OF LOVE 1982
U.K. foursome master a cheesy New Wave hallmark: horn fanfares.

13 THE MODERN LOVERS
ROADRUNNER 1975
A 90-mph road trip, led by proto-punk Jonathan Richman.

12 THE SMITHS
THIS CHARMING MAN 1983
Morrissey sighs and bemoans his lack of cool outfits.

11 TALKING HEADS
LIFE DURING WARTIME 1979
A nervous fantasy about urban violence and peanut butter.

10 DEPECHE MODE
JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH 1981
A love note that finds joy in every keyboard squiggle.

9 THE CARS
GOOD TIMES ROLL 1979
Supermodel-snagging Ric Ocasek takes the piss out of the titular rock commandment.

8 PET SHOP BOYS
OPPORTUNITIES (LET'S MAKE LOTS OF MONEY) 1985
London's lushest synth-pop duo pen a biting ode to cashing in.

7 THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
PRETTY IN PINK 1981
Synonymous with Molly Ringwald's pouting, this captures the English romantics' tortured glory.

6 DURAN DURAN
HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF 1982
New Wave blingers prove they were very horny too.

5 JOY DIVISION
LOVE WILL TEAR US APART 1980
Gloom gang record a beautiful song about coming to terms with misery.

4 HUMAN LEAGUE
DON'T YOU WANT ME 1982
Six beautiful boys and girls hook up, break up and cry a lot.

3 PRINCE
WHEN YOU WERE MINE 1980
This early hit forgoes soul slither for New Wave fizz.

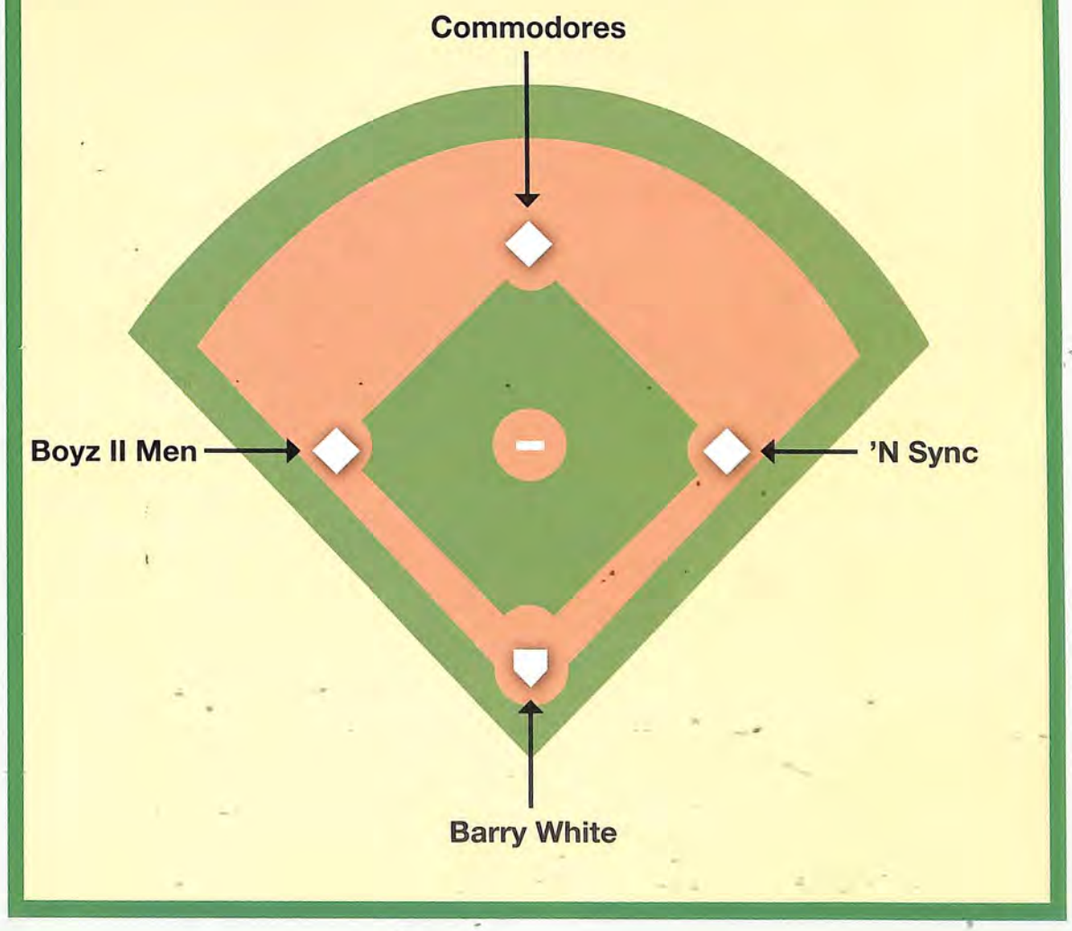
2 THE B-52'S
52 GIRLS 1979
The big-haired Georgians' funky roll call actually names only 24 girls, but you'll be too busy bum-rushing the dance floor to care.

Numan: "Heyyy, Macarena!"

1 GARY NUMAN
CARS 1980
This London synth wizard helped pioneer the rocker-as-robot persona with this Top 10 hit about tech-age misanthropy.

NUMAN: ADRIAN BOOT/RETNA LTD.

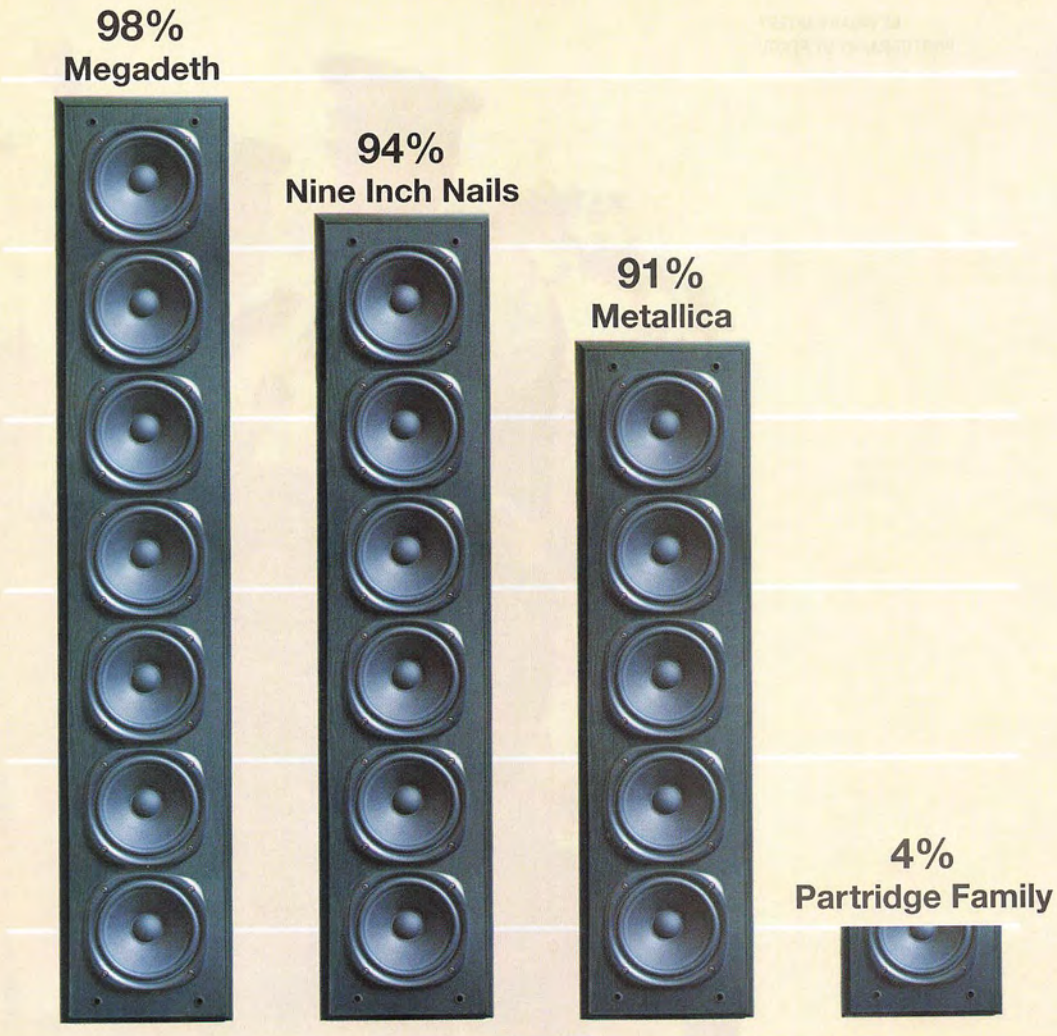
Chance of scoring on a first date while listening to:



Tons of artists. Zillions of songs. And oh yeah, it's free. Radio

Brought to you by America's 13,000 local radio stations that play artists like these every day.

Chance of the neighbors calling the cops while you're listening to:



Tons of artists. Zillions of songs. And oh yeah, it's free. Radio

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PUNK'D ROCK

DESPITE DRUG PROBLEMS AND A "CHUD" LAST ALBUM, DAVE GROHL'S FUN-LOVING **FOO FIGHTERS** REMAIN THE BAND WE'D MOST LIKE TO BRO' DOWN WITH. THEIR LATEST ADVENTURE? A DOUBLE ALBUM! WITH NORAH JONES! IT'S A CRAFTY PLAN. BUT WILL IT WORK?

BY BRIAN RAFTERY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PEROU

London Calling: The Foo Fighters, left to right: Nate Mendel, Dave Grohl, Taylor Hawkins, Chris Shiflett.

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE

THE DAY HAS barely begun at the Foo Fighters' headquarters-turned-romper room in Los Angeles, and Dave Grohl already has two deaths on his hands.

"Oopsy-doopsy," Grohl says, examining the victims: A pair of pricey studio speakers that had begun to heat up and burn out about five tracks into the Foos' new album, *In Your Honor*. It was a quick demise—the units heaved, screamed and eventually just began peeling apart, floating into the air like dust—and Grohl surveys the damage like a 15-year-old who's just wrecked his older brother's ride. "You just got to witness the frying of $1,500 of audiophile bullshit!"

Outfitted in a Kiss T-shirt, an unlit Parliament and a giddily incredulous grin, the 36-year-old Grohl pops a few buttons and starts the record over again (at pretty much the same destructive volume) and heads out to conduct some business. Or maybe just play some ping-pong.

Last fall, the Foos commissioned the construction of this outskirts-of-town getaway—dubbed Studio 606, after the studio he had in his basement in Virginia—and they've outfitted it with all of the creature comforts you'd expect from four guys in various states of arrested development: There are framed Zeppelin pictures on the wall, an *Addams Family* pinball machine and throw pillows that Dave's mom sewed together from his old concert T-shirts (Slayer, the Police and Peter Gabriel–era Genesis, which somehow don't seem too out of place together on one couch).

It's a high-tech, low-tension little getaway, a place for the band to rehearse, record and maybe practice some ass-slapping dances to Soft Cell's "Sex Dwarf." And though the 606 may seem like a typical rock-star indulgence, the now decade-old Foos might not have survived without it. Three years ago, they barely made it to the finish line, gasping, with the release of *One By One*, an album that survived two costly recording sessions and drummer Taylor Hawkins's drug overdose.

So they did what any band would do after breaking down and almost splitting up: They poured a bunch of money into an old warehouse, churned out 40 songs and decided to release half of them all at once—a double album. And yes, even they know how lame that might sound.

"It's inevitable that, in every band's career, they get the itch to do the pretentious, *White Album* freak-out," says Grohl, whose punk-rock past (Nirvana, Scream) has always seemed fairly far removed from *Use Your Illusion*–style self-indulgence. "But it was time to flex a little bit. Besides, you know how bands say they're making a double album, but just release one and then another six months later—*Sweat/Suit, Kid A/Kid B*? Well, *we* just saved you 18 fucking dollars."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN YOUR HONOR was supposed to have been a greatest-hits album. But despite a more-than-respectable repository of rock-radio singles to their credit ("Big Me," "Everlong," "All My Life"), the band didn't think they could quite fulfill the "hits" part of the package. And besides, it would have meant putting off a new record for

"No, this isn't where we stash our money. Now, move along."

PEROU

another few years, and Grohl is not one for downtime.

"There are some bands that take four years to make an album," he says, reconvening in the upstairs kitchen with the rest of the band: Hawkins, 33, guitarist Chris Shiflett, 34, and bassist Nate Mendel, 36. "I don't understand how you can do that. To me, that means you just don't dig what you do. I would lose my fucking mind. I almost lost my mind after a year, even doing other things."

In the period following *One By One*'s release, Grohl maintained a level of showbiz workaholism not seen since Gene Hackman in the '80s. Not only did he get to perform with Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello at 2003's Grammy tribute to Joe Strummer, but every other Tuesday or so there was another new release with his name in the liner notes, either as a guest star, producer or full-fledged member. The list of his cohorts is long and rocking: Queens of the Stone Age, Cat Power, Probot, Nine Inch Nails, Garbage, Men Without Hats ... okay, so the last one is still just a pipe dream, but you get the point. The day this guy takes a real vacation, America's music chain stores will have to shut down for a week.

But Grohl has always made the Foo Fighters his main priority, a commitment tested during an iffy period between 1999's *There Is Nothing Left to Lose* and *One By One*, what with Hawkins's chemical romance and the hectic re-recording. "It was a traumatic period," Hawkins says. "We were just happy we got it done."

Grohl doesn't bother to make excuses for the last record. "Half of it is chud," he says of *One*, which nonetheless sold a million copies and featured "Times Like These," which for a while seemed like the go-to get-'em-pumped anthem on Monday Night Football. "There was a lot of filler. I didn't realize it when we were recording, or when we were mixing, but I realized it when we started playing shows, and half that album was completely deleted from the set list. That's just a telltale sign."

"EVERY BAND GETS THE ITCH TO DO THE PRETENTIOUS, WHITE ALBUM FREAKOUT."

It's not a stretch to presume that the band see *Honor* as something of a makegood. Their mantra? "Absolutely no filler," notes Shiflett. "There couldn't be any fluff, like on *Sandinista!*"

For a double record, *Honor* is remarkably restrained. Each disc stays well under the one-hour mark, and the rock songs do sound leaner: The album's opener and first single, "Best of You," builds on the Foos' amped-up, hooked-in tradition. The real surprises, though, are on the acoustic album, which Grohl says was inspired by Ry Cooder's sleepy *Paris, Texas* soundtrack. Instead of just unplugging a few harder numbers, the songs feel as though they were meant to be played on a porch, dogs milling underfoot. It's a chancy venture; even though the Foos have busted out the 12-strings before, there will be the unavoidable comparisons with that other well-fed L.A. outfit with the famous drummer-turned-singer ...

"I don't like the Eagles," Grohl says firmly. "Doing a song like the Eagles is like looking in the mirror and realizing you have a bad haircut, there's a fern behind you and you're sitting in a wicker chair."

There are even a few notable cameos ➜

GET HOPPED UP ON GUMBALLS.

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOUR GUM

curious? altoids.com

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With Nirvana: "Hey, I write songs too!"

courtesy of two distinctly different Joneses: Grammy magnet Norah sings on the "Girl From Ipanema"–inspired "Virginia Moon," and mystical Led Zeppelin bassist John Paul plays mellotron on a few numbers.

"He's like a Monty Python character, he's so cool," says Grohl of JP. "He walked in with his mandolin like a minstrel, [and] immediately went into 'The Rain Song.' I was worried, [because] I have all these pictures on the wall down there of Jimmy Page and John Bonham. And as he was leaving, he pops his head back and says," and here Grohl breaks into a dead-on impression of a wry, sprightly Brit, "'You know, it wouldn't kill you to have a picture of me on your wall.' And then we brought him to the Clive Davis party, where he got to see what's-her-name ... Fantasia. It was like taking John Paul Jones to *American Idol*."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE IMAGE OF Grohl kicking it with both an ex-Zep and a TV talent-show victor is a spot-on snapshot of where the Foo Fighters fit in these days. Fame-wise, they have a good gig: They sell lots of records, make enough money to goof around as much as they want and yet they still don't have to worry about the paparazzi following them while they surf.

"Being able to sustain a career is really tough these days," says Butch Vig, *Nevermind* producer and Garbage drummer. "One needs to maintain a healthy dose of humor and self-deprecation, and Dave definitely has both."

Plus, past dramas aside, the Foos seem to enjoy what they do, particularly Grohl and Hawkins, who have an easygoing, Starsky & Hutch–like back-and-forth between them.

Grohl: "I'm like the uptight guy, and you're like the 'No way, it's cool!' guy."

Hawkins: "[Bad Religion's] Brian Baker thinks it's homoerotic. He thinks we're lovers."

Grohl: "We're kind of like brothers."

Hawkins: "Well, my real older brother's a shithead. It's true!"

What really gets the Foos gabbing, though, is the wall-to-wall programming of music-industry reality shows, and the celeb-obsessed tabloids—which, of course, they find completely despicable. Or at least they claim to find despicable, for their lunch breaks resemble an all-dude episode of *The View*.

"I wonder if Kevin Federline sucks toes," Grohl muses, "because that might

Nirvana: "We're gonna need a bigger bath."

GROHL: CHARLES PETERSON/RETNA LTD.; NIRVANA: CHRIS CUFFARO/JBGPHOTO.COM

5 DAVE GROHL'S GREATEST MOMENTS

SINGING, DRUMMING, CROSS-DRESSING ... A DECADE OF CLASSIC GROHLOLOGY, CLOCKED TO THE NANOSECOND!

NIRVANA
"SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT"
NEVERMIND, 1991
Great guitar solos are easy enough to list, but how many truly phenomenal drum fills can you name? Possibly the most recognizable stand-alone skin-pound since "We Will Rock You." (0:06)

FOO FIGHTERS
"TIMES LIKE THESE"
ONE BY ONE, 2002
With his "I'm a new day rising" scream, Grohl stretches his vocals to their stadium-filling capacity, and gives an emotional shout-out to Hüsker Dü. (0:19)

FOO FIGHTERS
"EVERLONG"
THE COLOUR AND THE SHAPE, 1997
One of Dave's darkest vocals—a purring whisper that's part come-on, part creep-out. The Foos' finest moment. (0:32)

FOO FIGHTERS
"LEARN TO FLY" VIDEO
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE, 1999
Grohl gets all Peter Sellers on us, playing three characters all stuck on the same flight: A pigtailed female fan; a mustachioed flight attendant; and his own confused self. The man's got comedic chops, but damn, does he make for an ugly woman. (0:09)

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
"NO ONE KNOWS"
SONGS FOR THE DEAF, 2002
It's hard to pin just one moment—Grohl's steady hand throughout turns this thrash-about into a dance tune—but the rapid-fire rat-a-tat-tat here shows off his stoner-rock roots. (3:19)

BRIAN RAFTERY

give him worms or something. Britney was up in first class, and they made her put her shoes back on because she was stinking up the cabin."

"Gnarly!" Hawkins barks.

"How did she turn into a redneck trainwreck?" Shiflett asks.

"Turn into it?" Grohl says "I bet all along, when she was just a teenybopper, she was out of control, just like *sniiffffffff*!" He runs his nose up the table, and then makes a sound like the Tazmanian Devil on a bender.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IF GROHL TAKES himself less than seriously at times, it's because he shook off most of the other late-30s bellyaches a few years back. In 2003, he married Jordyn Blum, 28, an MTV producer; they bought a house in the Hills, and Jack Black danced in the backyard at their wedding. He surrounds himself with friends and family (his mother has come along on tours before, helping out with the post-show barbecues), and when he's not playing, he's actually only a few degrees cooler than your dad.

"I'm a bowler, I'm a skeet-shooter," he says. "Time off is spent making up for all the things you missed while working, whether that's going to Home Depot, or Bed, Barf and Beyond, or a night of drinking with people you haven't seen in a long time. Typical bullshit."

"WHEN I WAS 16 I THOUGHT I'D NEVER LIVE TO BE 18."

It's taken a while for Grohl to get this settled. "I always looked at every song or every paycheck or every tour or every album as the last one," he says. "When I was 14, I thought I would die before I reached 16, because that's when you get your driver's license; when I was 16, I thought I'd never live to be 18, because that's when people start drinking. I've always had some sort of fatalistic outlook. And only in the past few years have I really been able to imagine growing old and imagine making music forever. At some point you just realize you're a lifer."

Last year, after lengthy out-of-court disputes between himself and Courtney Love, the long-gestating Nirvana box set was finally released. When it comes to ever working with Love again, in any capacity, Grohl is diplomatic. "Well, I don't have to," he says. "This little world that we've created here is such a good place, such a fucking healthy loving family, and that's where I'd like to be. The Nirvana thing never ends, and when they need me to be there, I'll be there.

"I watched *Singles* the other day," he goes on, reminiscing about Cameron Crowe's 1991 Seattle-set dramedy. "It was just funny for me. Maybe instead of going to the Viper Room to see [hair-metal tribute artists] Metal Shop, it's time to see the grunge guys. See someone with a big soul patch and long johns and Doc Martens. It's so dated, it's so funny. [But] I can still listen to those bands and enjoy them. There's so many great bands from '91 or '92, but it's the rearview mirror."

Grohl stops himself, worrying he's sounding too much like a fuddy-duddy who's sadly pining for the past. "It's just like any old, fat, bald ex–football players who spent years in a fraternity fucking chicks on a field," he says. "'Those were the days!'"

A pause.

"Oh, man," Hawkins moans. "Why didn't I go to college?" [BLENDER]

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WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FRUIT ITSELF.

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOUR GUM

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MEETING HOTTIES THE BLENDER WAY!

"HELLO, I LOVE YOU..."

... WON'T YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME? OR YOUR PHONE NUMBER? THEY MAY BE INSPIRED BY LOVE, BUT WILL SONG LYRICS WORK AS PICKUP LINES? *BLENDER* HITS L.A. BARS TO DETERMINE WHICH SONGS SCORE A HOME RUN AND WHICH STRIKE OUT

BY ANDREW VONTZ
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN MONICK

"YOU'RE THE TOP!/YOU'RE A DANCE IN BALI/YOU'RE THE TOP!/YOU'RE A HOT TAMALE"

(From "You're the Top," **COLE PORTER'S** 1934 list of surreal superlatives)

SAMPLE REACTION "Am I the hot tamale or the top dog?" asks Lara Wickes (above), a 35-year-old marketing director.

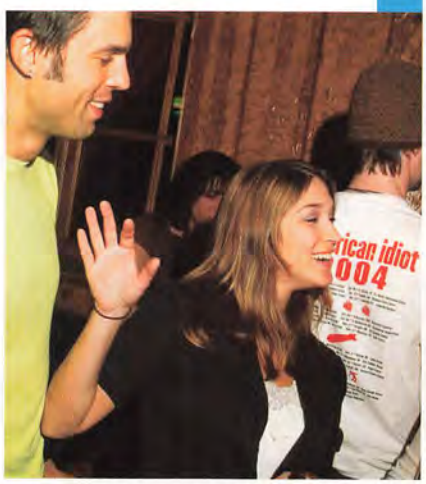
DOES IT WORK? The anachronistic wit of the '30s is a surprise hit: "I think Cole Porter is really sexy," says Heather Hunt. "It's not something you hear every day."

"IF I SAID YOU HAD A BEAUTIFUL BODY/WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME?"

(From the song of the same name by '70s country slicksters the **BELLAMY BROTHERS**)

SAMPLE REACTION "My daddy's a cop," snaps 21-year-old cocktail waitress Lacy Kieser (above), before turning briskly away.

DOES IT WORK? Maybe for Bo and Luke Duke in a line-dancing bar. "I've heard it before," says Keiser. "I'd rather hear something new, like 'The word of the day is legs—let's go back to my place and spread the word.'" She's joking.



"I'M INTO HAVING SEX, I AIN'T INTO MAKING LOVE/SO COME GIVE ME A HUG"

(From "In Da Club," by man-of-simple-tastes **50 CENT**)

SAMPLE REACTION "Instead of a hug, why don't you go fuck yourself?" suggests 25-year-old interior designer Rachel Williams (above).

DOES IT WORK? "You sound like a complete asshole, but if a guy said he wanted to make love to me, that'd be even more scary," says Williams. "You'd be a stalker."

"I AM THINKING IT'S A SIGN THAT THE FRECKLES IN OUR EYES ARE MIRROR IMAGES"

(From "Such Great Heights" by champions of electro-sensitive indie rock the **POSTAL SERVICE**)

SAMPLE REACTION "If I was really drunk I'd be like, wow. That's pretty deep," admits 21-year-old student Claudia Ferrera (above).

DOES IT WORK? Only if you're really lucky. "Eyes are too clichéd, because everyone uses eyes as an excuse to hit on someone," says Tracy Hill, a 23-year-old sales assistant. "So I shouldn't fall for it. But I might."

"YOU ARE MY FIRE/THE ONE DESIRE/BELIEVE WHEN I SAY/I WANT IT THAT WAY"

(From the **BACKSTREET BOYS**' 1999 teen-romancing torch song "I Want It That Way")

SAMPLE REACTION "A line like that coming from a guy your age is just creepy," says 21-year-old student Kaitlin Smith (above).

DOES IT WORK? Not even if you're Justin Timberlake. "It has a very 1998 vibe about it, and those lines aren't going to work in the 21st century," says Niki LaChapell. "I don't like the mushy stuff."

"SOME PEOPLE CALL IT A ONE-NIGHT STAND/BUT WE CAN CALL IT PARADISE"

(From **DURAN DURAN**'s 1985 slow jam "Save a Prayer")

SAMPLE REACTION "That's the cheesiest pickup line ever. Like mega Velveeta," says Jenny Reyes (above), a 23-year-old fashion designer.

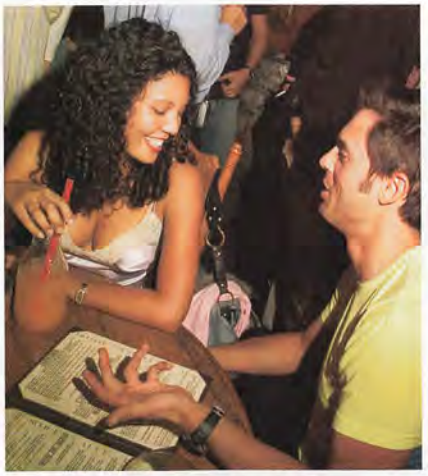
DOES IT WORK? If you want to drive girls out of a bar like a cattle stampede. "Girls don't want to have a one-night stand if you're going to tell them it's a one-night stand. You have to deceive them," advises Jenny.

"I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND"

(From "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," the coy 1964 request from **THE BEATLES**)

SAMPLE REACTION "What else do you want to hold?" asks Caroline Ahn (above), a 22-year-old student.

DOES IT WORK? Not really. '60s mop-top perkiness doesn't go over well in Los Angeles, 2005: "That's a 'no.' No," says 23-year-old marketing coordinator Nicole Allen. "You're not being straightforward about what you want," says Ahn. Be warned that a more forward twist has its perils as well. "You can't just be like, I wanna hold your vagina—unless you're a porn star," says Allen.



"TAKE ALL YOUR BIG PLANS AND BREAK 'EM/THIS IS BOUND TO BE A WHILE/YOUR BODY IS A WONDERLAND"

(From "Your Body Is a Wonderland" by **JOHN MAYER**, former inamorato of Jennifer Love Hewitt)

SAMPLE REACTION "It's getting hot in here—take off all my clothes! I don't even remember what you said, but let me give you my phone number," says 27-year-old business development specialist Cheri Gurganus (above).

DOES IT WORK? "Any guy who calls my body a wonderland is fabulous," says Gurganus.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN J. CABUAY

HE SHOOTS, HE SCORES

FIND A LADY AND MOVE OUTTA MA'S BASEMENT, WITH THIS ADVICE FROM SEDUCTION COACH AND FOUNDER OF CHARISMA SCIENCES INSTITUTE WAYNE "JUGGLER" ELISE

1 WHAT'S THE BIGGEST MISTAKE GUYS MAKE WHEN APPROACHING SOMEONE?

"There are three: Trying to act cool, asking too many questions and having untrimmed, bushy nose hairs."

2 YOU'RE IN A ROOM FULL OF BEAUTIFUL, POTENTIALLY ATTAINABLE WOMEN—HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH ONE TO FOCUS ON?

"Who said anything about one? You've got to work the room. Women are universally attracted to a man's social skills—they know social power translates into real power, and that's sexy. I've seduced girls just by mentioning I have 62 close friends."

3 WHAT SONG LYRIC WORKS FOR IMPRESSING A WOMAN?

"Well, you shouldn't be trying to impress anyone. But a useful line comes from 'Save a Prayer' by Duran Duran: 'Some people call it a one-night stand, but we can call it paradise.'"

4 YEAH, WE TRIED THAT ONE, AND IT BOMBED. IS A CONCERT A GOOD PLACE TO MEET GIRLS? HOW ABOUT A RECORD STORE?

"Concerts are great—dress like a record producer and hang out near the back. A record store is not so good. Girls can be touchy about their musical selections."

5 WHAT SONG IS GUARANTEED TO PUT A GIRL IN THE MOOD?

"'Sure Thing' by St. Germain—it has the pulse of making love and the only audible lyrics are something about 'moaning and groaning.'"

6 WHAT'S THE SECRET TO A SUCCESSFUL PICKUP ATTEMPT?

"Being interesting and interested in the right proportions at the right times. It's a delicate balance, like making pancakes."

STEVE KANDELL

33

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT... LIVE AID

IT WAS ORGANIZED BY A FOUL-MOUTHED CHART-FIXER. ITS STARS BICKERED LIKE SMALL CHILDREN. SO HOW DID LIVE AID BECOME THE GREATEST ROCK CHARITY EVENT IN MUSIC HISTORY? TWENTY YEARS ON, *BLENDER* FINDS OUT ...

BY MICHAEL ODELL

MERCURY: NEAL PRESTON/RETNA LTD.; PROGRAM: COURTESY WOLFGANG'S VAULT

1 BOB GELDOF WAS TRYING TO RIG THE U.K. CHARTS WHEN HE STARTED LIVE AID

In the fall of 1984, Boomtown Rats leader Bob Geldof was home watching the evening news when he first saw BBC news footage of the Ethiopian famine. "My band had been out buying copies of our own record, trying to get it in the charts," says Geldof. "It didn't work. So for the first time in ages I had nothing to do. I normally never would have been home watching the evening news." The next day, Geldof formed Band Aid, a famine-relief charity supergroup comprising George Michael, Duran Duran, Boy George, Bono, Sting and many others, who recorded the single "Do They Know It's Christmas?" American artists responded by forming USA for Africa and recording the single "We Are the World." By July 1985, both sides were collaborating on Live Aid, the transatlantic live-rock behemoth.

2 LIVE AID WAS HELD IN PHILADELPHIA BECAUSE NEW YORK WANTED TO GET PAID

Geldof's idea was for a "global jukebox," with near-simultaneous concerts at London's Wembley Stadium and a major U.S. venue, to be broadcast live around the world. Geldof wanted New York's Shea Stadium but was told he'd have to pick up the cost of a canceled Mets game. New Jersey's Giants Stadium was considered, but union costs were prohibitive. Finally, JFK Stadium in Philadelphia offered its services for free. "We need this," Philly mayor Wilson Goode told Geldof.

3 IT WAS THE BIGGEST CONCERT EVER

On July 13, 1985, more than 60 artists performed to an estimated TV audience of 1.5 billion. 14 satellites brought live coverage to 120 countries worldwide. "People talk about globalization now, but it started that day," says Geldof. "We realized that music speaks to everyone. The '80s has gone down as the era of greed, but it was pretty generous from what I saw."

33 THINGS ABOUT LIVE AID

Michael, Geldof and Bono; below, *People*'s Live Aid issue.

"Who wants some of John Oates's mustache sweat?"

4 THE DATE WAS CHANGED FOR THE BOSS

Originally, Live Aid was to have been on July 6, Independence Day weekend, thus ensuring a huge American TV viewership. But the date was pushed back a week to accommodate Bruce Springsteen, then the biggest rock act in the world. Just married and exhausted from his *Born in the U.S.A.* tour, Springsteen ended up declining Geldof's invite. "I heard afterwards that he wished he had performed," says Geldof.

5 GELDOF ACCUSED DAVID BOWIE OF KILLING CHILDREN

David Bowie was without a band at the time and unsure about performing. Geldof told him if he didn't play, he would be personally responsible for the deaths of African children. "I didn't give a fuck if I shamed people into doing it," admits Geldof. "I lied to everyone to make them feel they were the only bastard not giving time or resources."

6 A KID LOOKING FOR A RECORD DEAL OPENED THE SHOW

Eighteen-year-old Miami Beach high school graduate Bernard Watson somehow persuaded Live Aid's U.S. promoter Bill Graham to let him open the show at the JFK Stadium performing one of his own songs. "One of the strings on my guitar broke, then I dropped the pick and that wasn't very professional. But I feel happy I got the chance," said Watson afterwards.

7 BOWIE AND MICK JAGGER WANTED TO COVER BOB MARLEY

David Bowie was to appear in London and Mick Jagger in Philadelphia. Their plan was to duet live across the ocean covering Bob Marley's "One Love," figuring the reggae beat would hide the delay caused by the satellite link. A phone rehearsal put them off and they instead filmed a video of themselves covering Martha and the Vandellas' "Dancing in the Streets."

9 THE AMERICANS THOUGHT THE BRITISH WERE AMATEURS

With four weeks to go, no big American acts had signed up. The Yanks were skeptical of Geldof's ability to pull off such a grand event. "I heard that from Huey Lewis's management," says Geldof. The Brits had their doubts too. "What he was attempting in the time he had seemed just … ridiculous," adds Phil Collins. "Then Sting rang me and said, 'Of course it's happening. We'd better get together and start rehearsing.'"

10 BOWIE'S HELICOPTER BROKE UP A WEDDING

Artists appearing at Wembley were helicoptered onto the London Transport cricket field next to the stadium. The field's clubhouse had been booked for a wedding that day. When David Bowie's chopper landed as the bride and groom exchanged vows, the wedding party charged across the lawn for autographs.

11 RAP MUSIC WASN'T DEEMED IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BROADCAST

This was a pre-hip-hop world. Run-DMC were booked as a warm-up act to test the JFK Stadium PA before the broadcast began. "Sixty percent of the people didn't know who we were, or what hip-hop was," says Darryl "DMC" McDaniel. "But people like Mick Jagger and Keith Richards treated us like royalty. They were like, 'Get these guys a dressing room and something to eat!'"

12 FOOD WAS AN ISSUE AT LIVE AID

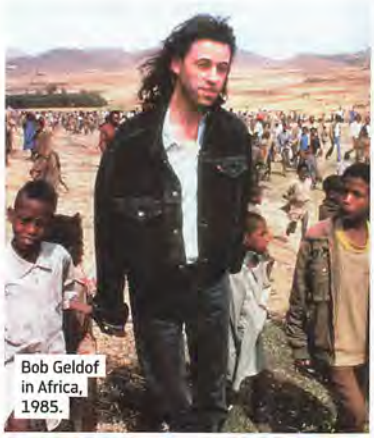
The Hard Rock Cafe provided food for artists, but Elton John wanted a barbecue grill, and so one was set up in the Wembley parking lot. Elton cooked veggie burgers for Freddie Mercury before changing into a black feathered hat for his late-evening performance.

13 MICK JAGGER HAS TWO LEFT FEET

Says Tina Turner: "My most vivid memory is of dancing with Mick Jagger, and he trod on my foot."

14 PHIL COLLINS RECRUITED CHER ON THE CONCORDE

"The organizers said, 'Why don't we fly some people from London to Philadelphia on the Concorde to play both shows,'" remembers Phil Collins. "It was never supposed to be just me; it was supposed to be Duran Duran and Power Station as well. They didn't do it in the end and I was uncomfortable being in the limelight like that. When I got on the plane, Cher was traveling as a regular ➔



Bob Geldof in Africa, 1985.

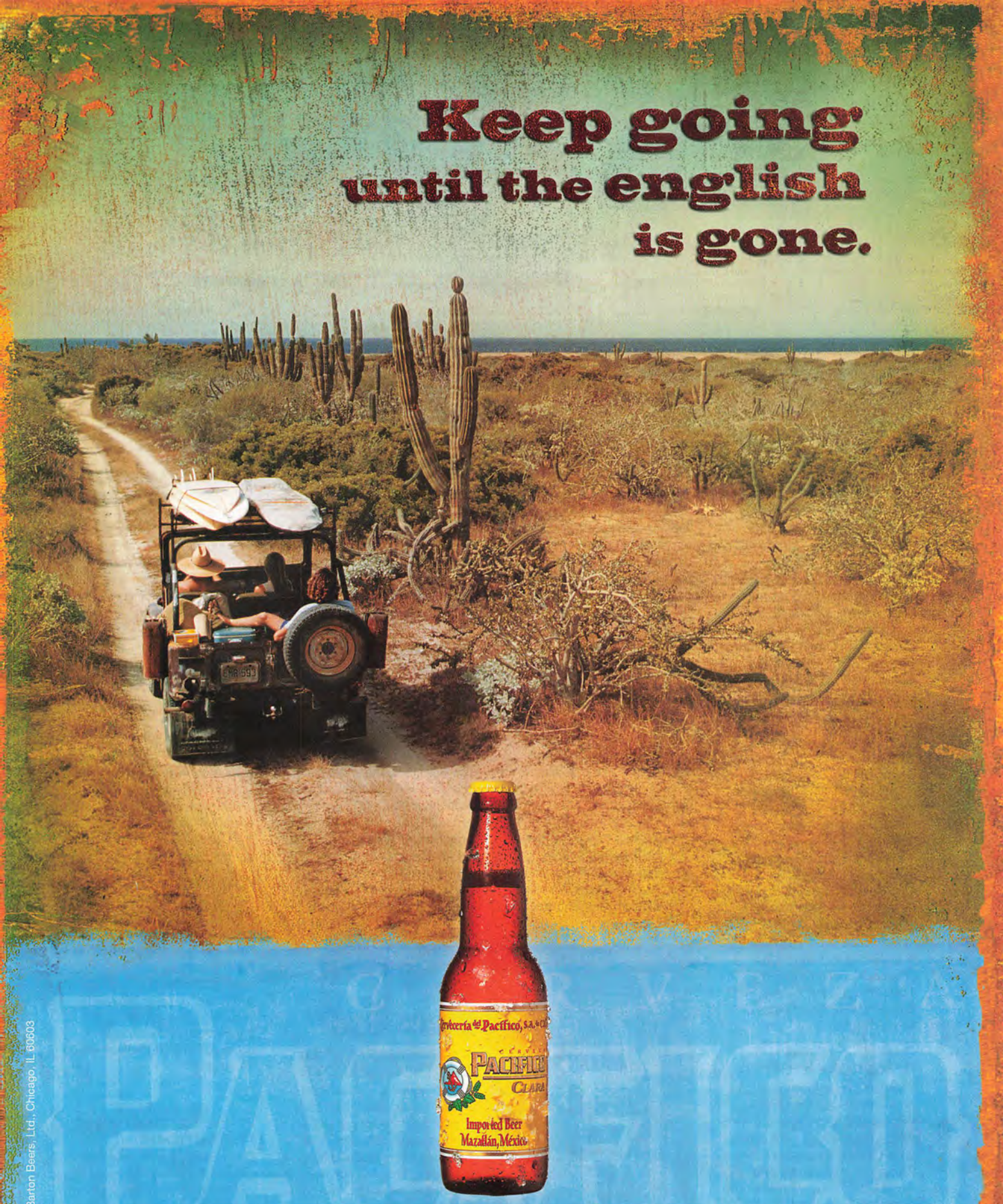
8

NOBODY GAVE MONEY UNTIL GELDOF SAID "FUCK" ON TV

As the Live Aid telecast progressed, Geldof's worst fears seemed realized: The world thought it was watching a free rock concert and few were pledging money for the starving. "Don't go to the pub tonight—stay in and give us the money. There are people dying now, so give me the money," Geldof raged to the camera. BBC presenter David Hepworth tried to issue another reminder of the address to send money. "No, fuck the address," Geldof told Hepworth. "Let's get the numbers, 'cause that's how we're going to get it!" The money began to roll in. "All I could think was, 'My mum is watching this,'" says Hepworth.

GELDOF (TOP): DUNCAN RABAN/ALL ACTION/RETNA LTD.; CROWD: STEVE RAPPORT/RETNA UK (2); PEOPLE: COURTESY WOLFGANG'S VAULT; GELDOF (BOTTOM): TDY/REX USA

Keep going until the english is gone.



Mexico via Pacifico

Please drink responsibly.

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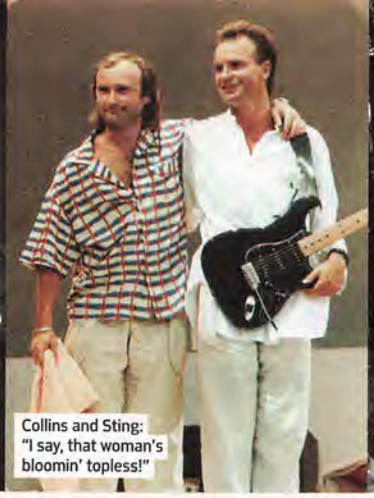
Bowie: "Bugger, my knee's gone."

"You can't arrest me. I'm Bono!"


Collins and Sting: "I say, that woman's bloomin' topless!"

Elton: "Who wants my sausage?"

passenger. She didn't know about Live Aid and asked if I could get her on the bill. I said 'Just turn up, it'll be fine.' So she canceled her plans and performed."

15 NO ONE WANTED TO TELL PAUL MCCARTNEY THERE WAS NO PIANO

Prior to Live Aid, Paul McCartney hadn't played in public for six years. He was nervous and wanted to rehearse "Let It Be." Backstage, he asked several personnel for a piano to rehearse. No one dared tell him there wasn't one. When Geldof got wind of the problem he approached McCartney and told him, "There's no fuckin' piano, OK? Didn't any of these bastards tell you?"

16 THE ROLLING STONES TRIED TO OUT-LEGEND EACH OTHER

Though they were at JFK Stadium, the Rolling Stones did not perform together. Jagger sang "State of Shock" and "It's Only Rock 'N Roll" with Tina Turner, which upset bandmate Keith Richards. Richards and fellow Stone Ron Wood combed their Filofaxes under "L" for "Legends" and arranged to perform "Ballad of Hollis Brown" and "When the Ship Comes In" with Bob Dylan.

17 IT WASN'T ALL LEGENDARY

Though many established icons appeared at Live Aid, several lightweights snuck past the Taste Police. Local wimps the Hooters were the first band on in Philly. An orange-mulleted Howard Jones appeared at Wembley. And sometimes, legends performed with footnotes, as when Madonna was joined by the Thompson Twins, or when Elton John brought on his special guest … Kiki Dee?

18 LIVE AID WAS A VERY WHITE EVENT

Stevie Wonder was scheduled to appear at Live Aid, but he cancelled. And somewhere between the recording of "We Are the World" and Live Aid, Michael Jackson also went AWOL. "We did get a little bit of grief from people because there weren't enough black artists," admits Geldof.

19 ROBERT PLANT BLAMED PHIL COLLINS FOR THE DISASTROUS LED ZEP REUNION

Led Zeppelin re-formed for Live Aid with two drummers (Collins and Tony Thompson) sitting in for the deceased John Bonham. The performance was ruinous, and Robert Plant later said it was because one of the drummers' (read: Collins) heads was "still halfway across the Atlantic." "I was really angry about that remark," says Collins, "and I wrote to Robert and Jimmy saying so. Robert's voice wasn't up to much, and Jimmy was dribbling like he was on another planet. They had a lot to lose and it didn't work, so they were looking for someone to blame."

20 MADONNA WAS WORRIED ABOUT SEEMING SLUTTY

A week before the show, *Penthouse* magazine had published 7-year-old nude pictures of a then-unknown Madonna, to a firestorm of press and brown-bag sales. When the superstar took the stage at JFK, the crowd pleaded with her to undress. "I'm not taking shit off," she yelled back. "Ten years from now they might hold it against me."

The moment Madonna's electric tambourine malfunctioned.

21 THE SPACE SHUTTLE HAD TO CANCEL

A proposed satellite uplink to the Space Shuttle had to be abandoned due to bad weather. "That was a shame, because in that moment you would have illustrated the genius and the tragedy of the world," says Geldof. "A bunch of guys saying 'hi' from orbit would have been fantastic, but also very clearly would have said, 'We can conquer space. Why can't we stop children from starving to death?'"

22 GELDOF'S DAUGHTER DEMANDED SALMON FROM PRINCESS DI

Driving to Wembley Stadium on the morning of the show, Geldof bought some flowers from a gas station for Princess Di, who was attending the concert. Geldof promised his recalcitrant daughter Fifi Trixibelle a smoked-salmon sandwich if she presented them to the princess politely. The 2-year-old child handed the Princess the flowers, but then demanded "more fish" from the baffled royal.

23 AMERICAN FARMERS WERE ALSO HAVING TROUBLE GROWING STUFF

In the middle of his set, Bob Dylan announced, "It would be nice if some of this money went to the American farmers." Geldof was furious, denouncing the comments as "crass, stupid and nationalistic." Regardless, the debut Farm Aid concert took place just weeks later, on September 22, 1985.

24 A PAIR OF BREASTS JEOPARDIZED THE BROADCAST

As the American show got underway, Geldof noticed that the TV coverage was constructed around standard rock-concert camerawork—in particular, slow pans of women baring their breasts. He was concerned that these images were insensitive to the Live Aid cause. "I said to the director, 'No more tit shots, OK?'"

25 STING CHANGED THE WORDS TO HIS OWN SONG

"Sting and I rehearsed the Police song 'Every Breath You Take' at my house," says Collins, "but I didn't know the words, so he wrote them down for me. When we got out there I nearly buggered up the harmonies because Sting started making up new words."

26 DURAN DURAN'S DRUMMER LEFT AFTER LIVE AID TO RAISE CHICKENS

Duran Duran played their final show with the original lineup at JFK Stadium. Drummer Roger Taylor says, "It wasn't a good atmosphere at all. We had split into the Power Station and Arcadia, and egos were rampant.

BOWIE: PETER STILL/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; BONO: DAVE HOGAN/GETTY IMAGES; STING: PETER STILL/REDFERNS/RETNA LTD.; JOHN: RICHARD YOUNG/REX USA; MADONNA: GLOBE PHOTOS

The Jagger/Turner "Lip-Off" was finally declared a draw.

JAGGER: ROBERT MATHEU/RETNA LTD.

I literally left the stadium and left the band. I went back to England to raise chickens on a farm."

27 AN OLD MAN BROKE THE NEWS TO BONO THAT HE'D BECOME A GLOBAL STAR

On the verge of international stardom, U2 had rehearsed three songs for Live Aid and the band implored their impetuous singer to stick to the script. But boggle-eyed with passion, Bono leapt into the photographer's pit during "Bad" to grab a girl from the Wembley front row. The chaos that ensued as security tried to pull the girl from the crush meant the band had to omit "Pride (In the Name of Love)" from their set. The rest of the band was furious, and Bono went back to Dublin depressed, believing he had squandered a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. While he was out walking a couple of days later, an old man spotted him and told him his leap into the crowd was one of the most unforgettable things about Live Aid.

28 QUEEN DIDN'T REALIZE THEY HAD ROCKED EITHER

Amidst a sea of earnestness, Queen rocked Live Aid with a spectacularly campy 20-minute set. When he came off stage, guitarist Brian May fretted that their now-legendary performance had been too cheeky: "Looking back, I think we were all a bit overexcited, and I remember thinking it was very scrappy."

29 PHIL COLLINS HAD TO WALK HOME

"After the Led Zeppelin performance," says Collins, "I was exhausted and decided not to stay for the finale. I got a helicopter back to New York and landed at this heliport over by these warehouses near the river. The streets were empty, there were no cabs, nothing. So we walked to our hotel. It was a really strange end to the day. I'd played in London and Philly with Sting, Eric Clapton and Led Zeppelin, and now I was walking home."

30 AFTER LIVE AID, EVERYONE WANTED TO DO CHARITY CONCERTS

"Because I was the Concorde guy, I was getting 200 letters a week after Live Aid asking me to give money or play charity events," says Collins. "Whenever there was a tragedy, the phone would start ringing and it would be, 'Let's do a show.'"

31 NO SIR BOB, NO SAINT BONO

Live Aid raised over $140 million and exposed a generation to the crushing problem of African poverty, inspiring the volunteer spirit of future musician-crusaders such as Bono and Chris Martin. "Twenty years on, a whole generation knows the score," says Geldof. "They know about fair trade and debt relief. I'd like to think that Live Aid played a part in that."

32 BOWIE WANTED TO DO IT EVERY YEAR

"Right after the show, David Bowie very kindly said it had been fantastic and we should do something like this every year," says Geldof. "I remember thinking, 'Well, you can organize the next one, mate.' I had given every waking moment to it for six months. I was absolutely fucked."

33 THERE WERE REWARDS; THERE WAS ALSO A PRICE

Geldof was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II for his efforts and, after Live Aid, became a successful businessman. However, Live Aid cost him too. "All I ever wanted to do was play music," says Sir Bob. "And answering questions about Africa has taken over my life." [BLENDER]

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112

THE WHITE STRIPES

The Detroit duo return with a fantastic LP about ghosts, love and barnyard sex.

✪✪✪✪

116

MISSY ELLIOTT

The queen of hip-hop edges away from Timbaland for her sixth album. Can she still cut it?

✪✪✪

136

COACHELLA

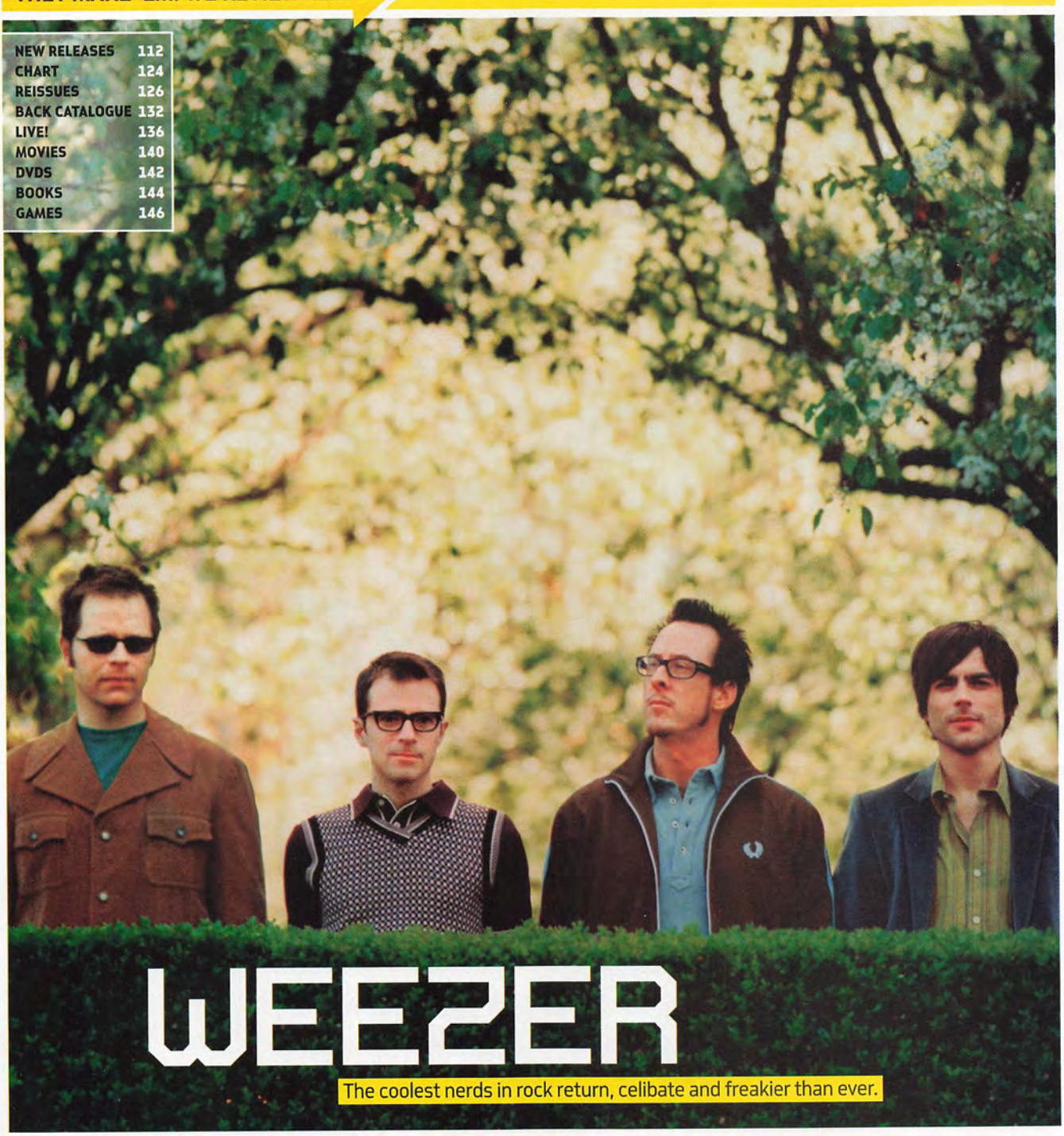
British punks! Heat stroke! Cameron Diaz! All the scoop on the world's greatest music festival.

✪✪✪

THE GUIDE

THEY MAKE 'EM. WE REVIEW 'EM

NEW RELEASES	112
CHART	124
REISSUES	126
BACK CATALOGUE	132
LIVE!	136
MOVIES	140
DVDS	142
BOOKS	144
GAMES	146



WEEZER

The coolest nerds in rock return, celibate and freakier than ever.

WEEZER: SEAN MURPHY; WHITE: PATRICK KEELER; ELLIOTT: WARWICK SAINT; COACHELLA: TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES

Jack White: "Dudley Do-Right will never stop me."

THE WHITE STUFF

FEMMES FATALES! MARIMBAS! SATAN! JACK AND MEG MAKE THEIR TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

PATRICK KEELER

THE WHITE STRIPES
GET BEHIND ME SATAN

★★★★

THIRD MAN/V2

TO HEAR JACK White tell it, he's the most boring man in rock. He says he writes music according to a Spartan set of self-denying rules, and picks out his clothes (white, black or red only) the same way. He hates videogames, hip-hop and pretty much anything else made after 1969. He dedicated the last White Stripes album to—parental advisory alert!—the code of gentlemanly conduct. If you take White at face value, he's more grandma-friendly than Clay Aiken. Thankfully, Jack White is a liar.

In 2003, the doctrinaire Detroit duo went from underground buzz to *cause célèbre* with their fourth album, *Elephant*, which managed to sound both lush and defiantly spare. White proved himself a fascinating kind of purist: one who realizes that purism is a snooze, and sabotages the notion at the same time as he celebrates it. He made it clear that there are two Jack Whites, neither more real than the other: "The sweetheart" donned frilly outfits more gauche than a Vegas production of *Oklahoma!*, cut a gender-bending version of Dolly Parton's "Jolene" and sold fans the White lie that he and drummer Meg were the last of 10 children raised in a single-room house; the swaggering "rock god" turned hometown rival Jason Von Bondie's face into goulash and gallivanted across tabloids with A-list actress Renée Zellweger. Unlike his sullen "return of rock" peers, who disappeared after initial waves of hype (could the Strokes' *Room on Fire* have been doused any faster?), White is a dynamic, one-man factory of playful deception.

WHITE IS A ONE-MAN FACTORY OF DECEPTION.

More than any other White Stripes album, *Get Behind Me Satan* is about illusion. The fun starts with the title: hiding beneath the piety is a call for underworldly support, a nod to Robert Johnson, the Delta bluesman who mythically sold his soul to the devil for one killer guitar lesson.

White takes traditional blues themes—commitment, betrayal and loneliness—and turns them inside-out. On "My Doorbell," an upbeat piano romp belies the story of a man waiting in crushing isolation for his girlfriend to come around. On another piano bouncer, "The Denial Twist," Jack seems to answer back, advising an oblivious lover to face up to the truth about his girl's cheatin' heart. Imagine a roots version of *She's Just Not That Into You*.

Women are central to the illusions Jack explores. In song after song he describes men under the spell of female chimeras—a secretly murderous caretaker here, a hallucinated lover there. He portrays women as cold, unfaithful, treacherous (and spectral) man-eaters, but with a twist: Songs jump perspective, so that one critiques the very type of guy another ladies sympathy on. "Take, Take, Take," "White Moon" and "Little Ghost" form an oddball triptych about apparitions, pinup models and '40s noir bombshell Rita Hayworth, exposing the ways men project fantasies onto women, denying them flesh-and-blood existence. Jack White wears many hats, and one of his favorites is that of a feminist.

On previous albums, Jack's guitar has been the main attraction, reeling off gloriously indulgent solos and doing the rhythmic work Meg's cheerleader bashing couldn't. Here, Meg gets unexpectedly funky, and Jack spends much of his time playing piano and marimba. (The single "Blue Orchid" is a slab of proto-metal guitar *chugga-chugga* and indignant falsetto that sounds like absolutely nothing else here.)

When a guitar hero abandons guitar, it can be because he's bored or because he's a provocateur or, in the case of Jack White, likely both. But he pulls it off: His voice switches mercilessly from coos to cackles to air-raid-siren wails that could send Robert Plant scrambling for earplugs; he treats the piano as something to be both caressed and pounded; and the bright, percussive marimba gels perfectly with his fetish for "primitive" sounds and child-like simplicity. It also makes for *Satan*'s most beautiful song, "The Nurse," an eerie tiptoe punctuated by bursts of guitar noise.

Those bursts make you itch for an explosion, though, which finally comes eight songs in. "Instinct Blues" is a horny, let's-start-fucking torpedo fired straight into the very prudishness and Puritanism "sweetheart" Jack espouses. "The flies get it/And the frogs get it/And all them big jungle cats get it/And I bet your little dog gets it ... so why don't you?" Jack snickers, nailing a scuzzy lick that sounds like dirty sex incarnate.

It's an exhilarating salute to sin, and headbanging fans can also thank Satan for the CD's rawkingest track: Powered by a heaving electric slide guitar, "Red Rain" sounds like a motorcycle trying to climb a spiral staircase. The lyrics consist of little more than the title's hellish vision, shrieked over and over. Bad for grandma, good for us: Jack White is still no choirboy.

JONAH WEINER

DOWNLOAD: "Instinct Blues," "The Nurse," "My Doorbell," "Blue Orchid"

THE SCORE

★★★★★ A CLASSIC

★★★★ GREAT

★★★ GOOD

★★ MEDIOCRE

★ FOUL

ALKALINE TRIO

CRIMSON ★★★

VAGRANT

Mascara-lashed punks trade in their cred for yummy hooks

After four albums of gritty moping, Alkaline Trio have come down with a serious case of the sellouts—and they couldn't sound healthier. *Crimson* features enough syrupy string swells, maudlin piano filigrees and layers of production sparkle—not to mention a full-blown power ballad, the grandiose closer "Smoke"—to choke an army of purists. But these credibility-destroying effects only enhance the pure pop kick coursing through the gleaming melodies of singer-songwriters Matt Skiba and Daniel Andriano. Although these songs are about morbid subjects like the Manson family ("Sadie") and the West Memphis Three ("Prevent This Tragedy"), they'll sound right at home next to Kelly Clarkson on the next *Now!* compilation.

AMY PHILLIPS

DOWNLOAD: "The Poison," "Mercy Me"

AVENGED SEVENFOLD

CITY OF EVIL ★★★★

WARNER BROS.

Orange County pop-metallers go big-time—with a guitarist named Vengeance

These black-clad drama kings have good timing: As soon as their pals in My Chemical Romance made the radio waves safe for high-concept goth-metal, they emerged with an exhilarating major-label debut that spares no pyrotechnics in its mission to bang a nation's young heads. Avenged Sevenfold combine the dense, speedy chug of early Metallica with Guns N' Roses' flair for the soap-operatic: No matter how hard guitarists Synyster Gates and Zacky Vengeance riff, frontman M. Shadows—who tells tales of emotional tumult through colorful comic-book metaphors—comes up with soaring vocal melodies that turn the music into turbocharged pop. And like all great pop, A7X's offers surprises: here a furious Latin-guitar breakdown, there a spaghetti-western overture.

MIKAEL WOOD

DOWNLOAD: "Seize the Day," "Sidewinder," "Strength of the World"

A Band of Bees challenge a death-metal trio of Zebras to a rock-off.

A BAND OF BEES

FREE THE BEES ★★★★

ASTRALWERKS

U.K. throwbacks endorse beards, multi-ethnic psych-jams

With their retro face-fungus, gleeful brass section and good-natured, chooglesome rock, Band of Bees songwriters Paul Butler and Aaron Fletcher wouldn't look or sound out of place in the *Woodstock* movie, sandwiched between Santana and Country Joe & the Fish. Recording their second album in Abbey Road's cavernous Studio 2, they have added more '60s vibes to their blasts of wistful harmony-pop ("These Are the Ghosts") and meaty, organ-laced psychedelic rock ("No Atmosphere"), with a Who-style anthem ("Horsemen") and goofy, syncopated farmyard funk ("Chicken

BEES: TOM CRAIG; AUDIOSLAVE: JILL GREENBERG/CORBIS OUTLINE

DOWNSHIFT

America's heaviest supergroup cools down

AUDIOSLAVE

OUT OF EXILE ★★★

INTERSCOPE

WHEN CHRIS CORNELL agreed to front Audioslave in 2001, he had only one condition: no politics. Never mind that he'd be replacing the bomb-throwing Marxist frontman of the most righteous band ever to rock *TRL*, Rage Against the Machine. The former Soundgarden singer wasn't filling anyone else's combat boots, and on the very first track of their self-titled, 2.7-million-selling debut, he said as much: "I'm not a prophet, and I won't preach to you."

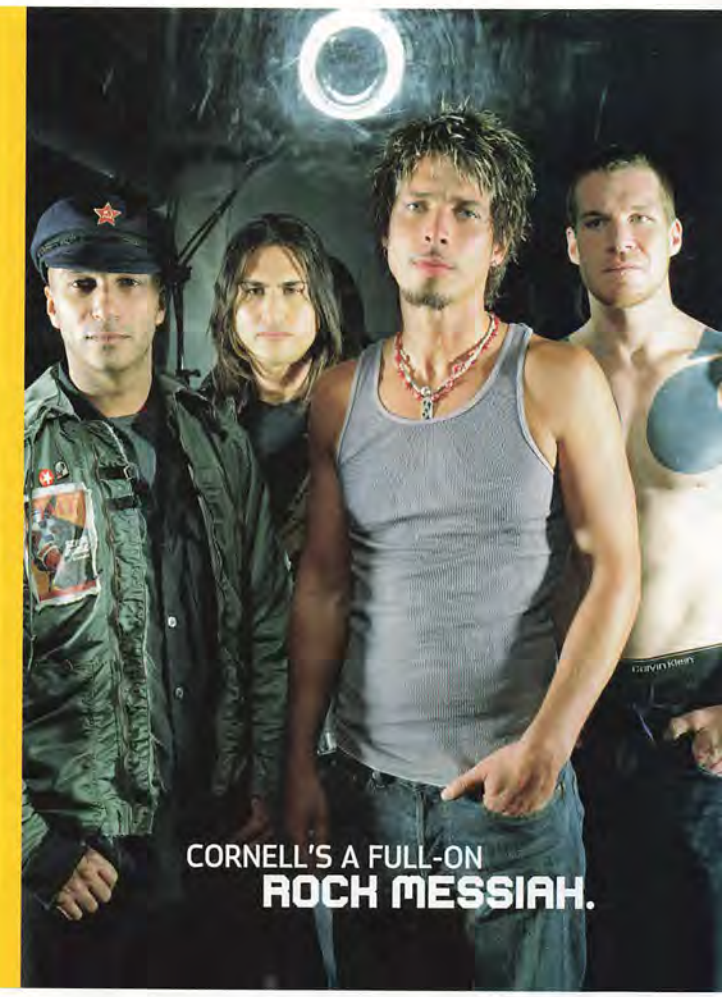
Except that he did. Never a stranger to Jesus poses, Cornell became a full-on rock messiah, chain-smoking American Spirits and commanding his disciples to "set this fucker off." But, recently sober and daddy to a new baby girl, he's decided it's also time to Take Stock. On *Exile*, he supplements his favorite monolithic metaphors—desert highways, moonlit mountaintops, that damn sun—with pseudomystical musings about rebirth and salvation, and hymns of devotion to his wife and kids. It's like a 12-step meeting in the Lollapalooza mosh pit.

Luckily it *sounds* a lot better, thanks in part to producer Rick Rubin. After 20 years of wailing, Cornell's voice has become one of alt-rock's most elastic instruments. First single "Be Yourself" has him alternately crooning and shredding his trachea over a shimmery Tom Morello guitar line, while "Doesn't Remind Me" is sunny and sweet before imploding in a fireball of broken promises and Rage's signature violent squall.

But even the fiercest moments never fully detonate. In their previous lives, these guys threw themselves at their songs full-bore. Now they've learned to tighten the leash—four hard-rock pros oozing confidence, if not youthful abandon. Morello's bulked-up Zeppelin riffs and scorching *wa-wa-wakka* can still snap necks, but at age 41, he's happy just to leave them a little sore.

JOSH EELLS

DOWNLOAD: "Be Yourself," "Doesn't Remind Me"



Payback") essayed for good measure. Only a central, three-track lull—where grooves are preferred over songs—sours this eclectic, irresistible stew.

TONY POWER

DOWNLOAD: "Wash in the Rain," "These Are the Ghosts," "This Is the Land"

BIZARRE

HANNICAP CIRCUS ✪✪

REDHEAD/ARSENAL/ SANCTUARY URBAN

Eminem's buddy—the upside-down fatty from the "My Band" video—is a jokester in desperate need of buffers

EMINEM'S GROSS HOMEY

A hip-hop jester to put Biz Markie to snaggle-toothed shame, Bizarre—who refers to himself as "the big guy with the shower cap on TV"—makes his D12 sponsor Eminem seem downright timorous. Shock gets dull, though, and Bizarre's bloated debut is profoundly unfunny. "Bad Day" is a Weird Al–style rip on Ice Cube's "It Was a Good Day" that laments raggedy flip-flops, sexual dysfunction and transvestites—and that's one of the better tracks. The rants about urinating in his grandfather's ass, liking women who don't vote and petting kids in Pampers might serve as comic relief on a D12 album, but stacked end-to-end here, they're just draining. And on "Porno Bitches," guests Big Boi and Devin the Dude do what Bizarre just can't—find a way to be nasty without getting gross.

JON CARAMANICA

DOWNLOAD: "Porno Bitches"

JOE BUDDEN

THE GROWTH ✪✪✪✪

DEF JAM

Former drug addict and haunted mix-tape king's second bid for superstardom aims high

Though his debut was one of the most assured hip-hop records of 2003, Jersey's Joe Budden couldn't translate his massive gifts—a grimy, spitfire flow and a penchant for confessional lyricism—into massive sales. Budden's follow-up delivers another confident blend of party fizzle and street gravitas. The club tracks range from the effervescently bubblegum "Sacred," featuring pop-soul idol Marques Houston, to producer Scott Storch's sinister "Gangsta Party," featuring West Coast crooner Nate Dogg. And Budden, a former drug addict chasing off clinical depression, really shines when he goes beyond cartoonish thuggery. The masterfully wrought "Three Sides to the Story," a tragic opus about incest told from different perspectives,

Bizarre: "Where my loofah at?"

resembles a rap version of *Rashomon*. Though he lacks the charisma of longtime nemesis 50 Cent, Budden has more lyrical sophistication and emotional depth, and that makes him one of hip-hop's great undiscovered treasures.

JASON KING

DOWNLOAD: "Three Sides to the Story," "Sacred"

LAURA CANTRELL

HUMMING BY THE FLOWERED VINE ✪✪✪

MATADOR

Nashville-born New Yorker who boasts an archivist's ear for folk and country

Laura Cantrell's pearly tone is careful and precise—the voice of an extremely knowledgeable person who chooses songs with immense care and does her best to showcase their virtues to the point of self-effacement. This is both admirable and frustrating, because you want the hipster-approved roots-rocker to let loose, not to make, say, the preciousness of Lucinda Williams's early, unrecorded "Letters" even more precious by approaching it as a holy relic. It's not until the seventh song that voice and material converge satisfyingly: Biting into Wynn Stewart's "Wishful Thinking," a rich chunk of '60s Bakersfield honky-tonk, Cantrell rolls out the heartbreak lament like the bitter misery love can sometimes be. Less folkie benevolence, more country hard-headedness, please.

KEN TUCKER

DOWNLOAD: "Wishful Thinking," "Poor Ellen Smith" ➔

I LOVE THIS CD!

ORLANDO BLOOM
ACTOR, *ELIZABETHTOWN, KINGDOM OF HEAVEN*

U2
HOW TO DISMANTLE AN ATOMIC BOMB
INTERSCOPE

"A masterpiece. Bono is one of the most inspirational and influential people alive today."

BEP were "Andre 3000" for Halloween.

PEP SQUAD

L.A. phunksters turn hip-hop into a pony ride. Whee!

BLACK EYED PEAS

MONKEY BUSINESS ✪✪

A&M

DEPENDING ON WHOM you ask, this multicultural pop-rap quartet are genre-bending, über-chic poster children for hip-hop's hybrid future—or rappers straight out of *Sesame Street*. Those taking the latter view cite the Peas' multiplatinum last album, *Elephunk*, which had enough bubblegum stuck to its sole to take them from rap's underground to *Teen People*. Or they point to singer Fergie, whose trinity of assets—Teena Marie pipes, Gwen Stefani style, Janet Jackson abs—made her 2003 addition to the group seem like a shameless bow to demographics. Newer fans, however, couldn't care less. Like the Peas themselves, they were busy reveling in giddy party jams, getting retarded—er, started—and shaking their "bum bummas."

THEY'RE GRATINGLY JUBILANT.

All that fun makes one feel like a killjoy for not relishing the group's fourth album—but listening to it is like spending a day with someone who never stops smiling: What initially feels jubilant soon turns grating. The Peas gleefully take eclectic dance beats—lifted from hip-hop, trip-hop, funk and pop—and add an overkill of two-word choruses ("My Style," "Disco Club," "Feel It"), repetitive onomatopoeia ("Dum Diddley," "Bump Ba Bump") and indelicate rhymes that tackle such subjects as Fergie's "lovely lady lumps." Its title is apt; this set is the product of too much studio hullabaloo, as if the Peas are enjoying a grand joke that the rest of us aren't privy to.

Cameos prove redemptive: James Brown shakes the Peas out of their funk—no, into one—on "They Don't Want Music," while Jack Johnson's acoustic guitar allows the Peas a breather from their aerobics-like pace ("Gone Going Gone"). But the bulk of this album leaves you craving a gangsta-rap track, a Xanax—anything to take the happy meter down a notch.

BAZ DREISINGER

DOWNLOAD: "Gone Going Gone," "They Don't Want Music"

FERGIE'S CURRENT LISTENING

LUDACRIS
RED LIGHT DISTRICT *DEF JAM*

PETER TOSH
LEGALIZE IT *COLUMBIA*

PEAS: ALBERT WATSON; BLOOM: STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE.COM

Missy's Jazzercise routine was less than strenuous.

NOT SO FREAKY

Ms. E tries to throw a retro house party without Timbaland

MISSY ELLIOTT

THE COOKBOOK ✪✪✪

GOLDMIND/ATLANTIC

"MISSY BE THE name and y'all should already know," she declares with queenly confidence as flagellum synths squiggle on the Neptunes-produced "On and On." And she's right: Missy Elliott has long ranked among hip-hop immortals as the girl MC with the freakiest flow, the most insane beats.

But on her sixth album, the boasts of rap prowess and sexual genius carry a tinge of insecurity. Elliott knows that her appeal has been due half to her longtime producer, the mad beat-scientist Timbaland, who produced just two tracks here. So, in her mid-30s, with a monumental career already behind her, Missy's making her belated debut as nobody's bitch.

The Timbaland tracks are brilliant: the spooky, otherworldly "Joy," and "Partytime," a before-crunk-was-crunk retro romp that sets the tone. Elliott sets out to prove herself with a raging house party circa 1990, and she's invincible as long as she keeps everybody sweatin' to the oldies. Though she's mined the past many times before, here she attempts to replicate it. And her retro-fabulous plan has a weakness: For every killer raise-your-hands hook there is a snoozer of an SWV-esque torch ballad, and she can't seem to tell the difference.

Producing some tracks herself and using a dozen others from Scott Storch and Warryn Campbell among others, Elliott builds half the album as an ecstatic electro fantasy that harks back to the Kid 'N' Play era ("Irresistible Delicious," featuring a perfectly sly Slick Rick) and the robotic boogaloo of Afrika Bambaataa and Cybotron ("Lose Control"). New Jack never swung so fast or hard, and the guest spots—by Mary J. Blige, Grand Puba, Tweet, Ciara, you name it—give *The Cookbook* the sense of a communal get-off.

HILLER HOOHS AND SNOOZER BALLADS.

The downside of the party seems to come just after midnight, when somebody slips on *The Bodyguard* soundtrack. Almost half the songs are treacly Kleenex soul ballads; even the titles—"My Struggles," "4 My Man," "Time and Time Again"—bring a cringe. If it weren't for the return of what Missy rightly calls her "fo'-real beats," she'd do something previously unthinkable: clear the room. Thankfully, there are plenty, even without Timbaland.

BEN SISARIO

DOWNLOAD: "Irresistible Delicious," "On and On," "Partytime"

Courtney Jaye: "This next one's called 'Reign in Blood.'"

KEYSHIA COLE

THE WAY IT IS ✪✪✪

A&M

On her debut, an Oakland R&B diva wails like the best of 'em; somebody get this girl a tissue!

Keyshia Cole can gush a love song as well as anyone, but it's on I-don't-love-you-no-mo' numbers that she really shines. "Should Have Cheated" plays like a response to Usher's "Confessions," while "(I Just Want It) to Be Over," co-written by Alicia Keys, is a subtle slow-burner. Her wounded passion comes out on "Love," a vocal workout that could get her a job on Broadway. When she's not riding a shiny Kanye West beat ("I Changed My Mind"), Cole gets some sisterly support from Eve, who drops a tuff-girl rap on the Luther Vandross–written "Never." Too bad that song, like many here, is such dry and straightforward disco-soul; this girl is at her best when she's got something to cry about.

BEN SISARIO

DOWNLOAD: "(I Just Want It) to Be Over," "Should Have Cheated"

BILLY CORGAN

THEFUTUREEMBRACE ✪✪

REPRISE

Former Smashing Pumpkins baldy goes solo, so low

He always looked like a lousy lay, but Billy Corgan was a generation's Romantic, so inflated with self-important grandeur he burst the bubble of his own limitations. On his "debut solo album" (wink wink; we're sure Zwan was a real group effort) he sounds older and wiser—meaning the youthful absurdity that let him kiss genius on the lips is gone away. Though the album opens with "All Things Change," we're left with the immutable Corgan sans ambition: his narrow whine, melodies not quite predictable but dull anyway and a misty worldview with collegiate airs (one song is named for Modernist poet Mina Loy). The catchiest tune is a Bee Gees cover, and it's no "Landslide," a song he once took on like a lover; when the romance is gone, it's just another professional getting through the night.

RENE VIENET

DOWNLOAD: "To Love Somebody"

THE DEATHRAY DAVIES

THE KICK AND THE SNARE ✪✪✪

GLURP

Texans so Anglophilic, their name pays homage to the Kinks' Ray Davies

Echoing vocals, quivering-hummingbird guitar lines and regularly hammered-out piano chords combine to give Dallas-based Deathray Davies's music a manic buzz. John Dufilho, the group's singer and songwriter, is something of a brat, jabbering about his broken heart, anger, boredom and even, on "They Stuck Me in a Box in the Ground (Pt. 7)," his death. Catchy solipsism has its limits, of course: Attempts to get heavy ("Clock In Now," "Chainsaw") come off as fatuously puffed up, and the album ends with four weak songs in a row, suggesting both canny sequencing and waning inspiration. But the

I LOVE THIS CD!

ZOOEY DESCHANEL
ACTRESS, *THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY*

THE RASPBERRIES
THE VERY BEST OF THE RASPBERRIES
(CHERRY RED)

"They have such nice, catchy melodies. All of their songs sound Beatles-y."

ELLIOTT: WARWICK SAINT; JAYE: KEVIN WESTERBERG; DESCHANEL: TIM WHITBY/WIREIMAGE.COM

strongest songs earn the puns of the album title—they pack a wallop, and then draw you in.

KEN TUCKER

DOWNLOAD: "The Fall Fashions," "They Stuck Me in a Box in the Ground (Pt. 7)"

DRESSY BESSY

ELECTRIFIED ✪✪✪

TRANSDREAMER

Fuzzed-out, monomaniacal garage psychedelia, waiting for the next *Austin Powers* sequel

For eight years and five albums, Dressy Bessy have been chasing after a very specific kind of three-minute fuzzbomb; their actual songs are less the point than their devotion to the late-'60s garage psychedelia they studiously evoke. Their beloved tambourine doesn't just keep time, it symbolizes every tambourine ever heard on AM radio. Frontwoman Tammy Ealom chirps every song with the same disaffected go-go-girl inflection (lyrical topics: frustrated love, loud music, not much else) and leaves her distortion pedal on the same setting for the whole album. Happily, the Denver band's dogged consistency works in their favor: The Swinging London frug-party vibe holds the album together, while Ealom's shy little hooks take their time emerging from the wall of buzz.

DOUGLAS WOLK

DOWNLOAD: "Side 2," "It Happens All the Time"

ASTONISHING FACT!
At age 11, THE DEATHRAY DAVIES drummer Robert Anderson won third place in a national roller-skating competition.

FEIST

LET IT DIE ✪✪✪

INTERSCOPE

Canadian-born, Paris-hanging indie scenester proffers a sample plate of heartache

What does it mean when an über-hipster like Leslie Feist gets compared to the queen of Starbucks, Norah Jones? Feist's single "Mushaboom," a syncopated daydream so catchy that Mickey D's tried to license it, cops a feel from Jones's last hit, "Sunrise," and the eclecticism of this covers-heavy disc is a music marketer's jackpot. Is Feist serious? The former DJ for potty-mouthed rapper Peaches explores so many corners of the vulnerable-chanteuse landscape—Europop, freak-folk, Pottery Barn balladry, revisionist disco—that she comes off as noncommital. Yet her original tunes, like her throaty singing, risk the ambiguity of actual feeling, which is why many who lapped up Jones's weak tea are making *Let It Die* a breakthrough. Feist is that rare female click-to-pick who's made her own choices about the fantasies she fulfills.

ANN POWERS

DOWNLOAD: "The Gatekeeper," "Lonely Lonely"

COURTNEY JAYE

TRAVELING LIGHT ✪✪

ISLAND

Watery coffeehouse music from an L.A. newcomer

Those who have a hard time telling apart Michelle Branch and Vanessa Carlton will only be further confused by this pretty, earnest ex-hippie-chick. Courtney Jaye boasts a more eclectic résumé than most twenty-something singer-songwriters—acupuncturist's assistant, surfer, slacker, Grateful Dead obsessive—but her watery debut is tediously one-dimensional and strictly adult-contemporary. Apart from the bouncy single "Can't Behave" (co-written with Gary Louris of the Jayhawks) and the sinuous "Permanent," which hints that she may yet grow into a softer Aimee Mann, Jaye's coffeehouse balladry is too polite for its own good, however much she may claim otherwise. "I know that I'm no angel," she insists in a squeaky-clean coo on "Lose My Head," a song that suggests she never does.

DENNIS LIM

DOWNLOAD: "Can't Behave"

JULIETTE AND THE LICKS

YOU'RE SPEAKING MY LANGUAGE ✪✪✪

HASSLE

Natural Born Killers actress defies the curse of Don Johnson, makes startlingly good album

It's unclear whether she deserves a Grammy or an Oscar, but Juliette Lewis sure sounds like a born rock star. Her band's first album has an amorphous, garage-pop feel generated by four studio pros. Lewis gives their sometimes mechanical clamor blood and drama with a throaty wail that whips from whispery melancholy to audacious brass. And these aren't just breakup ballads or punky flirts: "I Never Got to Tell You What I Wanted To" is a tense, dark meditation on sisterly love, and Lewis threads the wallop of "American Boy Volume Two" with a fiery censure of American dysfunction, from media monopolies to Halliburton. If the Red Sox can win the World Series, an actor can make a great album.

NICK CATUCCI

DOWNLOAD: "I Never Got to Tell You What I Wanted To," "American Boy II," "Got Love to Kill" ➔

Foo Fighters: Good band, poor pole-dancers.

SUPERSIZED

On Foo Fighters' fifth album, Dave Grohl gets epic

FOO FIGHTERS

IN YOUR HONOR ✪✪✪

RCA

THERE COMES A point in the life of any self-respecting rock star when the temporal and spiritual limits of a single disc start to feel like a straitjacket. Dave Grohl has always seemed more modest than your average star, as though his tenure as Nirvana's drummer taught him to beware the consequences of genius or controversy. But a decade after the Foo Fighters started, he's made his own Sprawling Double Album—a 20-song epic divided into one CD each for rockers and ballads. Grohl has compared it to Led Zeppelin's magnum opus, *Physical Graffiti*. If only.

PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO 3 DOORS DOWN.

To be fair, the Foos are good at grandeur. The title track is a truly huge song, centered on Taylor Hawkins's machine-gun drumming and a melody lifted from "Dear Prudence." "In your honor, I will die tonight," Grohl sings in his best death-metal wail. The mix of muscle and melody has always been FF's calling card, and if nothing here matches past hits like "Everlong" or "This Is a Call," there are instantly appealing songs, like the riff-heavy "Hell" and "No Way Back," which marries crunching post-grunge with ZZ Top–style blues-boogie.

But let's face it: Foo Fighters are dull. Grohl's sturdy, catchy songs hold no trace of eccentricity or originality; after about an hour of it, his bland professionalism begins to wear. The torpor turns deadly on the ballad disc, with its finger-picked "Dust in the Wind" chords and lyrics that swerve perilously close to 3 Doors Down territory. ("Virginia Moon," a bossa nova duet with Norah Jones, provides the only relief.) You ask: Why would a guy whose songs depend so much on squall go unplugged? But, of course, the acoustic album, like the double-CD epic, is a classic rock star folly.

JODY ROSEN

DOWNLOAD: "In Your Honor," "No Way Back," "Virginia Moon"

DAVE GROHL'S CURRENT LISTENING

MASTODON
LEVIATHAN *RELAPSE*

THE LETTERS ORGANIZE
DEAD RHYTHM MACHINE *NITRO*

FOO FIGHTERS: PERIOU

Fountains of Wayne figure out which one has to sleep with Paula Abdul.

THAT THING THEY DO

A great American pop band turn one-hit-wonderful, cover Britney

FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE

OUT-OF-STATE PLATES

✪✪✪✪

VIRGIN

SINCE FOUNTAINS OF Wayne's inhumanly perfect 1996 single "Radiation Vibe," singer Chris Collingwood and his songwriting partner Adam Schlesinger have kept themselves busy giving the concept of "career artists" a good name, together and apart—climbing out of the Fountain for side projects like lounge-poppers Ivy, and increasing the piecework by ghost-writing for Josie and the Pussycats and soundtracking Tom Hanks movies. Against such variation, the main thing about their main gig is how it all freakin' sounds the same. For once that's good; they keep doing that thing they do, and we should be grateful.

After a decade practicing their songcraft, the space between the Waynes' best and worst songs is thinner than a local newspaper; the New York foursome's last album, *Welcome Interstate Managers*, was the rare top-to-bottom winner, and produced the smash hit MILF ode "Stacy's Mom." This inevitable double-disc of B-sides, covers (including Jackson Browne, Bacharach/David and an unabashedly loving tribute to Britney baby one more time) and other disposables slides under the door oozing good charm, generous editing and a sense that we all share the same values deep down: populist hooks, goofy humor, human-sounding voices and on to the next one!

POPULIST HOOKS AND GOOFY HUMOR.

The songs change, but the sensibility remains the same, more or less: plaintive to mopey, clever to smartass, and back again. The throwaway "California Sex Lawyer" is just as catchily good-natured as "Places" is catchily melancholy, while "Trains and Boats and Planes" is catchily in the middle; some major-chord crunch here, some minor-key jangle there, and rarely a note wasted.

The boys are at their retro-mantic best with the sugar-rock of "Maureen"; later they'll fetch Stacy and her mom and drive around in the suburban streets that wind between ELO and NPR, both of which appear here (via cover and sound bite) to suggest the conceptual limits of Wayne's world, somewhere in the triangle formed by Long Island, New Jersey and western Massachusetts. It's a mystical hinterland of college boys who want to be regular joes, and the big hair and/or cat-glasses-ornamented girls who patiently sit through their shticks. If you go looking for the news among these almost 30 songs, you might find yourself empty-handed—but you could survive a good while on what is to be found here: good company, melodic ease, all the things that make up the last best hope of unpretentious, album-oriented pop.

RENE VIENET

DOWNLOAD: "Maureen," "Places," "... Baby One More Time"

ADAM SCHLESINGER'S CURRENT LISTENING

SPOON
GIMME FICTION *MERGE*

THE SIGHTS
THE SIGHTS *SCRATCHIE/NEW LINE*

TALES FROM THE STUDIO

FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE'S **ADAM SCHLESINGER** GIVES THE SKINNY ON THE SCAVENGING THAT LED TO THEIR NEW COMPILATION.

WHY THIS, WHY NOW:
"The stuff's been piling up for a long time, and if we waited any longer, it would be too much for anyone to bear."

TRUE OR FALSE: THE LABEL ASKED FOR 13 DEMO AND LIVE VERSIONS OF "STACY'S MOM" TO BE INCLUDED:
"Thankfully, nobody brought that up. But it's a good idea, actually—I'm gonna suggest that at the next marketing meeting."

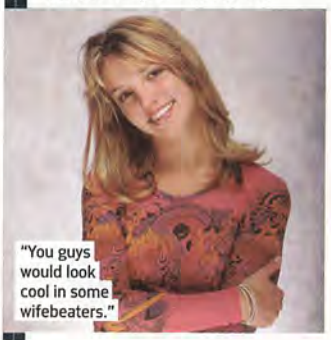
EXPERIMENTAL RECORDING TECHNIQUES ATTEMPTED HERE:
"On one song, instead of a tambourine, we used maracas. Pretty crazy."

OBLIGATORY IRONIC COVER:
"We recorded '... Baby One More Time' as a B-side. But the label wanted to release it as a single, which we didn't want, so it never came out. A guy who worked at Atlantic gave the song to Howard Stern, who started playing it on his show, and it took on a life of its own."

THREE THINGS NO RECORDING SESSION SHOULD BE WITHOUT:
"As long as there's some peyote around, we get the job done."

OBLIGATORY, IF INDIRECT, *PET SOUNDS* REFERENCE:
"We recorded 'Small Favors' in '94 or '95 but couldn't get through the vocals because our friend's dog ruined every take. Now we would have that dog killed immediately."

LESSON LEARNED FROM RUMMAGING THROUGH THE VAULTS:
"Hearing all the good songs that we originally left off our albums, we learned not to trust our own instincts. Always let other people tell you what to do."



"You guys would look cool in some wifebeaters."

FOUNTAINS: NEIL CASAL; SCHLESINGER: ZACH CORDNER; SPEARS: JOEY TERRILL/WIREIMAGE.COM

Kraftwerk: Still trying to figure out whether *Sprockets* was a parody.

TOBY KEITH

HONKYTONK UNIVERSITY ✪✪✪

DREAMWORKS NASHVILLE

Less snarly posturing, more tender love songs from the author of "Who's Your Daddy?"

Though he achieved notoriety for his post-9/11 boot-in-your-ass patriotism, Toby Keith would rather sing about nasty breakups. This surprisingly traditional, pedal-steel-kissed set offers acrimony in two flavors: devastated ("I Got It Bad") and she's-gone-let's-party. Keith even manages a clever commingling of the two: "You Ain't Leavin' (Thank God, Are Ya)?" starts as a weepy account of watching a woman pack up. Just when the car pulls away and gloom settles in, a jubilant two-step appears, scoring an instantaneous rebound complete with hotties and a 24-pack on ice. Keith and co-writer Scotty Emerick can't resist country clichés, but at least they use them brilliantly, transforming conceits that scream Nashville hackdom into platforms for Keith's rivetingly blunt singing.

TOM MOON

DOWNLOAD: "As Good As I Once Was," "She Ain't Hooked on Me No More," "Big Blue Note"

KRAFTWERK

MINIMUM-MAXIMUM ✪✪✪✪

ASTRALWERKS

The robot-loving Germans who invented electronic music are back to reinvent it—live!

The live album is traditionally about sweaty improvisation and "How ya doin', Pittsburgh?" It seems flatly contradictory to the ultra-hygienic music of Kraftwerk, the electronic Beatles who pre-program every note before leaving their Düsseldorf home to tour. But guess what? This double album, recorded in 2003, is a beautiful and spontaneous joy from music's least spontaneous group. The four aging Germans—who onstage stand semi-motionless behind lecterns, as if they're sending each other e-mails—gently twist and manipulate Kraftwerk's holy texts of electronica into new shapes. It reaches its zenith of playfulness on "Numbers," in which sampled voices read out distorted digits like a science-fiction *Sesame Street*. Most live albums can barely interest hardcore fans, but this is really a missing Greatest Hits in disguise.

ANDREW HARRISON

DOWNLOAD: "Numbers," "The Model," "Radioactivity"

MEMPHIS BLEEK

534 ✪✪

ROC-A-FELLA/DEF JAM

Jay-Z's eternal protégé jumps straight from next big thing to has-been

Every night, before Memphis Bleek eats dinner, does he lower his head and thank Jay-Z? Because if it weren't for the grace of the God MC, this Brooklyn rapper would have to put food on his table the way other mediocre rappers do: with a day job. Tirelessly endorsed by Jay since 1996, Bleek is a career Next Big Thing, and *534* shows why. He rides an unvarying, fever-pitch flow that would suit a hype man but gets monotonous fast; meanwhile, his claims to have "started this whole gangsta shit" aren't merely rote, they're fake. Big-budget assists make for some exciting beats (the Swizz Beatz disco party of "Like That"), which are the only things worth paying for here.

JONAH WEINER

DOWNLOAD: "Like That," "Oh Baby"

ALANIS MORISSETTE

JAGGED LITTLE PILL: ACOUSTIC ✪✪

MAVERICK

The monster-selling rage cycle, revisited

She's lived, she's learned. She's gone on spirit quests, ingested all the Zen money can buy. And somehow, Alanis Morissette's road to inner peace led her back to *Jagged Little Pill*, the vitriolic 1995 song cycle about mistreating lovers (and sleazy music-biz veterans) that remains the best-selling solo debut in rock history. Re-approaching *JLP*, Morissette and producer Glen Ballard focus on atmospheres—the rhythms are more supple and worldly, and interlocking acoustic guitar tapestries give several songs new dimension. Ironically, the vocals haven't evolved in corresponding fashion: At times Morissette seems trapped in the torment loop *Pill*-lovers expect. Despite scattered flashes of uncharacteristic lightness ("Hand in My Pocket"), she rarely tempers the fury that drove the originals with the more accepting perspective that's guided her subsequent efforts. Maybe it's just too soon for that. Check back in another decade.

TOM MOON

DOWNLOAD: "Hand in My Pocket," "Not the Doctor" ➔

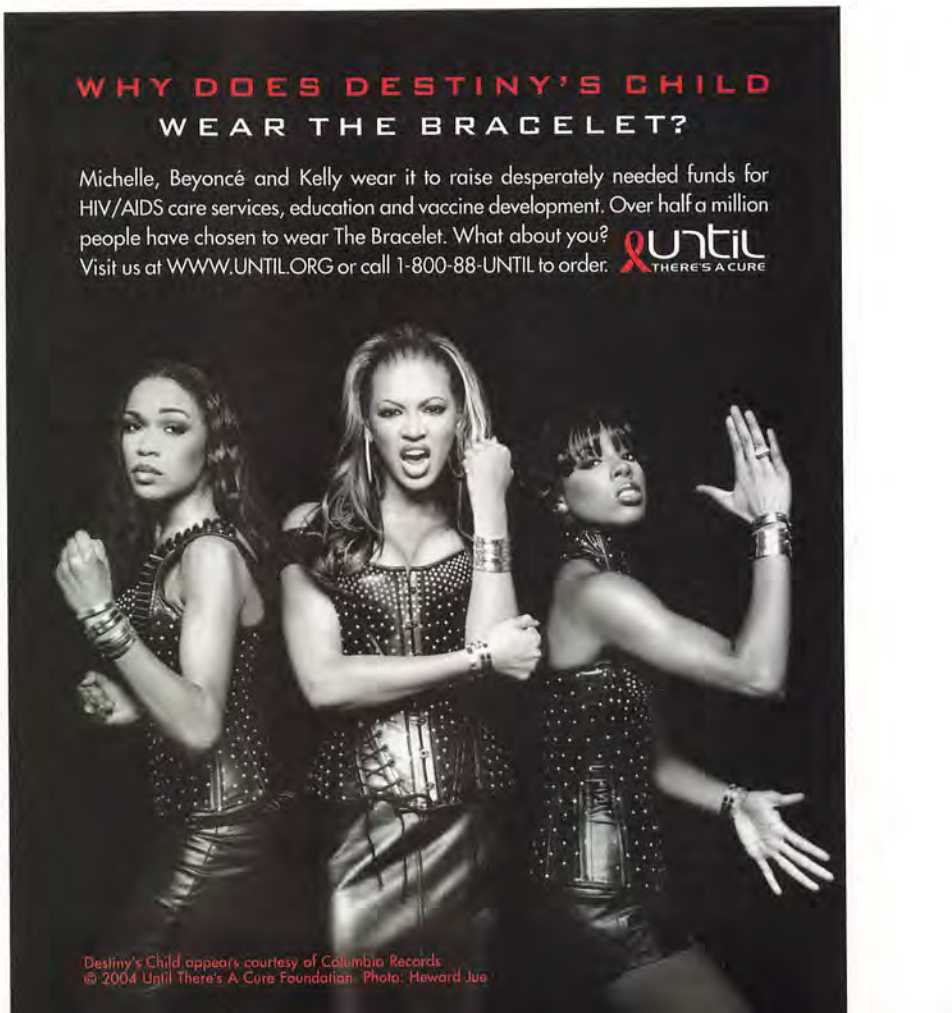
I LOVE THIS CD!

MIKE JUDGE
CREATOR, BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD, OFFICE SPACE, KING OF THE HILL

THE BEACH BOYS THE PET SOUNDS SESSIONS
(CAPITOL)

"I usually listen to country or hip-hop, but every five years I go through a Beach Boys phase."

KRAFTWERK: PETER BOETTCHER; JUDGE: JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC.COM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WEAR THE BRACELET?
Michelle, Beyoncé and Kelly wear it to raise desperately needed funds for HIV/AIDS care services, education and vaccine development. Over half a million people have chosen to wear The Bracelet. What about you? Visit us at WWW.UNTIL.ORG or call 1-800-88-UNTIL to order.
until THERE'S A CURE
Destiny's Child appears courtesy of Columbia Records
© 2004 Until There's A Cure Foundation. Photo: Heward Jue

"Yes, Shakira, we *will* help you build that sand castle."

STAR SPANGLISH

The last one sold 13 million—this one's *more* irresistible

SHAKIRA

FIJACIÓN ORAL 1 ✪✪✪✪

EPIC

AFTER THE FACT, it all makes sense.

Of course the next world-wide pop star would scramble the sounds of the 1990s, from dance music to grunge. Of course she would be both a pin-up girl and a media manipulator, so canny she makes Madonna look naive. And of course she wouldn't be American.

At least, not North American. Shakira is a Colombian singer of half-Lebanese descent, and she conquered the Western hemisphere from the bottom up. She didn't release her first English-language album, *Laundry Service*, until 2001. By that point, she had already won millions of fans by sticking to a grueling program of her own invention: deep hooks, sharp songwriting, ferocious hip-shaking.

Laundry Service was a triumph, selling more than 13 million copies worldwide. On the album's hit single "Whenever, Wherever," Shakira sang lyrics designed to make unsuspecting radio listeners spit up their coffee. When she announced, "Lucky that my lips not only mumble/They spill kisses like a fountain/Lucky that my breasts are small and humble/So you don't confuse them with mountains," it was clear that she was the very best kind of pop star: a confounding one.

Now comes the follow-up, *Fijación Oral 1*, to be followed this fall by its all-new English-language sequel, *Oral Fixation 2*. It's no coincidence that the Spanish-language album comes first: You get the feeling Shakira likes making the rookie Anglophone fans wait in line behind the veteran Hispanic ones. Maybe this is her playful way of reminding us that globalization and Americanization are no longer the same thing (if they ever were).

In any case, one of the best new songs starts in another language altogether. "Las de la Intuición" ("A Woman's Intuition") begins with Shakira murmuring in French. It's the start of a surprisingly sentimental stanza, roughly translated as "When you take me in your arms/When I look into your eyes/I see that God exists." This is an extravagant love song, sung simply and sweetly, with only a shy guitar line and some unobtrusive electronics to keep the singer company. You don't realize anything is wrong until Shakira mentions that these are her "*recuerdos*"—her memories. Suddenly the breezy love song is also a heartbroken way of saying goodbye, or perhaps a defiant refusal to say it.

Whereas *Laundry Service* found inventive ways to graft alt-rock guitars onto Latin-inflected pop songs (there were obvious nods to No Doubt and Alanis Morissette), this one has more in common with Shakira's buoyant 1996 breakthrough album, *Pies Descalzos* (which is most commonly translated as "Bare Feet"). In any case, it's more consistent than *Laundry Service*, and maybe even more irresistible—provided, of course, you don't mind hopping over a language barrier.

The album's first single is "La Tortura," a kicky duet with the Spanish star Alejandro Sanz, and although the title hints at political critique, the song is about a bitter and witty lover's quarrel. After scoring a few points (if she's throwing pearls, guess what that makes him?), she splits, sounding more gleeful than bereaved.

Shakira loves to emphasize the gap between sound and sense, which means non-Spanish speakers will get to experience these songs twice. On the CD, you can hear Shakira explore everything from buzzy house music to graceful samba, and her voice can go from a clear sigh to a choked sob in a single phrase. Then, reading the translated lyrics, you can watch her pick apart the romantic clichés her voice conjures up; no other pop star is better than Shakira at saying "come here" and "get lost" at the same time.

This is a short album: there are just 10 songs, plus a stripped-down version of "La Pared" ("The Wall") and a fantastic reggaeton remix of "La Tortura." After that, you'll have to wait for the release of *Oral Fixation 2*, which will give Spanish-speakers the chance to experience a sensation some English-speakers are probably experiencing right now: the addictive feeling of loving an album you can't totally figure out.

KELEFA SANNEH

DOWNLOAD: "Las de la Intuición," "La Tortura," "Obtener un Sí"

SHAKIRA'S CURRENT LISTENING

VARIOUS ARTISTS: PULP FICTION SOUNDTRACK *MCA*

DEPECHE MODE THE SINGLES '86–'98 *REPRISE*

SHAKIRA: JAMES WHITE

Hey, Kelly, Cher called: She wants her scalp back.

NATALIE

NATALIE ✪

LATIUM/UNIVERSAL

Sickly-sweet Houston pop kitten can make you ill in two languages

Her publicity material boasts that Latina pop newbie Natalie Alvarado wrote the lyrics to her No. 1 hit "Goin' Crazy" in 15 minutes, as if most people couldn't have pulled it off in five. R. Kelly, whom she and her producers are ripping off, could do it in two. Alvarado got her start dancing at Houston Rockets games, inviting comparisons to former Laker Girl Paula Abdul, but Abdul's hits had a way of rising above her. The material Natalie meows over is an offensive fusion of hip-hop and easy listening—so thin you can see right through to the bilingual marketing plan. Fortunately for those marketers, she's gorgeous, but Natalie's music is so lightweight she makes Jennifer Lopez sound like Janis Joplin in comparison.

JAMES HANNAHAM

DOWNLOAD: None

KELLY OSBOURNE

SLEEPING IN THE NOTHING ✪✪✪

SANCTUARY

Reality TV brat grows up, trades faux punk for faux New Wave

Kelly Osbourne's 2002 debut, *Shut Up*, was a manufactured rebellion against manufactured teen music, made somewhat more credible by her apparently genuine snottiness and famous knack for choice expletives. Arriving after a rehab stint and unamicable splits with a major label and a rock-star boyfriend (the Used's Bert McCracken), this crafty follow-up reinvents the princess of darkness as a gay-iconic ice queen. In "Don't Touch Me" she threatens to castrate a date-rapist, but elsewhere her attitude is pensive bordering on sulky; Kelly observes that drugs suck, celebrity beaus suck and the suburbs suck. *Shut Up*'s Pink-hued punk is replaced by vintage New Wave moves jacked from early Depeche Mode, and writer/producer-for-hire Linda Perry earns a paycheck with tunes that prove sweetly forgiving of her client's nonexistent range.

DENNIS LIM

DOWNLOAD: "One Word"

OSBOURNE: GUZMAN; PONYS: ROB KLEIN

PERNICE BROTHERS

DISCOVER A LOVELIER YOU ✪✪✪

ASHMONT

Singer-songwriter crafts hummable odes to bipolar disorder

THE "I HATE MY LIFE" GUY

Happiness has always been a relative term for Joe Pernice, but on his tenth album in 10 years, the onetime Scud Mountain Boy sounds almost cheery. The guy who scrawls I HATE MY LIFE on his tour T-shirts offers up a handful of love songs, even if he compares his romantic revelations to a "Pisshole in the Snow." Pernice's sweet voice and lush arrangements straddle the happy/sad divide. On the typically clever self-examination "Saddest Quo," he weds Morrissey lyrics to Fleetwood Mac melodies, promising to "be a better person" before launching into a sing-along chorus about plane crashes and train wrecks. Such mood swings might worry a psychiatrist, but Pernice's neuroses sound as compelling as ever.

ROSS RAIHALA

DOWNLOAD: "There Goes the Sun," "Saddest Quo," "Red Desert" ➜

THE CD WE'RE TOTALLY GAY FOR!

THE PONYS

CELEBRATION CASTLE ✪✪✪✪

IN THE RED

Chicago postpunkers warble like the Cure, dis like Jay-Z

The Ponys' raggedy sound is almost scientifically on-trend. Brazen Echo and the Bunnymen rip-offs? Yep. Robert Smith–like vocals? Check. What raises them above the hordes of young revivalists is their way with a cranky bon mot. Songs like "Today"—produced in vivid rock-verité style by Nirvana collaborator and all-around heavy-hitter Steve Albini—churn and boogie irresistibly, but listen closer and you'll hear a witty rant about poverty, fashion victims, supermarket checkout lines and mass media-insipidness. "I'm With You" starts out like a straightforward love song, but by verse two the dis-fest is on: "You should take a look into the eyes of your friends/Maybe you'd realize you should get used to being alone." The postpunk revival's master battle-rhymers have arrived.

JODY ROSEN

DOWNLOAD: "Get Black," "Today," "I'm With You."

The Ponys: Hall monitors at Indie Rock High.

PUDDLE OF MUDD
STRIKING THAT FAMILIAR CHORD
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Shot in Hi Def 5.1 Stereo Surround
First-ever concert DVD includes the hits "She Hates Me", "Drift & Die", "Away From Me", "Blurry" and more.
DVD also includes an exclusive interview with the band and bonus 4 song acoustic set.
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www.eaglerockent.com
eagle vision

Weezer: "Warriors ... come out and plaay-ay."

COMING UNDONE

'90s power-pop master cleans up, looks inward, gets weird

WEEZER

MAKE BELIEVE ✪✪✪

GEFFEN

IT AIN'T EASY being Weezy. Eleven years ago, Rivers Cuomo was the horn-rimmed face of alternative rock. His band charmed a nation with cranked guitars, candy-coated hooks and oblique mallspeak, riffing on suburban malcontents in hits like "Undone (The Sweater Song)" and "Buddy Holly." Then Cuomo began a life course 180 degrees off any known rock-star trajectory.

He attended Harvard (thus the references to girl cellists on sophomore CD *Pinkerton*), then started a journey into celibacy, Buddhist meditation and facial hair. Subsequent albums cemented Weezer's reputation as the Monsters of Emo, even as Cuomo became increasingly estranged. Their latest is the work of a deep, spiritual man whose quest for peace makes for less than rockin' songs.

While the single "Beverly Hills" is solid if rote Weezer—an outsider anthem primed for Spike Jonze or the Gap's in-store playlist—most songs seem to have been stripped down to some Platonic ideal of honest communication, as if Cuomo's vow of abstinence included wit, irony and humor. Utter certain phrases to a person and they may hug you; sing them, and the effect isn't so charming. "You're my best friend and I love you." "I'm going to try to improve my manners." To paraphrase Oscar Wilde, only the stoniest heart can hear these lyrics without laughing.

These New Wave–tinged, Rick Rubin–produced songs are often diabolically catchy—as in the just-say-no jam "We Are All on Drugs"—or drop-dead gorgeous. The heroic singing and descending chords on "Pardon Me" manage to turn an offhand pleasantry into a prostrate plea for forgiveness. But in striving for Zen-like purity, the songs often end up eerily blank. The author of 1994's passive-aggressive Beach Boys update "Surf Wax America" ("I'm going surfing 'cause I don't like your face") may have entered his Brian Wilson, I'm-afraid-to-leave-my-room phase. "Man, you really freaked me out," he sings near the album's end. "I'm so afraid of you." The feeling's mutual.

MORE SPIRITUALITY, LESS ROCKIN'.

CHRIS NORRIS

DOWNLOAD: "Pardon Me," "We Are All on Drugs," "Perfect Situation"

PAT WILSON'S CURRENT LISTENING

LED ZEPPELIN HOUSES OF THE HOLY *ATLANTIC*

GARY NUMAN THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE *BEGGARS BANQUET*

Bobby Pinson: Real cowboys use Vidal Sassoon.

BOBBY PINSON

MAN LIKE ME ✪✪✪✪

RCA

Texas roughneck cuts the country debut of the year

If the melancholy outlaws of Nashville started a gang, Bobby Pinson would be the one wandering through the stories of bars and guitars holding a bike chain and a Bible. Honorary Prez Steve Earle might not care for how much Pinson sets to preaching on his debut, but even Waylon Jennings would be in awe of his preachin' voice. Uncannily rich and evocative, it begs for tracks that can stand up to the whisky-haunted and half-damned baritone. When such prayers are answered, as on opening country grind "I'm Fine Either Way" or the perfect autobiography-turned-inside-out "Don't Ask Me How I Know," there's little to do but marvel at the talent. The future is his, if he can wander off the dull gold road to redemptionville.

RENE VIENET

DOWNLOAD: "Don't Ask Me How I Know," "Way Down," "I'm Fine Either Way"

THE REDWALLS

DE NOVA ✪✪✪

CAPITOL

Talented Chicago lads aim for coveted opening slot on Black Crowes reunion tour

Like a goofy graduation photo, the Redwalls' major-label debut is an artifact that might someday make them wince. Looking back, they'll remember how smart they were, how full of promise—and oh, how naive. This 13-track juggernaut shows an impressive mastery of classic-rock skills: Keith Richards guitar riffs that have rolled in Delta mud, Lennon/McCartney mirror-image harmonies, soulful Memphis horns, even lyrics that studiously mimic the spaciness of the psychedelic era ("There's nothing you can do that isn't in your mind"). The vibe is groovy, untouched by punk; barely past their teens, these Chicagoans are recreating *The Last Waltz*. They rejoin the living for "Falling Down," a caustic put-down of the FCC and media hypocrisy that joyously crams expletives into every verse. It's the album's one true keeper, pointing to a personality of their own, off on the horizon.

KAREN SCHOEMER

DOWNLOAD: "Falling Down"

ROOTS MANUVA

AWFULLY DEEP ✪✪✪

BIG DADA

Third album from South London Brit-hop cult star salutes losing your mind—for a good cause!

Many MCs go on about how crazy they are, but Rodney Smith is the first to hallucinate "purple snot." Introducing stoned, cavernous dub to videogame-inspired electronica, Smith delivers comically paranoid fantasies in a ragga toaster's singsong boom. On the title track he begs not to be sent off to a sanitarium, citing "kinky nurses that poke you in the arse and measure your schlong"; on "Too Cold" he threatens to stab the next person who asks him for a cigarette. There's a political edge to this feigned insanity, revealed when Roots tells people to destroy their TVs ("Mind to Motion"), rails against the "government man" ("Chin High") and mourns the crack-and-STD-ravaged poor (the mournful "The Falling"). It's protest music gone gleefully psycho.

JONAH WEINER

DOWNLOAD: "Awfully Deep," "Too Cold"

SHOUT OUT LOUDS

HOWL HOWL GAFF GAFF ✪✪✪

CAPITOL

Stockholm indie-poppers want to turn your frown upside-down

Judging from their U.S. debut, this Swedish quintet permanently reside on the sunny side of the street. Singer Adam Olenius, despite his considerable romantic troubles, transforms even his most melancholy lyric into a rousing blast of hopefulness. "Everyone's got someone/I've got no one," he sighs near the opening of "A Track and a Train," but quickly bathes his worries in warm keyboards to cheer himself

I LOVE THIS CD!

WILMER VALDERRAMA
ACTOR, *THAT '70S SHOW*

LOS LONELY BOYS
LOS LONELY BOYS
EPIC

"Simple, straightforward rock music. Besides, us Latinos have to stick together and support each other."

WEEZER: SEAN MURPHY; VALDERRAMA: EVANS WARD/FILMMAGIC.COM; PINSON: DAVID MCCLISTER

up. Elsewhere on the spring-fresh "Please Please Please" and the love-conquers-all anthem "The Comeback," the band's chiming guitars and crisp Ringo-ish drums bolster Olenius's daffodil hooks, shaking off the gloom. Don't dismiss their optimism as naivety: SOL's hard-earned buoyancy only comes from surviving the sadness heartache can create.

TIM GRIERSON

DOWNLOAD: "A Track and a Train," "The Comeback"

SLIM THUG

ALREADY PLATINUM ✪✪✪

BOSS HOGG OUTLAWZ/STAR TRAK/GEFFEN

Houston's latest purp-sipping underground rap star stays cool for his above-ground debut

NEPTUNES-APPROVED H-TOWN STAR

It's fitting that Slim Thug calls himself Tha Boss: Six and a half feet of restrained menace, he raps like a jowly mafia don, bellowing boasts and threats without bothering to get up from his desk. He was signed by the Neptunes after conquering Houston's mix-tape circuit (hence the album's title), and it's a less-than-perfect match: Their hectic beats—all rippling synths, rat-a-tat snares and Pharrell's falsetto—sometimes crowd the empty spaces that make southern hip-hop so intoxicating. Better are "Do It for You," a bit of rolling freeway funk straight out of 1973, the heavy-lidded horns on "3 Kings" (featuring fellow Dirty South-ers T.I. and Bun B) or the hypnotically minimalist title track. Slim is most engaging when he doesn't have to work to be heard.

JOSH EELLS

DOWNLOAD: "3 Kings," "Already Platinum"

THE STRING CHEESE INCIDENT

ONE STEP CLOSER ✪✪✪

SCI FIDELITY

Bluegrass-flavored Colorado jam band put unemployed Grateful Dead dudes to work

Democracy prevails on the String Cheese Incident's fifth studio album, a relatively mellow follow-up to 2003's dark and edgy *Untying the Not*. With band members writing a couple of tracks each, the sextet celebrate new beginnings mostly by gazing longingly at the past. Look! There are Grateful Dead wordies Robert Hunter and John Barlow contributing to hippie-rock high points "45th of November" and "Drive" (String Cheese's very own "Truckin'"), respectively. Kudos to drummer Michael Travis, who, inspired by his heady electronic side project, Zilla, provides a late-inning kick with his druggy twofer

The Redwalls: Don't drink and garden.

("Rainbow Serpent" and "Swampy Waters"). The album ends the same way as it begins, with a musical prayer for better days, but Travis's Saturday night fever delivers much more devilish pleasure than these pleasant yet predictable sermonettes.

RICHARD GEHR

DOWNLOAD: "45th of November," "Swampy Waters"

YOUNG GUNZ

BROTHERS FROM ANOTHER ✪✪

ROC-A-FELLA

Up-and-coming Roc-A-Fella rappers still neither up nor coming

In the wake of Jay-Z's retirement, his label continues to boast solid talent. But Young Gunz have now filled

England's Roots Manuva: "Spot of tea, homey?"

another album with tales of chick-chasing and party-hopping, making this Philly duo the dimmest bulbs on the roster. Young Chris has more rhyme skills than the languid Neef, but both are dwarfed by formidable production. Swizz Beats' "Set It Off"—little more than 808 drumbeat, hand claps, cymbals and hi-hat—is seductive, while Chad Hamilton's "Come Home Soon (Don't Keep Me Waiting)," featuring R&B crooners 112, is an '80s throwback that adds some needed sentimentality. But when your most charming tune, "Grown Man," is a remix (produced by Kanye West and featuring John Legend) of a song off your debut album, stagnation has set in. Looks as if Young Gunz are all out of ammunition.

JASON KING

DOWNLOAD: "Grown Man (Remix)"

BLENDER APPROVED

THE BEST NEW RELEASES FROM THE PAST MONTHS

COLDPLAY

X&Y

CAPITOL

Britrock's sweetest band serve up chilly soundscapes, spine-tingling piano riffs and love, love, love.

COMMON

BE

G.O.O.D. MUSIC/GEFFEN

With Chi-town buddy Kanye West at the helm, this boho rapper's sixth album is his smoothest yet.

MARIAH CAREY

THE EMANCIPATION OF MIMI

ISLAND

Pop's high-flying warbler takes a trip to the chill-out room and finds Kanye, Snoop and Nelly waiting.

THE HOLD STEADY

SEPARATION SUNDAY

FRENCHKISS

Brooklyn smartasses crack wise about 'hood rats, Catholic girls and their lame-ass indie selves.

HOT HOT HEAT

ELEVATOR

REPRISE

Tart, witty tales of hipster love—and hipster lust—from a stylish, yelping Vancouver quartet.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

DEVILS & DUST

COLUMBIA

At 55, America's greatest soul-searcher delves deep within for grim songs about immigrants and whores.

REDWALLS: DANIEL GABBAY; ROOTS MANUVA: DEIRDRE O'CALLAGHAN

THE

40

MOST POPULAR SONGS IN AMERICA

LET THIS MONTH'S TOP THREE STAND AS A WARNING TO HISTRIONIC DIVAS: YOU ARE NO MATCH FOR HISTRIONIC BRITS!

1

COLDPLAY

"SPEED OF SOUND"

X&Y

Will Champion, Guy Berryman, Jonny Buckland and Chris "Don't call me Mr. Paltrow" Martin return with an album scientifically calibrated for maximum lighter-hoisting. This is the lead single, which you can watch them play and discuss this month on *VH1 Storytellers*. After touring Europe through July, they hit the U.S. in August.

HOW WE DID IT

HITS daily double

The Most Popular Songs chart is based on radio and video airplay and album sales. Provided by HITSDailyDouble.com: "Proof that any idiot in the music business can have a Web site."

POSITION	TITLE	ARTIST	ALBUM/LABEL
1	"SPEED OF SOUND"	COLDPLAY	*X&Y* CAPITOL
2	"INCOMPLETE"	BACKSTREET BOYS	*NEVER GONE* JIVE/ZOMBA
3	"WE BELONG TOGETHER"	MARIAH CAREY	*THE EMANCIPATION OF MIMI* ISLAND/IDJ
4	"BEST OF YOU"	FOO FIGHTERS	*IN YOUR HONOR* RCA
5	"BLUE ORCHID"	WHITE STRIPES	*GET BEHIND ME SATAN* THIRD MAN/V2
6	"DON'T PHUNK WITH MY HEART"	BLACK EYED PEAS	*MONKEY BUSINESS* A&M/INTERSCOPE
7	"CAN'T REPEAT"	OFFSPRING	*GREATEST HITS* COLUMBIA
8	"HOLIDAY"	GREEN DAY	*AMERICAN IDIOT* REPRISE
9	"AMERICAN BABY"	DAVE MATTHEWS BAND	*STAND UP* RCA/RMG
10	"YOUR TIME HAS COME "	AUDIOSLAVE	*OUT OF EXILE* INTERSCOPE
11	"GRIND WITH ME"	PRETTY RICKY	*BLUE STARS* ATLANTIC
12	"LONELY NO MORE"	ROB THOMAS	*SOMETHING TO BE* ATLANTIC
13	"LYLA"	OASIS	*DON'T BELIEVE THE TRUTH* EPIC
14	"BEHIND THESE HAZEL EYES"	KELLY CLARKSON	*BREAKAWAY* RCA/RMG
15	"JUST A LIL BIT"	50 CENT	*THE MASSACRE* SHADY/AFTERMATH/INTERSCOPE
16	"ASS LIKE THAT"	EMINEM	*ENCORE* SHADY/AFTERMATH/INTERSCOPE
17	"HOLLABACK GIRL"	GWEN STEFANI	*LOVE ANGEL MUSIC BABY* INTERSCOPE
18	"OH"	CIARA FEAT. LUDACRIS	*GOODIES* LAFACE/ZOMBA
19	"LET ME GO"	3 DOORS DOWN	*SEVENTEEN DAYS* REPUBLIC/UNIVERSAL
20	"THE HAND THAT FEEDS"	NINE INCH NAILS	*WITH TEETH* NOTHING/INTERSCOPE
21	"LOSE CONTROL"	MISSY ELLIOTT	*THE COOKBOOK* GOLD MIND/ATLANTIC
22	"AN HONEST MISTAKE"	THE BRAVERY	*THE BRAVERY* ISLAND/IDJ
23	"FEEL GOOD INC."	GORILLAZ	*DEMON DAYS* VIRGIN
24	"SMILE LIKE YOU MEAN IT"	THE KILLERS	*HOT FUSS* ISLAND/IDJ
25	"BREATHE (2 AM)"	ANNA NALICK	*WRECK OF THE DAY* COLUMBIA
26	"BEVERLY HILLS"	WEEZER	*MAKE BELIEVE* GEFFEN
27	"BE YOURSELF"	AUDIOSLAVE	*OUT OF EXILE* EPIC/INTERSCOPE
28	"DEM BOYZ"	BOYZ N DA HOOD	*BOYZ N DA HOOD* BAD BOY
29	"BYOB"	SYSTEM OF A DOWN	*MESMERIZE* AMERICAN/COLUMBIA
30	"HATE IT OR LOVE IT"	THE GAME FEAT. 50 CENT	*THE DOCUMENTARY* AFTERMATH/G-UNIT/INTERSCOPE
31	"SHE'S NO YOU"	JESSE MCCARTNEY	*BEAUTIFUL SOUL* HOLLYWOOD
32	"SITTING, WAITING, WISHING"	JACK JOHNSON	*IN BETWEEN DREAMS* BRUSHFIRE/UNIVERSAL
33	"FREE YOURSELF"	FANTASIA	*FREE YOURSELF* J RECORDS/RMG
34	"REMEDY"	SEETHER	*KARMA AND EFFECT* WIND-UP
35	"SLOW DOWN"	BOBBY VALENTINO	*BOBBY VALENTINO* DTP/DEF JAM/IDJ
36	"A LIFETIME"	BETTER THAN EZRA	*BEFORE THE ROBOTS* SONG/ARTEMIS
37	"LONELY"	AKON	*TROUBLE* SRC/UNIVERSAL
38	"BUG EYES"	DREDG	*CATCH WITHOUT ARMS* INTERSCOPE
39	"SPOILED"	JOSS STONE	*MIND, BODY & SOUL* S-CURVE/VIRGIN
40	"SOME CUT"	TRILLVILLE	*TRILLVILLE* REPRISE

BACKSTREET BOYS

"INCOMPLETE"

NEVER GONE

They've survived coke addiction, greedy managers, even Paris Hilton. And now ... Backstreet's back! All right! Teen-pop's OGs (that's "original glee-clubbers") launch their first album of the millennium with this post-breakup ballad. Squeal for A.J., Howie, Kevin, Nick and Brian in a city near you when they kick off their national tour later this month.

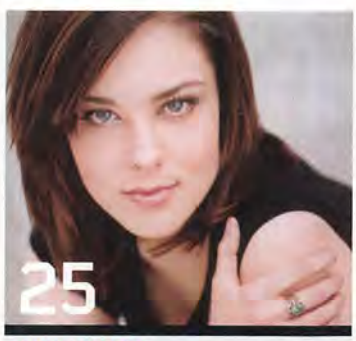
4

FOO FIGHTERS

"BEST OF YOU"

IN YOUR HONOR

What doesn't kill the Foos only makes them stronger. After a rehab stint for Taylor Hawkins and a prolonged battle with Courtney Love for Dave Grohl, they're back with the most ambitious album in their decade-long career, two discs of blistering rawk and acoustic gentleness. This month they perform in Belgium and Norway before heading to the U.K. in August.



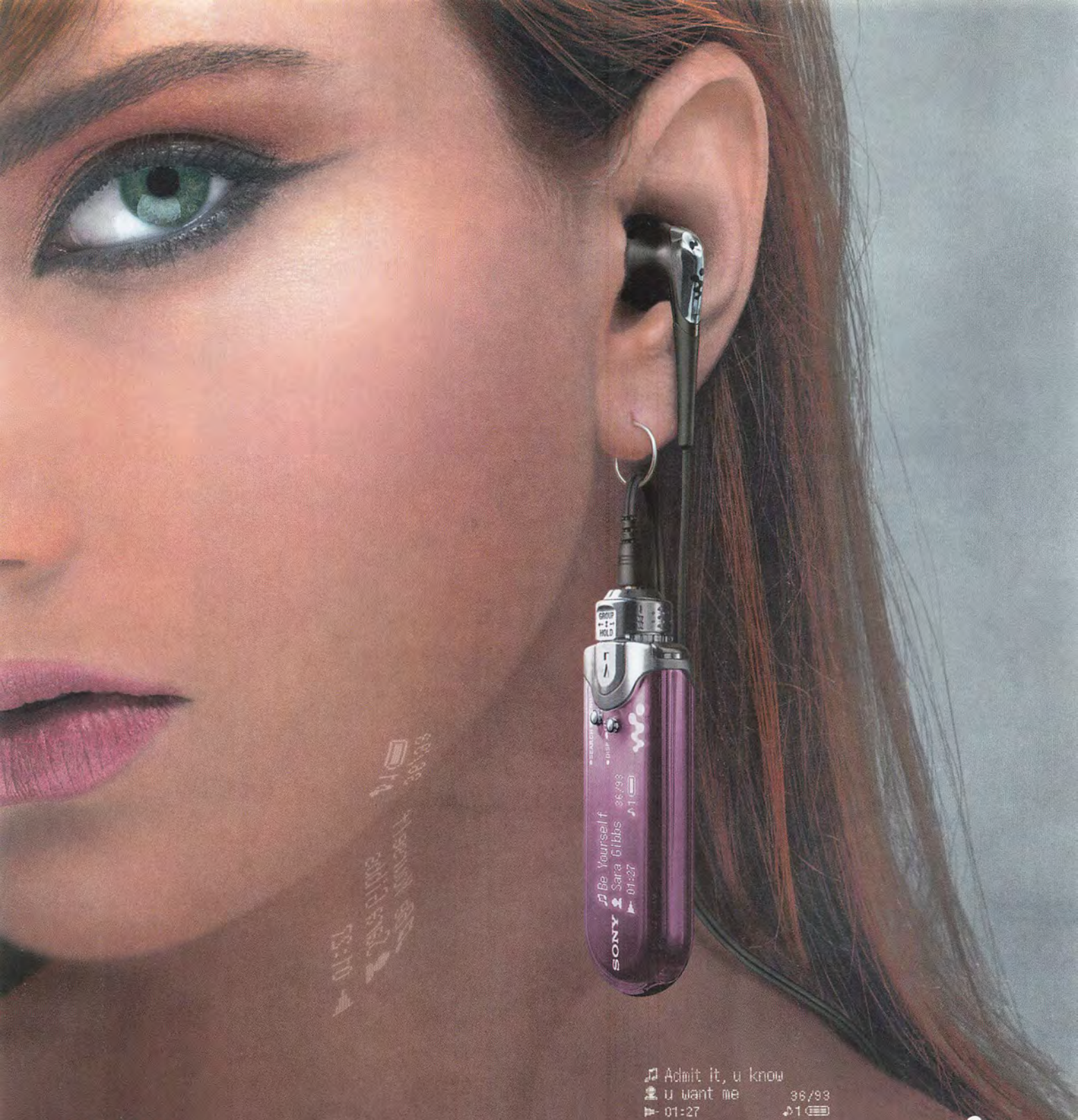
ANNA NALICK

"BREATHE (2 AM)"

WRECK OF THE DAY

This 21-year-old California native recorded the demo that got her discovered on a Rainbow Brite tape recorder. Her debut is a little more mature—classy piano pop à la Fiona Apple and Tori Amos (only not quite as crazy). She's wrapping up a six-week tour with the Wallflowers this month, then she'll hit the road again to support folk fave Howie Day.

COLDPLAY: KEVIN WESTENBERG; BACKSTREET BOYS: YURI ELIZANDO/ZOMBA LABEL GROUP 2005; NALICK: ANDREW SOUTHAM



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Actual battery life may vary based on usage patterns.

Gang of Four, 1979 (clockwise from top left): Andy Gill, Dave Allen, Jon King and Hugo Burnham.

BROTHERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET

What sounded alien in 1979 is now imitated from Glasgow to Williamsburg

GANG OF FOUR
ENTERTAINMENT!

★★★★★

RHINO

UNLESS MICHAEL STIPE has started wearing a tube sock on his family jewels, or Flea beds men on the sly, the only thing R.E.M. and the Red Hot Chili Peppers have in common is that they were inspired to form bands by *Entertainment!*

Hailing from Leeds in England's grim industrial north, Gang of Four pioneered on this 1979 debut album a previously unimaginable fusion of the Velvet Underground, dub reggae, Parliament/Funkadelic and left-wing screed. The band's convulsive, unmeshed funk rhythms—take a bow, drummer Hugo Burnham and bassist Dave Allen—have returned in the sound of today's coolest, skinniest, thin-tie-wearing bands, making *Entertainment!* a must-have for any hip record collection. And more, too: It vies with the first Ramones album for the title of Most Influential Record of the Punk Era.

Not surprisingly, much of *Entertainment!* sounds uncannily 2005. Andy Gill's harsh, ugly-beautiful guitar slashes invent a new kind of axe hero. Beanpole singer Jon King—brained by a police nightstick during an anti-fascist demonstration in 1978—wore the scars of Britain's turbulent street politics and sings in cold, hectoring tones about the hidden forces that shape people's lives, including advertising executives ("This heaven gives me migraine!") and politicians ("The last thing they'll ever do is act in your interest"). There are no gags.

Meanwhile, Gang of Four set fire to the conventions of song structure. "Contract" presages the New York No Wave's mangled karate-disco. In "At Home He's a Tourist" Gill's guitar is a random assailant, ignoring the beat while showering King's paranoid concerns (even at the nightclub they're controlling you) with shrapnel. More extreme still is "Anthrax," in which brooding feedback clouds and a Chic-from-hell bassline threaten to swamp a deadpan Gill monologue about why Gang of Four don't sing about love (it's because everyone else does). Imagine being upbraided by a bellicose pub philosopher who jabs a finger in your face while someone destroys the yard with a jackhammer. Only more fun.

Entertainment! sounds like a revolution. Even better, it sounds like a riot—gang-war drums and smashed-glass guitars that inspired new bands from Franz Ferdinand and the Futureheads over there to the Rapture and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs over here. Remastered and augmented with seven bonus tracks ("He'd Send In the Army" is classic insect-funk from 1980's *Yellow EP*; "Blood Free" is a live GO4 song never before released in any form), it's the definitive statement of a band whose later attempts (minus first Allen, then Burnham) at a smoother mix of black dance music and white pop fell limp.

GANG-WAR DRUMS, SMASHED-GLASS GUITARS— IT SOUNDS LIKE A RIOT.

Prompted by the upswing in their fashionability, their original lineup re-formed last year, proving—at a string of blazing shows—that the few extra inches on their midriffs (a yard in Burnham's case) has taken nothing away from their savage intensity. A record of re-mixes and re-recordings is planned for the fall, but it would be impossible to match *Entertainment!* It's a brilliant record, and not just for the Ralph Nader in your life.

TONY POWER

DOWNLOAD: "At Home He's a Tourist," "Anthrax," "I Found That Essence Rare"

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

JON KING OF GANG OF FOUR LOOKS BACK ON HIS CULTURE HEROES

The first record I bought was David Bowie's "Space Oddity" single. I was really taken by the narrative: A guy goes up into space and ends up dying in some strange scenario. Of course, the song is really about drugs, but I wasn't aware of that at the time.

I used to read a lot of science fiction—Isaac Asimov, Philip K. Dick, all that stuff. I still think **PHILIP K. DICK** is one of the great under-recognized American writers.

Highway 61 Revisited: It's fantastically clever. Dylan wrote these extraordinary lyrics and didn't quite sing in tune. I was astonished.

On the wall of my room growing up, I had a poster of a Norton Commando Interstate, a gorgeous motorcycle. I've owned over 20 bikes since I was 16, but never a Norton Commando.

I saw the Stooges when I was 16 in London. **IGGY POP** was cutting himself up. I loved the drama of it all.

The other music I listened to as a teen was reggae. Jimmy Cliff, Desmond Dekker. I couldn't understand what they were saying, but that was tremendously exciting.

When I was 20, I got a grant to write a paper about Jasper Johns in New York and stayed around the corner from CBGB. In this funny little bar, we saw the **PATTI SMITH** Group and the Dead Boys and Television and all these acts. I loved it all.

STEVE KANDELL

King: "Y-M-C-A!"

OPPOSITE: COURTESY RHINO ENTERTAINMENT; THIS PAGE: JEFF LOWERY/LFI

THE SCORE

★★★★★ A CLASSIC
★★★★ GREAT
★★★ GOOD
★★ MEDIOCRE
★ FOUL

PAT BENATAR

GREATEST HITS ★★★

CAPITOL/EMI

Opera-trained rocker lives the universal arc of the some-hit wonder

When the former Pat Andrzejewski stole the Thomas Pynchon title *Gravity's Rainbow* for studio album nine, she had it all too right: Not only are most artists condemned to borrow material in their golden years but the rocket of intensity and originality has started screaming to earth years before. Laying out hits and wishes chronologically, Benatar's hits disc tracks the no-guff arc of a pop-rock career: spectacular, refined, puzzled, campy, thud. Aside from mysterious omission "I Need a Lover," they're all here; after a perfect opening trio including go-go "Heartbreaker" and heartbreaking operatic rave-up "We Live for Love," she hits us with her best shots 17 times in her irreversible descent, slave to the business and at the same time free, free-fallin'.

RENE VIENET

DOWNLOAD: "We Live for Love," "Hit Me With Your Best Shot"

BURN THE PRIEST

BURN THE PRIEST ★★★

EPIC

Metalcore monsters Lamb of God, before they were underground kings

In 1998, when they were still known as Burn the Priest, the Richmond, Virginia, fivesome Lamb of God concocted a language exclusively composed of terse, sour words: death, math, thrash and grind. Other groups of hairy men typically master only one of these metal subgenres, which when combined attain the buoyancy of a boulder skipped across a pond. This technically impeccable, largely unknown first album, honed with a remix, does show some seams: "Chronic Auditory Hallucination" pounds routinely until exploding with an almost tribal rhythm, and "Salvation" is little more than neutron grunge. But there are electric jolts at every turn—well under three minutes, "Dimera" is a tempest in a shot glass—and a not-yet-politicized Randy Blythe's screaming gusts, teeming with violent, fuck-all imagery, find subtle melodies. In this death metal, there are stirrings of life.

Burn the Priest await ... priest.

NICK CATUCCI

DOWNLOAD: "Dimera," "Resurrection #9"

GEORGE JONES

MY VERY SPECIAL GUESTS ★★★★

EPIC/LEGACY

Country's greatest singer makes play dates, works well with others

A couple of things in the world are dead settled. One is that George Jones, throughout his 50-year career, has voiced heartache, boozing, memory and other emotional quagmires with mind-blowing guts, know-how and heart. This two-disc reissue radically redesigns the 1979 duets album in which Jones tangled with a hot Linda Ronstadt, a wild Waylon Jennings and an Elvis Costello who in the presence of an idol mercifully doesn't ugly-up his singing. Masterpieces abound. The 27 added duets from the '80s and '90s omit the killers he did with Tammy Wynette, his best-ever singing partner. Still, with Vern Gosdin ("All That We've Got Left"),

BURN THE PRIEST: GREG WATERMAN; DRIVE-IN: COURTESY FEARLESS RECORDS

BIG SCREEN

Pre–Mars Volta Lone Star punk that raged against the mundane

AT THE DRIVE-IN

THIS STATION IS NON-OPERATIONAL ★★★★

FEARLESS

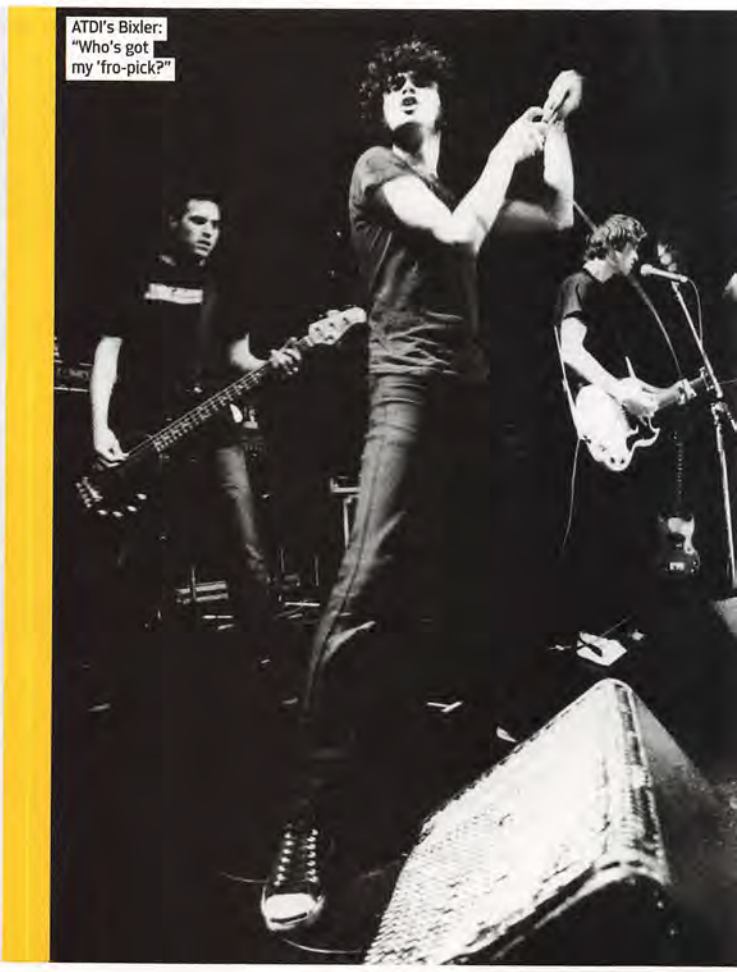
FROM THE MANGY Texas town they called "Hell Paso," At the Drive-In reactivated the funk-conscious punk devised by chilly Brits in 1979 and heated up a decade later by the emo-tional Fugazi. After three little-noticed CDs, they thrilled a punk scene that was trending toward pop and folk; 2000's vehement *Relationship of Command* was ATDI's crispest (and best-distributed) record. Yet the band's breakthrough album was also its breakup album. The quartet split into Sparta, who sound like a lesser ATDI, and Mars Volta, whose bombastic prog-rock adds more-more-more. The fivesome's only collective activity since 2001 has been picking this anthology's 18 tracks.

This Station Is Non-Operational takes its title from "One Armed Scissor," one of three selections from *Relationship of Command*. These are the tightest tracks, but earlier blasts "Chanbara" and the aptly named "Lopsided" are equally breathless and impassioned. Drummer Tony Hajjar and bassist Paul Hinojos maintain forward momentum, and guitarists Omar Rodriguez and Jim Ward circle and slash at the melody. A vivid account of adolescence in a Tex-Mex desolation row, this music demands to testify while simultaneously refusing to let down its guard: "If these walls could speak/I wouldn't tell them anything," singer Cedric Bixler yelps in "Fahrenheit."

The musical bonuses include B-sides and a cover of the Smiths' "This Night Has Opened My Eyes," whose melancholy is practically a foreign language to ATDI. The DVD is basically a mini-documentary and three song videos, including a haunting one for the serial-killer-inspired "Invalid Litter Dept." The compilation's meat is the stuff from the early CDs, which holds up remarkably well next to the songs from *Relationship of Command*—still the essential ATDI purchase.

MARK JENKINS

DOWNLOAD: "Fahrenheit," "Chanbara"


ATDI's Bixler: "Who's got my 'fro-pick?"

Jones defines the intense; with Patty Loveless ("You Don't Seem to Miss Me"), the honky-tonk transcendent; and with Loretta Lynn ("We Sure Make Good Love"), the sexy.
JAMES HUNTER

DOWNLOAD: "You Don't Seem to Miss Me" (with Patty Loveless), "Patches" (with B.B. King)

JANIS JOPLIN

PEARL: LEGACY EDITION ✪✪✪✪

COLUMBIA/LEGACY

The hippie goddess's final album before her heroin overdose

Given the number of retro-replicants populating music, it's startling to realize that nobody's copping Janis Joplin. This deluxe repackaging of an album released months after Joplin's death in 1970 beautifully showcases a talent no one seems able to follow. Joplin was not only the supreme blues-rock screecher, she was physically in touch with her music. The demo version of her biggest hit, "Me and Bobby McGee," demonstrates how a singer can claim a song through careful modulation of volume and tone, while the fierce live version of "Half Moon" undoes any silicone notion of sexiness. Speaking of live, the disc from 1970's immortal Festival Express tour is this package's selling point. Joplin's Full Tilt Boogie Band is in great, jammy form, and the queen herself is casual, hilarious and spot-on.
ANN POWERS

DOWNLOAD: "Me and Bobby McGee (Demo Version)," "Move Over"

THE 101ERS

ELGIN AVENUE BREAKDOWN REVISITED ✪✪✪

ASTRALWERKS

Before he was a Clash City Rocker, Joe Strummer was a scrappy 101er

When the Sex Pistols first detonated, Joe Strummer was doing the same thing as lots of future punks: playing in a pub-rock band. Named for the address of their squat, the 101ers mixed throwback originals ("Keys to Your Heart") with well-worn covers. This CD debut of ➔

I LOVE THIS CD!

RANDY QUAID
ACTOR, *CADDYSHACK II*, *BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN*

ELVIS PRESLEY
AN AFTERNOON IN THE GARDEN *(RCA)*

"I've been listening to him a lot because I was working on a TV movie where I played Col. Tom Parker. Elvis was such a showman."

Suge Knight admires his collection of decapitated heads.

MURDER MUSIC

The rise and fall of the house Suge built

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE VERY BEST OF DEATH ROW ✪✪✪✪

DEATH ROW

ACCORDING TO THE Death Row Records creation myth—a myth supported by court documents—label head Suge Knight wanted to make a record with producer Dr. Dre in the early '90s, but Dre was signed to Ruthless. So Knight went to the Ruthless offices with a posse and some blunt weapons, and *voilà*: Dre was released from his contract. "I know you've heard all the stories," Knight said a few years later. "But you have to realize one thing: results."

Death Row had a chaotic life and a sad demise, but it got results. The label did not invent gangsta rap—N.W.A, the Geto Boys and others did that—but it turned gangsta into pop, establishing a revolution that still echoes. From Dr. Dre's epochal 1992 album *The Chronic* until 1996, when Tupac Shakur was murdered, Dre left for another label and Knight went to jail for assault, Death Row was music's most influential label. Jay-Z, Damon Dash, 50 Cent and Irv Gotti all followed in its wake.

These 13 exhilarating songs (not counting an unnecessary Petey Pablo bonus track) open with Tupac's "Against All Odds," released shortly after his death. Spitting in a vociferous rasp, as if he could not get the words out fast enough, he ridicules pretty much everybody he can think of ("Hey, Nas, your whole damn style is bitten"), and invites consequences. "Probably be murdered for the shit that I said," he raps presciently. "I bring the real, be a legend, breathin' the dead."

DEATH ROW TURNED GANGSTA INTO POP.

Violence was crucial to the success of Death Row. Its "this shit is real" gimmick titillated suburban whites with images of black urban warfare. As much as the danger vibe was played up, it was not fiction: Shakur *was* murdered, and almost all the top guns at Death Row had a rap sheet, with charges like assault, murder, sexual assault.

The impression left by Death Row's best, however, isn't murder, but a never-ending house party. Dre's G-funk, a sleek low-rider built from George Clinton's P-Funk grooves and the minimalism of classic electro, was ideal for this, and the hits he created with Snoop Dogg—"Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang," "Let Me Ride," "Gin and Juice," "Who Am I (What's My Name)"—are perfect hip-hop. Simultaneously ragged and candy-coated, their themes of cold-eyed pleasure-seeking amid ghetto desolation—"Rollin' down the street, smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice"—have a cutting vividness.

And as much as Knight may exploit ghetto reality, its the lighter side that sticks. The synth-happy remix of "California Love," produced by Dr. Dre, best conveys Shakur's exuberance as a young lyrical genius having the time of his life. "California knows how to party," goes the robotic-voiced refrain, which might speak for Death Row as a whole. That's real, too.
BEN SISARIO

DOWNLOAD: "Gin and Juice," "Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang," "California Love," "New York, New York"

DEATH ROW: COURTESY DEATH ROW RECORDS; QUAID: GREGORY PACE/FILMMAGIC.COM

Rush: like the Mars Volta, but cool.

Smokey gives Geddy Lee "the eye."

their only album includes nine previously unheard tracks—notably blues standard "Junco Partner" (reworked for the Clash's *Sandinista!*), "Lonely Mother's Son" (rewritten as "Jail Guitar Doors") and a rambling live version of "Gloria" (originally by Van Morrison's Them) in which Strummer disses disco and welcomes Patti Smith. While lines like "You can get rabies from the dogs of love" don't hint at Strummer's subsequent smarts, he delivers them as if London were already burning.
MARK JENKINS
DOWNLOAD: "Keys to Your Heart," "Gloria"

SMOKEY ROBINSON

MY WORLD: THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTION ✪✪

MOTOWN/UME

Suave, clever soul man coined the term "quiet storm," mastered it too

Artistically—he's also been a record executive, not to mention a husband and father—there have been two Smokey Robinsons. What we learn from this misbegotten single-disc overview is that the leader of the Miracles and the solo lothario who created "quiet storm" R&B are very different. The bright, achy, forthright Motown pop of the former is pure greatness and almost justifies both discs of *Ooo Baby Baby: The Anthology*. But toward the end, the Miracles wandered into slow grooves better encapsulated on the solo Smokey's edition of *20th Century Masters: The Millennium Collection*. Beginning with a couple of overwrought new songs, this product muddles the two—even a straight chronology would be a sequencing improvement. Definitively not the introduction Robinson deserves.
ROBERT CHRISTGAU
DOWNLOAD: "You've Really Got a Hold on Me"

RUSH

CHRONICLES ✪✪✪

MERCURY/UME

The most revered Canadian power trio this side of Triumph beef up their 1990 greatest-hits collection

Few bands that have managed 12 Top 20 albums over 30-plus years garner less respect than Rush, core fan base of heshers and Sam Ash clerks notwithstanding. But for those undeterred by screechingly high-pitched vocals, dead-serious lyrics about Kublai Khan and the promise of drum solos, this 1990 anthology takes a broad view of the band's Mercury catalogue. Over 28 tracks, Rush's progression from Zeppish blue-collar anthems ("Working Man") to sci-fi concept noodling ("2112") to enduring FM staples ("Tom Sawyer") to poorly aging synth-rock bombast ("Force Ten") is traced, with a DVD containing 14 videos added for the reissue. Sadly, the set still omits tracks from the six albums Rush has released since 1990, so anyone craving Geddy Lee's ill-advised rap in '91's "Roll the Bones" will have to look elsewhere.
STEVE KANDELL
DOWNLOAD: "Limelight," "Freewill"

SON VOLT

A RETROSPECTIVE: 1995–2000 ✪✪✪

RHINO

The Art Garfunkel of modern roots rock gets his moment in the sun

If the 1994 breakup of alt-country trailblazers Uncle Tupelo had been a divorce, Jay Farrar would've fired his lawyer. While his longtime partner Jeff Tweedy snagged the other three-fifths of Tupelo to form the far more successful Wilco, Farrar's Son Volt had to settle for playing second fiddle (and pedal steel, and 12-string acoustic …). Son Volt were never great: Farrar sings like an electric can-opener that's low on juice, and his weary worldview tends to sag without sturdy hooks propping it up. But in their best moments—"Windfall" and "Drown" from their gritty debut; a worn-down (and previously unreleased) take on Woody Guthrie's "I've Got to Know"—his weariness comes alive. All told, a nice summary of a nonessential band.
JOSH EELLS
DOWNLOAD: "I've Got to Know," "Windfall"

VARIOUS ARTISTS

CAMEO PARKWAY 1957–1967 ✪✪✪✪

ABKCO

Teen idols, novelty acts, doowop hopefuls, garage growlers and other fine purveyors of jukebox ephemera

In the circle of hell devoted to makers of awesomely junky rock & roll records, Bernie Lowe and Kal Mann deserve special positions. They manned Cameo Parkway Records, a hit-singles factory churning out some of the most giddily innocuous entertainment of the late '50s and early '60s. A horror-show host named John "The Cool Ghoul" Zacherle clawed the top ten with a sax-driven, spoken-word shuffle,

BLENDER APPROVED

THE BEST REISSUES FROM THE PAST MONTHS

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN

PUSH BARMAN TO OPEN OLD WOUNDS

MATADOR

Seven charming EPs by twee Scottish popsters, now on two CDs.

ELVIS COSTELLO

KING OF AMERICA

RHINO

In 1986, the Angry Young Man of Brit punk turned his wire-rimmed gaze on America, and didn't like what he saw.

DEF LEPPARD

ROCK OF AGES

BLUDGEON RIFFOLA/ISLAND/UME

Holy one-armed drummer! From England's '80s trash-rock gods, the hits that launched a thousand stripteases.

EAGLES

EAGLES BOX

WSM/ELEKTRA

All six studio albums, plus a live concert and rare Christmas single, from L.A.'s slick-living urban cowboys.

ERIC B. AND RAKIM

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ISLAND

Hip-hop's first great duo cemented their legend with 1988's bold, technically brilliant second album.

BILLIE HOLIDAY

THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION

HIP-O/VERVE

This three-decade set follows jazz's greatest singer from her buoyant early years to her tragic later ones.

RUSH: ANDREW MACNAUGHTAN

XTC: "See? I told you we didn't need a stylist!"

"Dinner With Drac (Part 1)"; the young Clint Eastwood, star of TV's *Rawhide*, crooned a syrupy, whip-cracking western ballad, "Rowdy." This four-disc set—on CD for the first time—contains 114 tracks, 21 of them odes to dance fads like the Watusi, the Popeye Waddle and, most famously, the Twist. There's also a classic or two: the Tymes' "So Much in Love," ? and the Mysterians' organ-crazed, punk-inspiring "96 Tears." But never a serious moment, and rarely a dull one.

KAREN SCHOEMER

DOWNLOAD: John "The Cool Ghoul" Zacherle, "Dinner with Drac (Part 1)"; Bobby Rydell, "The Cha-Cha-Cha"; the Orlons, "The Wah-Watusi"

X-RAY SPEX

GERMFREE ADOLESCENTS (EXPANDED) ✪✪✪✪✪

CASTLE/SANCTUARY

Female-fronted punk rumpus cut in '78, unreleased in the U.S. until '91!

Barging in front of the Sex Pistols' and Buzzcocks' debuts, *Germfree Adolescents* is the best British punk album *ever*. What clinches it is the sheer raunch of X-Ray Spex's sound. Everything in the music—the punk-boogie grooves, the saxophone's braying insolence, the blasting blare of Poly Styrene's vocals—swings and jives. The result is a noise so powerful and so fine that sometimes all you can do is laugh out loud. Far from being date-stamped "1978," Styrene's lyrics—blistering diatribes against consumer society and mass-marketed youth exploitation—are more pertinent and penetrating than ever. Eventually, the contradictions of having her own rebellion turned into a commodity (explored here on the anguished "Identity") caused the singer to have a breakdown. This expanded reissue adds the crucial early single "Oh! Bondage Up Yours!," punk defiance at its most in-your-face, plus a pair of nice but inessential BBC radio sessions.

SIMON REYNOLDS

DOWNLOAD: "Art-I-Ficial," "Let's Submerge," "Warrior in Woolworths"

XTC

THE COMPACT XTC: THE SINGLES 1978–1985 ✪✪✪

CAROLINE

Geeky Brits mint spazzy punk template for the Futureheads, Hot Hot Heat and others

From the neurotic end of the U.K. punk spectrum (see also: Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson), XTC put hook-filled '60s pop through the nerdifier. Cue yelped lyrics about having sexual feelings toward the Statue of Liberty, squiggly keyboards and breakneck mini-symphonies squeezed into three and a half minutes. At their peak—1979's deceptively sinister, even Orwellian "Making Plans for Nigel"; 1980's urgent, skewed "Generals and Majors"—they scored snootily superior hits in their homeland, yet mainman Andy Partridge's chronic stage fright derailed any chance of sustained U.S. success and, legendarily, they've never repaid their advance. Please them by spending an extra 10 bucks on *Fossil Fuel*, a superior two-disc compilation that follows the band on an inventive pastoral-psychedelic path as far as 1992.

TONY POWER

DOWNLOAD: "Making Plans for Nigel," "Generals and Majors," "Statue of Liberty"

BURIED TREASURE
UNEARTHING LOST CLASSICS

CROWDED HOUSE

CROWDED HOUSE ✪✪✪✪

CAPITOL, 1986

When his band Split Enz went belly up, Neil Finn turned his despair into beauty. Recording in a cramped Hollywood Hills house, Finn regrouped to deliver a treasure trove of perfect melodies, the best being the resiliently romantic "Don't Dream It's Over." The recent suicide of his drummer Paul Hester put Crowded House back on the radio, only emphasizing how much Finn's melancholy chamber pop has provided the road map for every Aimee Mann and Damien Rice since.

TIM GRIERSON

DOWNLOAD: "Don't Dream It's Over," "World Where You Live," "Mean to Me"

SPRINGFIELD: PAUL COX/LFI

REISSUES IN BRIEF BY JON YOUNG

Rick Springfield: Our fine, feathered friend.

THE BEAU BRUMMELS

MAGIC HOLLOW ✪✪✪

RHINO HANDMADE

Before the Byrds, San Francisco's Beau Brummels scored the first folk-rock hit (1965's soaring "Laugh Laugh") but finished a distant second in the charisma stakes. This endless four-disc set ranges from callow early tracks produced by future funkmaster Sly Stone to their more mature, more forgettable Nashville works of the late '60s.

BUZZCOCKS

TRADE TEST TRANSMISSIONS ✪✪✪✪

CASTLE/SANCTUARY

One of the great pop-punk bands of the late '70s, England's Buzzcocks resurfaced in peak form on their '93 reunion album. Crisp, churning guitars, Pete Shelley's yearning vocals and uneasy love songs make this an overlooked gem. Featuring the self-abuse saga "Palm of Your Hand."

JOHN DENVER

GREATEST HITS 1969–1973 ✪✪

RCA LEGACY

The late folkie was a gifted tunesmith whose heartfelt odes to nature include "Rocky Mountain High" and "Take Me Home, Country Roads." Unfortunately, he was also a deeply annoying singer, crooning in a reedy drone that could spur the most dedicated tree-hugger to take a chainsaw to the redwoods.

LITTLE RICHARD

KING OF ROCK AND ROLL: THE COMPLETE REPRISE RECORDINGS ✪✪✪

RHINO HANDMADE

Rock & roll pioneer Richard Penniman sought to reclaim the spotlight in the early '70s, trading piano-pounding hysteria for a timelier R&B sound. Though the update occasionally feels forced—the Stones' "Brown Sugar" is downright silly—he never abandons the loony edge that terrified squares way back when.

THE POWER STATION

THE POWER STATION ✪✪

CAPITOL/EMI

More a marketing strategy than a band, PS teamed two Taylors from Duran Duran, singer Robert Palmer and brilliant Chic drummer Tony Thompson. While the brief mid-'80s liaison spawned the Top Ten singles "Some Like It Hot" and "Get It On (Bang a Gong)," a T. Rex cover, their brittle funk-rock is drab and joyless.

RICK SPRINGFIELD

WRITTEN IN ROCK: THE RICK SPRINGFIELD ANTHOLOGY ✪✪

RCA LEGACY

Big-haired Australian (and former *General Hospital* star) Springfield scored with the catchy, overblown pop epics "Jessie's Girl" and "Don't Talk to Strangers" in the early '80s, but refused to go away (or change) when the hits stopped. These two tedious discs follow him to the present day, still emoting with the subtlety of a carnival barker.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

A USER'S GUIDE TO THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS ✪✪✪

ELEKTRA/RHINO

Too clever by half, this Brooklyn twosome deserve credit—or blame—for reviving the novelty song. If such foolishness as "James K. Polk" and "Boss of Me" (from *Malcolm in the Middle*) loses charm in large doses, "Don't Let's Start" and "Your Racist Friend" reveal the grownups behind the jokes.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE ROUGH GUIDE TO BOOGALOO ✪✪✪✪

WORLD MUSIC NETWORK

The rowdy '60s ancestor of salsa, boogaloo injected Latin grooves with a shot of American soul, producing pure party music. The Joe Cuba Sextet's "Oh, Yeah" echoes the exuberant swagger of "Twist and Shout," and Charlie Palmieri's "Boogaloo Mania" proves James Brown wasn't the only bandleader with a funky trombone.

BOB DYLAN

PART 2: IN THE STUDIO, THE '80S TO THE PRESENT

From scraggly beard to creepy mustache, Zimmy's bewildering '80s and resurgent '90s BY DOUGLAS WOLK

EVERY ORIGINAL CD REVIEWED

IF THERE'S ONE thing Bob Dylan hates, it's expectations. By the 1980s he'd spent two decades as the Greatest Living Songwriter, and he was sick of it—"It amazes me that I even continue to make albums," he said in 1981. Expected to make important music, he courted irrelevance like a lovesick teenager. When fans finally gave up on him, he returned to making disciplined, focused records in the early '90s, as though to spite them; when everyone was again looking forward to his new songs, he recorded traditional music instead (while his son Jakob Dylan's band, the Wallflowers, outsold all of dad's studio albums on the second try); when people figured he'd slow down and take it easy, he started to hit the road for more than 100 shows a year, and hasn't stopped. And now that nobody knows what to expect anymore, he's released two of his deepest and least contrarian albums.

Bob Dylan: "Can I interest you in a bucket of extra spicy?"

CLASSIC

TIME OUT OF MIND
COLUMBIA, 1997
★★★★★

With Dylan's last original songs seven years gone, fans hoped he had another decent album in him; not many figured he'd make one this fresh, or win a Grammy for Album of the Year. Instead of evoking his early glories, he devised a new songwriting style, built around the gravity of his ravaged voice, and wrote a series of crawling, crushing songs about the unbearable heaviness of heartbreak and intimations of mortality. "I think it might be shocking in its bluntness," he said, and it is—even the loose, jokey 16 1/2-minute closer "Highlands" delivers a gut-punch.
Download: "Highlands," "Love Sick," "Make You Feel My Love"

"LOVE AND THEFT"
COLUMBIA, 2001
★★★★★

Following a near-fatal 1997 run-in with a chest fungus, Dylan focused on his interest in old-time records—specifically, in updating their lyrical approach and preserving their musical sense. That means both bone-cracking 12-bar blues and tricky hot-jazz settings, sometimes lifted note-for-note from his favorite ancient obscurities; the album's title itself is filched from a book about minstrelsy, whose play-acting and racial subtext haunt all of these songs. He started sporting a riverboat-gambler suit and moustache, and adapted a chatty, smart-assed, sneakily sinister persona: "I'm gonna baptize you in fire so you can sin no more/I'm gonna establish my rule through civil war."
Download: "Lonesome Day Blues," "Summer Days," "Po' Boy"

GREAT

TRAVELING WILBURYS VOL. 1
WILBURY/WARNER BROS., 1988
★★★★

A casual get-together to record a George Harrison B-side with Tom Petty, Jeff Lynne and Roy Orbison turned into a supergroup whose peppy, jovial debut sold three million, surpassing every Dylan studio album. They all chip in with songwriting, and Dylan (a.k.a. "Lucky Wilbury") takes himself a lot less seriously than usual—his "Tweeter and the Monkey Man" is a juicy parody of both Bruce Springsteen and himself. Inexplicably out of print.
Download: "Handle With Care," "End of the Line"

UNDER THE RED SKY
COLUMBIA, 1990
★★★★

An ambitious idea—Dylan riffs on nursery rhymes to tap their antiquated simplicity—and a more-than-modest success. "Cat's in the Well" is his best-ever everything-is-broken song, and even "Wiggle Wiggle," widely mocked at the time, makes sense as a sinister perversion of a children's chant. He's still squinting suspiciously at modern life, but he's happy to play with old toys and let the Was (Not Was) production team work the fancy machines.
Download: "Cat's in the Well," "Handy Dandy"

GOOD AS I BEEN TO YOU
COLUMBIA, 1992
★★★★

The album Dylan would have cut if he'd been a crotchety old singer making a field recording in 1937: folk standards and tunes he learned from '30s blues stars the Mississippi Sheiks, Elvis Presley and minstrel-era songwriter Stephen Foster. It's just him and an acoustic guitar, reeling off his favorite more-or-less-traditional songs with canny alterations. A joy to hear.
Download: "Arthur McBride," "Step It Up and Go"

KEN REGAN

GOOD

SAVED
COLUMBIA, 1980

✪✪✪

Considered as a gospel album, the sequel to Dylan's 1979 born-again tract *Slow Train Coming* is mighty peculiar: a powerhouse soul band (plus gospelettes) that had already burnished the songs into radiant grooves on the road, fronted by a singer way, way out of his element. Considered as a famous songwriter's album, it's still weird—he's fully committed to the unreconstructed banalities of lyrics that praise the Lord, threaten unbelievers with hellfire, and hide his verbal gifts under a bushel.
Download: "Solid Rock," "What Can I Do for You?"

INFIDELS
COLUMBIA, 1983

✪✪

Backed by a terrific band (Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits, reggae rhythm section Sly & Robbie and ex-Rolling Stones guitarist Mick Taylor), Dylan recorded a grouchy, unfocused album about God, Satan, space travel bringing on the imminent apocalypse and those dag-blasted outsourcing corporations. "Sweetheart Like You" was an early MTV hit, though, and "Jokerman" is the kind of venomous word salad he used to specialize in.
Download: "Man of Peace," "Jokerman"

TRAVELING WILBURYS VOL. 3
WILBURY/WARNER BROS., 1990

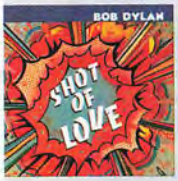
✪✪✪

Roy Orbison had died, and the label was demanding a second Wilburys record, so the band made a "third" one instead. It isn't as off-the-cuff as *Vol. 1*—the metal solos are uncalled for—and it didn't sell nearly as well. Still, Dylan (this time as Boo Wilbury) wrote some impish throwaways in the vein of the prefab pop he loved as a teen in the '50s and made irrelevant in the '60s. Out of print; why?
Download: "If You Belonged to Me"

BE CAREFUL

SHOT OF LOVE
COLUMBIA, 1981

✪✪



Urged to make a more secular album, Dylan settled for writing ambiguously Christian lyrics, love songs in theological language (the ballad "Every Grain of Sand" became one of his standards) and an odd tribute to martyred comedian Lenny Bruce. But the lyrics lapse into stuck-up, self-righteous evangelism, his voice is turned all the way to "whine" and the arrangements bluster and thump as often as they holler and glide.
Download: "The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar"

OH MERCY
COLUMBIA, 1989

✪✪

It seemed like a comeback from irrelevance at the time, and Daniel Lanois' misty production helps, but Dylan's return to writing "important" songs resulted in awful pomposity. Still, he's making a point again (the world has gone straight to hell, plus I'm hurting inside and incapable of healthy interpersonal relationships), and manages to mutter some great lines. So you find yourself cheering: Keep going! Just a little more! That's *almost* profound!
Download: "Shooting Star"

WORLD GONE WRONG
COLUMBIA, 1993

✪✪

A second consecutive tossed-off solo acoustic album of traditional songs, it's a lot more scattered than *Good As I Been to You*. Also, a lot of the songs he calls "traditional" were written by people whose names he knows perfectly well (hey, Bob: If you're going to call "Broke Down Engine" "a Blind Willie McTell masterpiece" in your liner notes, you could give him songwriting credit).
Download: "Broke Down Engine"

FOR FANS ONLY

EMPIRE BURLESQUE
COLUMBIA, 1985

✪

Dylan recorded a bunch of half-finished tracks, then handed them over to star dance producer Arthur Baker. But the big bam boom clashes with Dylan's distracted rasp, the songs tread water for verse after babbling verse and Bob's lost in shoddy rhymes and emotional banalities. Notable development: "Trust Yourself," a rewrite of the Staple Singers' "Respect Yourself" that repudiates the arrogance of his gospel years.
Download: "Dark Eyes"

KNOCKED OUT LOADED
COLUMBIA, 1986

✪

Dylan had nothing left to say and a recording contract to fulfill, so we get a few leftovers, three co-writes and three covers, featuring ghastly production, phlegmatic singing and the lamest lyrics of his career. It is possible to root through the 11 interminable minutes of "Brownsville Girl" for a decent line or two, but as Dylan later put it, "the windows had been boarded up for years and covered with cobwebs, and it's not like I didn't know it." Smelly.
Download: "You Wanna Ramble"

DOWN IN THE GROOVE
COLUMBIA, 1988

✪

Who's that exhausted, stupefied old guy croaking to himself? Why, it's the former poet laureate of rock! Six covers, two originals (one a five-year-old outtake), two settings of Robert Hunter lyrics the Grateful Dead didn't want, one catastrophic album. The only hint of enthusiasm is a rendition of the Stanley Brothers' "Rank Strangers to Me" (lyrical theme: I have no idea what the hell I'm doing here, and no longer care about anything).
Download: "Rank Strangers to Me"

FURTHER READING

BOB DYLAN
CHRONICLES, VOLUME ONE
SIMON & SCHUSTER

✪✪✪✪

A 2004 autobiography, years in the making—Dylan covers the youthful discovery of his calling in New York City, plus the making of *New Morning* (1970) and *Oh Mercy* (1989), skipping over all the famous stuff. Obviously not ghostwritten (or even copy edited), honest about his '80s decline and narrated in his inimitable, restlessly thoughtful, utterly tweaked voice.

FURTHER LISTENING

VARIOUS ARTISTS
ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC
SMITHSONIAN FOLKWAYS, 1952

✪✪✪✪✪

Harry Smith's magnificent compilation of 84 righteously scrappy 78s was the bible of the '60s folk revival. Dylan's been covering, quoting and paraphrasing it his entire career, especially on his post-1990 records.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
MASKED AND ANONYMOUS
COLUMBIA, 2003

✪✪

The self-indulgent movie's soundtrack features Bob and band doing two traditional songs and two overcooked remakes. The rest is Dylan covers—the Japanese-language "My Back Pages" is cute.

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APRIL 30–MAY 1, 2005 ✪✪✪

M.I.A., A GORGEOUS 28-year-old born in Sri Lanka, lures a sweaty overload crowd to a tent on Sunday afternoon while she raps about peppered mangos and suicide bombers. A few hours later, as Indio's local retirees begin to gum their early-bird dinners, **GANG OF FOUR** man the main stage. Reunited '80s pioneers with inflated waistlines and receding hairlines, they have a still-young disdain for consumerism and a mastery of spiky, spastic punk noise. Crowning Saturday's opening night, **COLDPLAY**'s sensitive, soaring pop manages to make even the goopiest sentiments sound profound.

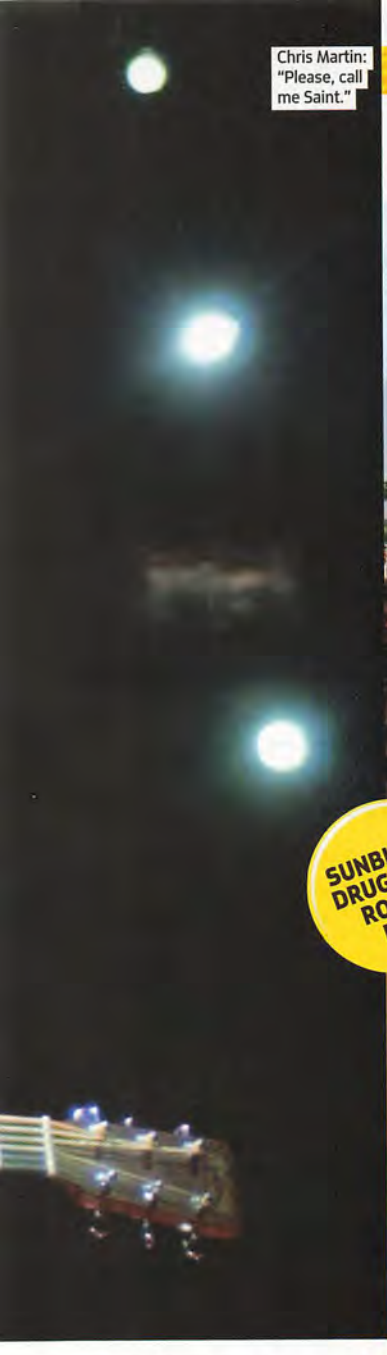
With 89 acts on five stages over two days in 87-degree Mojave Desert heat, the annual Coachella Festival is like a P2P service come to life, an alternative-rock pu-pu platter that can show you the current state of music, if only you have the energy to keep dining, rather than retreat to a mist tent or hide inside a Porta Potti. And this year, within the variety of performers, the hottest acts of the weekend are either from England or are so smitten with Anglophilia they may as well be wearing Union Jacks.

Founded in 1999, Coachella has grown into the Cool Older Brother of rock festivals and, this year, Britannia ruled. Poor dental work seemed virtually a prerequisite for inclusion on the bill, and even the North American bands often sounded like Austin Powers, mate. *Blender* examines the scorching weekend, from the breakout bands to the bands that need to break up.

THE LIMEY DADDIES

This year more than any other, Coachella also acts as a Cool Older Uncle, showcasing influential British bands of a certain age. Along with Gang of Four, '80s goth kings **BAUHAUS**—thank *them* for so many children of the dark inhabiting the land of Coppertone—and synth-rockers **NEW ORDER** round out the fogey contingent.

M.I.A.: Oh, wait, never mind—there she is.

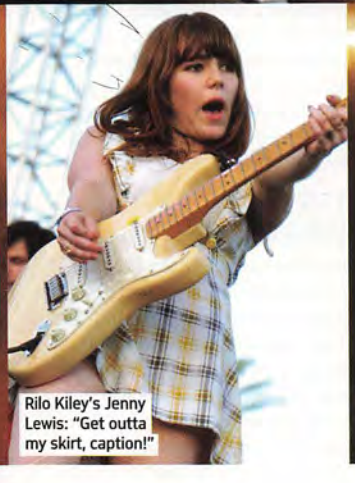


Chris Martin: "Please, call me Saint."

Left to right: Girl with sunglasses, sweaty dude with camera ...

SUNBLOCK, DRUGS AND ROCK & ROLL

Trent Reznor unleashes a harmonica solo ... of hatred!



Rilo Kiley's Jenny Lewis: "Get outta my skirt, caption!"

The Bravery's Sam Endicott ... or Good Charlotte's cousin?

Gang of Four play the weekend's most charged hour, outpacing and outshining younger bands who admire their rigor. Before they appear, an announcer reminds the crowd of "your cultural imperialism" over recorded Native American chants. Confrontational and aloof during their set of 15-year-old assaults and razored riffs, Go4 are one of the few bands to scramble Coachella's goo-goo good vibes.

Singing upside down from a harness Saturday night (to emulate a bat? to smooth out his wrinkles?), Bauhaus's Peter Murphy howls and moans his way through a histrionic, overlong reunion set. New Order singer Bernard Sumner adds another jab of drama to this resolutely mellow fest, straight-facedly

IT'S LIKE A P2P SERVICE COME TO LIFE

telling the crowd he's been the victim of a shark attack. Torn ligaments in his foot keep him glued to one spot—sadly, this dance band can't dance. Surprisingly, they play three 25-year-old songs by Joy Division, the group from which New Order sprang, making for an odd juxtaposition: The tortured "Transmission" and "Love Will Tear Us Apart" render New Order's new songs—stiffly optimistic self-help jams—a bit trite.

THE LIMEY BABIES

Given the amount of Gang of Four–influenced bands on the bill, the absence of the dance-punk revival's biggest and best stars, Franz Ferdinand, is glaring. So the title of Best Booty-Shaking, '80s-Worshipping Punk Unit is up for grabs: **THE FUTUREHEADS**, from Sunderland, snag it, serving up a buoyant set full of major chords, giddy singalongs and jam-on-the-brakes stops. This is music inspired by soccer chants, perfect for sloshing beer mugs to. **BLOC PARTY** prefer a more frantic tack, all tense rhythms and paranoid yelps. They play to a packed tent Saturday evening, but their tight musicianship can't redeem their mannered mimicry.

COLDPLAY embody Coachella's huggy ethos, and also offer its most gorgeous performance. Singer/role model Chris Martin wraps a sea of people around his finger with a deft blend of grandeur and goofy modesty, while the group—generally known as "the other three guys"—perfect the sweeping melodies and surging hooks that clearly inspired Saturday performers **SNOW PATROL** (from Scotland) and **EISLEY** (from Texas). A bashing version of "Politik" shows Martin's ease with messianic, Bono-style bandleading, but insecure pleas like the new piano ballad "What If" also add a dash of neurosis. Half mortal, half rock god, when Martin leaps into a quick, impromptu piano version of Weezer's "Buddy Holly," he's completely charming.

OPPOSITE: MARTIN: TIM MOSENFELDER/SYGMA L.A./CORBIS; M.I.A.: ZACH CORDNER; THIS PAGE: CROWD: TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES; REZNOR: ZACH CORDNER; RILO: TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES; BRAVERY: KARL WALTER/GETTY IMAGES

THE TICKER

WHOSE STOCK ROSE COACHELLA WEEKEND, AND WHOSE PLUMMETED? *BLENDER* PICKS THE FESTIVAL'S WINNERS AND LOSERS.

⇧ Superdad **CHRIS MARTIN,** for taking care of baby Apple and letting Gwyneth sleep in the morning after Coldplay's headlining set.

⇧ **GANG OF FOUR,** still way punk in their 40s, for smashing a microwave into bits with a bat onstage.

⇩ That shirtless man in the crowd, for sporting bright red hot pants and flowing cloth "wings."

⇧ Pervy TV host **PAT O'BRIEN,** for catching early-afternoon sets mere days after leaving drug and alcohol rehab.

⇧ **GOD,** for keeping the heat at a festival record low of 87 degrees. Thanks, Almighty!

⇩ 'N Sync's **J.C. CHASEZ,** for touring the grounds with a huge bodyguard at his side.

⇧ 'N Sync's **JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE,** for touring the grounds with Cameron Diaz at his side.

⇩ A festival concession stand, for charging *Blender* $5 for a banana smoothie that tasted like 98% milk.

Cameron Diaz gets hit on by some pasty goth dude.

Arcade Fire's Richard Parry auditions for *Drumline II.*

Bauhaus's Peter Murphy: "There goes my lunch money."

M.I.A. is British when it comes to paying her taxes, but her music is global: During a Sunday afternoon set, she makes like a freedom-fighting pom-pom girl, bouncing raps like beach balls over the crowd. Her music is a house party where urban electronics from Brazil, Jamaica and America elbow for space with the stuttering Pac-Man sounds of British grime.

THE LIMEY WANNABES

How does a band from Brooklyn end up with British accents? Inspired by Gang of Four and '80s John Lydon drone outfit Public Image Ltd., **RADIO 4** occasionally nail a jagged groove—nicely embellished by congas and maracas—but they're hindered by singer Anthony Roman's perpetual sneer, to say nothing of his disconcerting Zoolander haircut. At least they seem like they're having fun; **THE FAINT,** from Nebraska, and **THE BRAVERY,** from New York City, specialize in suffocatingly self-serious, unsmiling updates of Depeche Mode synth pop. What they lack in hooks they make up for in eyeshadow.

THE LAST (NORTH) AMERICANS STANDING

Ten years ago, alternative rock sounded like Nirvana: wildfire guitar and cathartic howls of pain to rally a large audience. Now, it's turned smaller and more private, and the ghost of Cobain is gone. Indie weirdos **THE FIERY FURNACES** and **THE ARCADE FIRE** retreat into idiosyncratic little worlds of their own. The former are willfully inscrutable, playing squelchy, disassembled pop that's perfect driving music *if* you're the kind of driver who aims for mailboxes and accidentally shifts into reverse a lot. Montreal's acclaimed troupe the Arcade Fire harness a similar ramshackle energy, singing about vampires, banging on every available surface and bopping around like attention-starved only children.

NINE INCH NAILS ARE A GRINDING HIGH POINT.

Two duos contain foreigners who wish they were American. **THE RAVEONETTES,** whose Saturday afternoon performance is one of the weekend's most memorable, are obsessed with reverb-drenched garage rock and Spector-era pop, romanticizing songs about nymphos and hell-sent biker gangs. **THE KILLS,** whose guitarist is a Londoner, pay throbbing homage to blues and '60s trash: They'd make an excellent house band at *Sin City*.

Led by former child actors Jenny Lewis and Blake Sennett, **RILO KILEY** play Saturday afternoon. They're introduced by Efren Ramirez (Pedro from the cult film *Napoleon Dynamite*) in a cheeky nod to their Hollywood connections. Singer Lewis wears a plaid minidress and pink heels and climbs up on her keyboards, smashing out notes as if she's squashing ex-boyfriends. The band's tight pop—sprinkled with country twang and sunny L.A. melodies—is laced with a glorious, unstoppable energy.

WILCO take the main stage Saturday as the sun slips down in the sky. Leader Jeff Tweedy starts with an apology: "We were supposed to play here last year. But I was too fucked up." Sounding as if he has something to prove, Tweedy leads the band into an expansive, luminous set that balances alt-country and experimental indie-rock.

With his red plaid leisure jacket, Rivers Cuomo of **WEEZER** looks ready to retire out here in the desert. His band has a new CD, *Make Believe*, peaked by "We Are All on Drugs," which criticizes illegal substances while also making them sound like great fun. Despite Cuomo's disapproval ("I want to confiscate your drugs"), marijuana smoke hovers over the crowd, proving the title right.

To prove he hasn't slowed down in the six years since **NINE INCH NAILS** last put out an album, Trent Reznor leaps into a Sunday night set that barely halts. Exhausted fans who camped out to get up front are soon carried over barriers by the crush of bodies. A new single, "The Hand That Feeds," burns spitefully alongside hair-shirted hate-rockers "Closer" and "March of Pigs." It's an exhausting, grinding highpoint of the festival, and the weekend's only throwback to American alt-rock's pre-Brit golden age: the pleasant, well-groomed vibes finally give way to thrilling, unadulterated rage.

RJ SMITH AND JONAH WEINER

TIMBERLAKE: LONDON ENTERTAINMENT/SPLASH NEWS; ARCADE FIRE: TIM MOSENFELDER/GETTY IMAGES; BAUHAUS: KELLY A. SWIFT/RETNA LTD.

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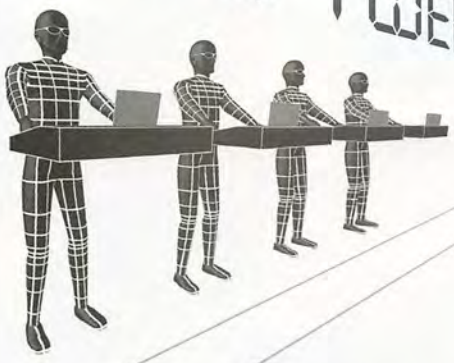

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In search of a rap career, lighter.

DO THE HUSTLE

The connection between hip-hop and pimping is nothing new—but it's never been more vividly portrayed than in this year's Sundance buzz-hog. BY CLARK COLLIS

FROM ICE-T to Jay-Z, rap kingpins have always romanticized pimps as nattily dressed brothers-in-arms, but the lead character of this month's *Hustle & Flow* takes the relationship one step further. Played in a career-making performance by Terrence Dashon Howard (*Ray, Biker Boyz*), Memphis pimp DJay believes his experience whoring out women perfectly prepares him for making a demo tape and then convincing a hip-hop megastar named Skinny Black to hear it. "If I can pimp $20 ho's out of the back of this fucked-up Chevy," DJay rationalizes, "I can pimp Skinny."

Although it's tempting to tag this darling of the 2005 Sundance Film Festival as "the crunk *8 Mile*," the film's ambivalent protagonist is a far less sympathetic character than Eminem's Jimmy Smith, and owes more to anti-establishment '70s classics like *Midnight Cowboy* and *Taxi Driver*, both personal favorites of *Hustle & Flow*'s 33-year-old director, Craig Brewer. But the film's principal inspiration was a real pimp who drove up to the filmmaker—in, yes, a Chevy—while the Memphis native was scouting locations for a previous movie.

"He was this black guy with a white hooker," Brewer recalls. "She looked bored out of her gourd. But he was just hustling her to me like his life depended on it, and this rat-a-tat pimp spit was coming out of him just like somebody rapping. And I thought that would be the perfect character." Brewer was careful to depict his pimps as fast-talking and, moreover, hard-working, a far cry from the overdressed Huggy Bear cliché or the bling-slinging caricatures of rap videos. "A lot of their income is based on their gab—their gift for talk. And that's a perfect way to segue into the world of rap."

But, even after *Boyz 'n the Hood* director John Singleton attached himself as producer, major studios were reluctant to back a film whose lead character unashamedly exploits women to achieve his dream, and who exchanges the sexual favors of one of his prostitutes, played by Taryn Manning, for a microphone.

THE PIMPIES

BLENDER'S NOMINEES FOR BEST HO-WRANGLING PERFORMANCE IN A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE ARE ...

Joe Pantoliano	*Risky Business*
Morgan Freeman	*Street Smart*
Harvey Keitel	*Taxi Driver*
Max Julien	*The Mack*
Michael Keaton and Henry Winkler	*Night Shift*

AND THE WINNER IS ...

MAX JULIEN. His fearsome Goldie in the 1973 blaxploitation classic is the gold standard to which all pimps and pimp wannabes aspire.

"Actually, pimping *is* easy."

HUSTLE & FLOW: ALAN SPEARMAN/CRUNK PICTURES; JULIEN: CINERAMA/PHOTOFEST

"Smile, bitches!"

"This movie has been to hell and back," says Manning herself. "They didn't want the character to be a pimp—they wanted to make him, like, a plumber or a postal worker."

In the end, Singleton not only financed the film himself but also helped convince a reluctant Ludacris to play the part of hip-hop kingpin Skinny Black. "I didn't want to play a rapper, man," explains 'Cris. "Me, I'm a character actor. John Singleton really convinced me to do it. Now I'm glad that I did—this is the realest movie I've ever seen. I definitely knew people like that."

Singleton's confidence in the film was rewarded at this year's Sundance when *Hustle & Flow*, which cost less than $3 million to make, was bought for $9 million by Paramount and MTV Films. It also won the festival's Audience Award and, indeed, boasts a clutch of obviously crowd-pleasing, *Pretty Woman*–ish moments, such as the scene in which a pregnant hooker, called upon to provide backing vocals for one of DJay's tracks, turns out to be the Memphis ghetto's version of Mary J. Blige. But for most of its duration, Brewer's film is both grittily realistic and morally ambiguous, prompting viewers to wonder not only whether DJay will end up getting a record deal but whether they even *want* him to. Unless, of course, the viewers in question happen to be pimps themselves.

"I show it to my friends who really are hustling and they're like, 'Thank you for giving us a hero that we can understand,'" says Brewer. "But I think most people are going to see something in this movie, and in DJay's struggle, that is close to their own lives. And that's going to put the audience in a very interesting place."

HUSTLE & FLOW: ALAN SPEARMAN/CRUNK PICTURES; MUSTAINE: ALBERT L. ORTEGA/WIREIMAGE.COM; DOGTOWN: JAIMIE TRUEBLOOD/COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES INC.; ENRON: WYATT MCSPADDEN; RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: FRANK MASI; PETER MOUNTAIN; RAFY; RICHARD CARTWRIGHT/NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS; THINK FILM; SAM EMERSON; NELS ISRAELSON; RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

BLENDER APPROVED

The best movies of the past months

LORDS OF DOGTOWN
How a bunch of dirt-poor kids made skateboarding "rad."

ENRON: THE SMARTEST GUYS IN THE ROOM
How a bunch of rich wankers screwed over a lot of people.

LAST GOOD MOVIE YOU SAW?

DAVE MUSTAINE
SINGER, MEGADETH
"*Saw*. They wanted to use some of our new songs, so I went to see it. It's a great, thrilling horror film."

THE BLENDER-O-METER

HOW EXCITED ARE WE ABOUT THIS MONTH'S BIG-SCREEN OFFERINGS? HEY, LET'S SEE!

VERY EXCITED

WAR OF THE WORLDS
Steven Spielberg was given the biggest budget ever for this Tom Cruise–starring version of H.G. Wells's classic frightener pitting man against tripod-driving beasties.

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
Johnny Depp stars as a pale, creepy dude luring children to his lair with promises of candy in what, remarkably, is *not* a Michael Jackson biopic.

EXCITED-ISH

DARK WATER
In this latest Japanese horror remake, Jennifer Connelly and John C. Reilly must face down not a haunted videotape, but some haunted … fluid! Much, much scarier than it sounds.

THE WEDDING CRASHERS
Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn show up at nuptials uninvited in search of sex. Note: This has a much greater chance of working for Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn than it does for you.

MURDERBALL
Documentary that follows the U.S. quadriplegic rugby team as they prepare to meet disabled athletes from around the world at the 2004 Paralympics … and beat the crap out of them.

THE DUKES OF HAZZARD
Johnny Knoxville, Seann William Scott and Jessica Simpson are the eponymous clan, unable to understand why driving around in a car with the Confederate flag on it provokes so much police harassment.

NOT SO MUCH

THE FANTASTIC FOUR
After inadvertent exposure to "cosmic radiation," three comely astronauts—and Michael Chiklis—develop mysterious super powers. And not, as you might assume, cancer.

HERBIE: FULLY LOADED
At last, another Herbie movie! At least, that's what kids might have said back in 1979.

"My eyes are up *here*."

YOU GOT PERVED

The latest shock-schlock epic from John Waters is a relentlessly profane ode to freakish fetishism in suburbia BY CLARK COLLIS

A DIRTY SHAME

NEW LINE HOME ENTERTAINMENT

✪✪✪✪

"PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE right away," says John Waters at the start of *A Dirty Shame*'s director's commentary. "But in the very first shot there's a little vagina in the tree." It is at this point that the easily shocked should reach for their remote, because bark-clad genitalia is the *least* sexually explicit aspect of a film that features a woman picking up a bottle with her nether regions, a character called "Fat Fuck Frank" and the line "My name is Sylvia Stickles—and my clitoris is in crisis!"

Sylvia, played by an extremely game Tracy Ullman, is the film's heroine, a sexually repressed "neuter" who shuns husband Chris Isaak's advances ("It's light out, for Chrissakes!") and keeps her volcanically chested stripper daughter (Selma Blair) under lock and key, literally. But after a knock on the noggin, Ullman's inner nympho is let loose and, with the help of Johnny Knoxville's "full service" mechanic Ray Ray, she takes a tour of the assorted fetishes in her increasingly orgasm-crazed Baltimore neighborhood.

A **"CUNNILINGUS CONCUSSION COMEDY."**

Pitched to studios by Waters as "a cunnilingus concussion comedy," the film, in truth, makes you wonder at times whether the cunnilingus/concussion part of the equation is not overwhelming the comedy part. But then the legendary director of *Hairspray* and *Pink Flamingos* will unleash of a nugget of dialogue that reminds you why he is a national treasure, like "Lesbians have taken over the softball field!" Good, dirty, fun—and the only DVD this year likely to reference the respective cinematic oeuvres of both the deconstruction-obsessed Jean-Luc Godard and the mammary-obsessed Russ Meyer.

DEVIANT DICTIONARY

JOHN WATERS PROVIDES A HANDY USER'S GUIDE TO THE BIZARRE KINKS FEATURED IN *A DIRTY SHAME*

ADULT BABIES

"Six-foot, 250-pound men dressing up as babies—they're everywhere. It's some form of S&M and humiliation. If I wore a diaper and a baby bonnet and wet my pants, I'd feel humiliated. But it wouldn't be a turn-on."

SPLOSHING

"In England, there's this particularly messy fetish, which is the erotic urge to dump food in your own or another's crotch. For example, dumping a bowl of spaghetti in your loved one's vagina. That, to me, is a new one."

MYSOPHILIA

"The worshiping of dirt—I did see someone do that in an old sex club one day, just lying on the floor, licking the dirt and jerking off. I thought, 'Well, I guess he's having fun. He's not disappointing anybody.'"

BLOSSOMS

"Oh, don't make me say it, it's too weird. You can only hear about it on the DVD; we don't even talk about it in the movie. It's the only thing Johnny Knoxville's character refuses. I can't give it away."

STEVE KANDELL

Why hide your faces, adult babies? You have nothing to be ashamed of.

THE MACHINIST

PARAMOUNT HOME VIDEO

✪✪✪

Forget *Spider-Man 2*'s tentacle-waving Doc Ock—2004's most jaw-dropping special effect was the body of Christian Bale, who, to play a tormented blue-collar drone in *The Machinist*, slimmed his frame down to a concentration camp–invoking 120 pounds. But counting Batman's ribs is not the only fun to be had in a film that is also part elegantly ruminative horror flick, part extended goth-rock video clip and part excuse for Jennifer Jason Leigh to take her clothes off again.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN: COLLECTION

WARNER HOME VIDEO

✪✪✪✪

According to *The League of Gentlemen*, there is a town in northern England called Royston Vasey where mutated shop-owners murder visitors to ensure that things stay "local," and a secret cult exchanges parcels of special food that may be human flesh. This BBC show is no *X-Files*-type sci-fi series, however, but rather an utterly brilliant sitcom—albeit one that finds humor in pet slaughter, German pedophiles and overly talkative pre-op transsexuals ("One little prick and it'll all be over. Then they cut my cock off").

JAWS: 30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOME VIDEO

✪✪✪✪✪

The film that started it all. The "all" being the summer blockbuster, Steven Spielberg's ascent to Hollywood-kingpin status and Richard Dreyfuss's penchant for shoving his face into a big pile of cocaine. But Spielberg's big fish movie itself remains a lean, mean frightening machine with unforgettable performances from Dreyfuss, Robert Shaw and the "bigger boat"–demanding Roy Scheider. This special edition includes deleted scenes, outtakes and a two-hour documentary.

CURSED

DIMENSION HOME VIDEO

✪

The making of this appropriately named werewolf fiasco was such a convoluted and interminable process that Scott Baio may still have been starring in *Joanie Loves Chachi* when he filmed his un-hilarious cameo. The fact that Christina Ricci's character works on the late

DIRTY SHAME: JAMES BRIDGES/FINE LINE FEATURES; WATERS: GREG GORMAN; ADULT BABIES: BORLAND POLLY/CORBIS SYGMA

MOVING PICTURES

THIS MONTH, RICKY WILSON OF **THE KAISER CHIEFS** REVEALS WHICH DVDS ARE HELPING ALLEVIATE TOUR-BUS TEDIUM.

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES

"Always great and slightly less stereotypical than watching *Spinal Tap* again. Particular favorites are British sitcoms and '80s comedies like *The Jerk* and *Trading Places* ... Anyway, I hadn't seen *Planes, Trains* for a while and it was even better than I remembered. We're going for *Cool Runnings* next."

and unlamented *Craig Kilborn Show* hardly gives much contemporary *frisson* to a venture that is a hairier, but much wearier, version of director Wes Craven and writer Kevin Williamson's *Scream* franchise.

CASINO: 10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOME VIDEO

✪✪✪✪

Essentially *Goodfellas*-goes-Vegas, this movie shares not only a director and key cast members with its vaunted predecessor but also a writer, Nicholas Pileggi, whose excellent nonfiction book provided the basis for Martin Scorsese's mayhem-heavy look at '70s casino life. The film emerges from the *'fellas* shadow thanks largely to a standout performance by Sharon Stone, who definitively proved herself to be more than just a professional leg-uncrosser as De Niro's doomed squeeze. The bonus materials include on-set footage of Scorsese's mom railing on him for swearing ("Marty, my virgin ears!").

CONSTANTINE

WARNER HOME VIDEO

✪✪✪

If you can suspend disbelief enough to accept Rachel Weisz as a haunted, trigger-happy cop and Keanu Reeves as, well, anyone at all, then this is a pretty decent, special effects–heavy adaptation of the DC Comics book *Hellraiser*. Reeves plays the titular hero, a sort of supernatural private dick stricken with lung cancer. But the movie is stolen by Tilda Swinton's androgynous, foulmouthed and unhinged Archangel Gabriel.

HITCH

COLUMBIA TRISTAR HOME ENTERTAINMENT

✪✪

Will Smith is likeable as a good-hearted but shallow "date doctor" who helps nebbishy Manhattanites improbably woo their dream girls. Eva Mendes is likeable as a workaholic, no-time-for-love gossip columnist. Stop us if you've heard this one before: The mismatched pair meet, bumble through disastrous dates and hook up anyway. Solid as far as the risible genre goes, but in keeping with romantic-comedy tradition, it skimps on the comedy part—unless the sight of Kevin James gettin' awkwardly jiggy is your particular brand of whimsy.

MATT OZGA

BLENDER APPROVED

The best DVDs of the past months

THE FEARLESS FREAKS

SHOUT! FACTORY

Weirdness, predictably, abounds in this outstanding and surprisingly candid Flaming Lips doc.

CHAPPELLE'S SHOW: SEASON 2

PARAMOUNT HOME VIDEO

Classic comedy. "Whaaat?" CLASSIC COMEDY! "Okaaay!"

KAISER CHIEFS: JASON KELVIN & STEVIE DEAN; FLAMING LIPS: J. MICHELLE MARTIN-COYNE

MUSIC DUDs

Coldplay: No, really, there *are* other guys in the band. We swear.

TEA PARTY

Get the quintessential **GLASTONBURY** experience—a drug-fueled, knee-deep-in-mud weekend of music—without having to leave the continental U.S. Or your couch. BY LAUREN HARRIS

GLASTONBURY ANTHEMS: THE BEST OF 1994–2004

CAPITOL

✪✪✪✪

With summer-music-festival season here, study up with the most celebrated moments from the past decade of England's Glastonbury Music Festival, progenitor of Yankee counterpart Coachella and its dope-smoking cousin, Bonnaroo. Opening with sharp-dressed Scots Franz Ferdinand doing a jovial rendition of "Matinee" (which lends itself perfectly to the preferred British dance move of pogo-ing), the DVD leaps from year to year, showcasing 19 performances voted by fans as the best the festival ever offered. Watch a crowd of 100,000 sing along with Robbie "Famous Everywhere but America" Williams, and Moby "perform" his hit "Why Does My Heart Feel So Bad" from behind a keyboard while actual musicians do the heavy lifting. Elsewhere, Coldplay croon their opus "Yellow" and the Prodigy's Keith Flint does his best Mr. Peepers impression on "Breathe." All the majesty of a huge outdoor rock spectacle, with none of the porta-potty unpleasantness.

The guy we always stand behind.

THE BEST OF THE REST

BRIAN WILSON PRESENTS SMILE: THE DVD *(RHINO)* ✪✪✪✪ Mad genius Brian Wilson's mythical *SMiLE* album finally saw the light of day last year after 37 years in crazy-person purgatory. Featuring recent interviews, live footage and a documentary on the making of the album, the DVD was worth the interminable wait too ... **X: LIVE IN LOS ANGELES** *(SHOUT! FACTORY)* ✪✪✪ The wildly influential quartet reteam for a triumphant hometown show nearly three decades after they first expanded punk's vocabulary ... **PAUL MCCARTNEY LIVE IN RED SQUARE** *(A&E)* ✪✪✪✪ The Cute One, a.k.a. The Not Dead One, invades the former Soviet Union with his arsenal of Beatles hits and solo offerings ... **JOHNNY CASH: RIDIN' THE RAILS** *(RHINO)* ✪✪✪ In this 1974 TV special, Cash narrates and occasionally appears in reenactments of the major moments in American railroad history. Informative in that grade-school filmstrip way, but *Live at San Quentin* this ain't.

Air Skynyrd, 1977.

SHOTGUN!

Buckle up for a trip through America's most notorious rock death sites … and the author's little black book BY STEVE KANDELL

KILLING YOURSELF TO LIVE

By Chuck Klosterman

✪✪✪ *SCRIBNER, $23*

AS ROAD TRIP companions fare, *Spin* and *Esquire* contributor Chuck Klosterman is kind of a downer. First of all, he plans his route so he can stop off at every rock & roll death site he can find. Sometimes this leads to moments of genuine pathos, such as when he does coke with a stranger in the parking lot of the Rhode Island club Great White torched. And sometimes it doesn't—a mission to see the Lynyrd Skynyrd crash site proves anticlimactic.

Originally conceived as a magazine article, this is a perfect example of why magazine articles aren't 256 pages long. Using the death trip as a means of contemplating—ugh—his own mortality, Klosterman fills the looooong stretches between pit stops with tangents about ex- and soon-to-be-ex-girlfriends that might try the patience of his closest pals. To stay engaged is not only to care about the author's love life but also to take seriously his rants about which Kiss solo albums he likes best. One thing not in question here is Klosterman's ability to weave a sentence. Packed with hoary gimmicks like footnotes—gimmicks even he disparages in an effort to stave off critics—this could have been insufferable in lesser hands. As is, it's merely frustrating that he squanders his skill by taking the wheel with no particular place to go.

BLENDER APPROVED

The best books of the past months

BONO: IN CONVERSATION WITH MICHKA ASSAYAS

RIVERHEAD BOOKS, $24

Just what the title says: a book-length, in-depth Q&A with the U2 frontman.

PASSION IS A FASHION: THE REAL STORY OF THE CLASH

By Pat Gilbert

DA CAPO, $19

Exhaustively researched history of the late, great punk legends.

TURN THE BEAT AROUND: THE SECRET HISTORY OF DISCO

By Peter Shapiro

✪✪✪✪ *FABER AND FABER, $25*

The "secret history" here isn't just the genre's journey from notorious NYC clubs like the Mineshaft (where patrons were supplied with Crisco) to your cousin's wedding, it's also how the ghosts of Robert Moses and Eldridge Cleaver lurk in the grooves of your favorite Chic record. When Shapiro unpacks his record collection, his writing on Philly soul, the drum machine and Donna Summer's "I Feel Love" is as illuminating as a thousand mirror balls. *SEAN HOWE*

RAKIM TOLD ME

By Brian Coleman

✪✪✪ *WAX FACTS, $18*

Lamenting the fact that rap albums lack liner notes, author Coleman takes matters into his own hands, revisiting 21 landmark releases to fill in the anecdotes. Each chapter presents a biographical context for each old-school classic, then moves onto a track-by-track analysis in the artists' own words. Among the revelations: Jam Master Jay insisted on using Steven Tyler's lyrics for the "Walk This Way" cover, while Run and DMC thought the words were "hillbilly gibberish." *STEVE KANDELL*

WHY WHITE KIDS LOVE HIP-HOP

By Bakari Kitwana

✪✪✪✪ *BASIC CIVITAS BOOKS, $23*

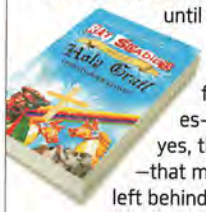
From Elvis to Eminem, white pop stars and their fans have always been accused of ripping off black culture. But former *Source* editor Kitwana argues that, for all the beefs and gunplay, hip-hop is in fact one big happy family, appealing to disenfranchised whites who are unwelcome elsewhere. Anyone curious about the music, fashion and slang they're consuming daily should give this pop-sociology primer a look. Word! *ANDREW BAKER*

RAT SCABIES AND THE HOLY GRAIL

By Christopher Dawes

✪✪✪ *THUNDER'S MOUTH PRESS, $16*

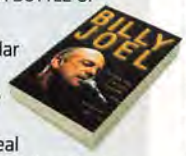
British music journalist Dawes was amused to find himself living across the street from Damned drummer Rat Scabies. At least until the punker involved him in a quest to find the riches—including, yes, the Holy Grail—that may have been left behind by a long-dead priest. Despite Dawes's attempt to paint Scabies as a nutty rocker, the skinsman seems to take this stuff seriously, resulting in a story that's less lunatic than academic. *CLARK COLLIS*



Billy Joel: Varsity letterman of the high school binge-drinking team.

THE BEST PART OF A BIG BOOH!

UNABLE TO HANDLE THE PRESSURES OF SLEEPING WITH HIS BEST FRIEND'S WIFE, A YOUNG **BILLY JOEL** DOWNS A BOTTLE OF FURNITURE POLISH.



"'We found Billy in the cedar closet,' [friend Bruce] Gentile recalls, 'with some goofballs and a solvent of some kind.' 'I was into a real self-pity trip,' Billy says. 'Isn't it easier to just cut your throat or slit your wrist?'"

From *Billy Joel: The Life & Times of an Angry Young Man*, by Hank Bordowitz, copyright 2005, Hank Bordowitz.

TOP LEFT: AP PHOTO; JOEL: STEVE JOESTER/REX FEATURES

GUEST LIST

COMPETITIONS, EVENTS AND OTHER FUN STUFF WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

Above: Travis rockin' his new jeans, T-shirt and jacket from Plugg's "Drifter" collection.

Left: The Blender Bar at The Ritz on 6th Street.

PLUGG ROAD WARRIOR

IN MARCH *Blender* reader **Travis Jungers won the Plugg Jeans Co. Road Warrior Sweepstakes,** which awarded him the chance to rock out at the South by Southwest Music Conference in Austin, TX, in a brand new Plugg Jeans wardrobe and be the eyes and ears of *Blender* Magazine. And now, in the words of Travis himself, we get a first look into his adventures.

I HAD WANTED to attend SXSW in Austin for the live music for a long time. Upon arriving at my hotel, I hopped a cab down to Austin's club-laden 6th St. and ended up sharing the ride with former **MTV VJ Matt Pinfield.** I had only been in Austin for an hour but already knew it was going to be wild.

The festival was more than a bit of music; it was wall-to-wall bands day and night! The only worry I had the entire weekend was deciding who to see. I was set up with top-of-the-line credentials that got me into some clubs I would have otherwise missed. The line to see **Stephen Malkmus** spanned about a block, but I was instantly let through the door.

The Blender Bar also offered some great bands. One of the most memorable was Giant Drag. The two-piece kept the crowd going with a rich sound accompanied by **Mazzy Star**–like vocals, plus some witty one-liners between songs.

The anticipation of the trip started long before my departure date, when **Plugg Jeans** set me up with some great gear weeks before. The music, atmosphere and weather made for the trip of lifetime.

plugg JEANS CO.

ADVENT RISING

GET READY to strap in to the next great sci-fi epic, Majesco's Advent Rising. You'll play Gideon Wyeth, an ordinary guy who becomes anything but as he develops awesome superhuman powers and totes an arsenal of alien-blasting weapons.

www.AdventTrilogy.com

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THQ JUICED SWEEPSTAKES

WIN A TRIP to the Vans Warped Tour! **Go to blender.com/contests/thq to enter the THQ Juiced Sweepstakes** and you and a friend could win a trip to see hot performances and extreme sports exhibitions and a chance to meet **Mxpx** and **Bleed the Dream** at one of the stops on the Vans Warped Tour!

Juiced is the only racing simulation with more than 7 trillion car customizations, team racing and online pink-slip challenges. Personalize your cars with more than 30 aftermarket mod brands! Build your car and crew, and put it all on the line!

Juiced

SCHLOCK TREATMENT

Gas up the mothership and polish the anal probe—in this game, you're one P.O.'d E.T. BY GABE SORIA

DESTROY ALL HUMANS!

THQ, PS2, XBOX

✪✪✪✪

IN 1950S SCIENCE fiction films, extraterrestrials were generally portrayed as either bug-eyed menaces or interstellar peaceniks. *Destroy All Humans!* is a tongue-in-cheek tribute to these B movies of yore, crammed with references to Ed Wood's famously bad *Plan 9 From Outer Space* and an appropriately Theremin-heavy soundtrack. And, as the exclamatory title suggests, your goal is not to save Earth but to crush it beneath your alien boot heel.

You play Crypto-147, a bubbleheaded alien clone sent to Earth to spring your comrade in galactic domination from the clutches of army scientists. While other games might be tempted to turn Crypto's quest into a heartwarming tale of misunderstood outsiders fighting against bigoted humans, *Destroy All Humans!* feels no need to play the sympathy card. Using a variety of space-age weapons and psychic abilities, he zaps and then sucks the delicious brains from farmers, soldiers and pretty much any other "filthy ape" that gets in his way. He has definitely *not* come in peace.

Destroy All Humans! isn't a grim exercise in wholesale human slaughter, however. Megalomaniacal though he may be, Crypto's pretty much the sci-fi equivalent of a ugly American tourist abroad—almost everything he does, from mistaking cows for Earth's dominant species to demolishing Washington, D.C., is played for comic relief. Even his feasting on the brain stems of citizens (a necessity to replenish vital energy lost when attacked) is less gross than goofy. Thanks to a clever script and humorous doses of cartoonish violence, *Destroy* zaps new life into an old formula. Call it *Grand Theft Auto: Area 51*.

THE GOAL IS TO CRUSH EARTH.

UNTOLD LEGENDS

SONY ONLINE ENTERTAINMENT, PSP

✪✪✪

The problem with traditional role-playing games is that you have to hang out with other basement-dwelling geeks to have your fun. Thankfully, the (unofficial) D&D tribute *Untold Legends* allows you to quest anonymously with other dorks on the subway by utilizing the PSP's wi-fi capabilities, delivering orc-slaying highs without all that icky social contact.

FANTASTIC FOUR

ACTIVISION, PS2, XBOX, GAMECUBE, PC

✪✪✪

We admit it: *Blender* is more hyped about Activision's mayhem-heavy adaptation of this month's *Fantastic Four* than for the film itself. Blame Activision—their *Spider-Man* games have set the bar so high for comic-book movie action titles that *FF* can't help but come up short, perhaps because fighting Doctor Doom simply isn't as cool as mixing it up with the Green Goblin and company.

RETRO ATARI

ATARI, NINTENDO DS

✪✪

The relentless, cynical repackaging of ancient "classic" videogames gets a clever tweak with *Retro Atari*. Venerable warhorses like *Asteroids* and *Centipede* are included not only in their original form but also in hipster-friendly "Remix" versions that feature new graphics by graffiti artists Reas, Delta and Giant. The major problem? Bitchin' new art aside, actually playing *Asteroids* in 2005 is pretty damn boring.

FLAT OUT

VIVENDI UNIVERSAL, PS2, XBOX

✪✪✪

Set in a dark corner of the NASCAR universe where seatbelts are for pussies, this muscle-car racer worships at the altar of gnarly fender-benders. Winning a race is almost as satisfying as crashing: After a nasty wreck, you're treated to the sight of your driver flying through his windshield and hitting the track like a wet bag of cement ... only to get back in the car and continue racing. Just like in real life!

BLENDER APPROVED

The best releases of the past months

KILL BILL VOL. 1

MIRAMAX HOME ENTERTAINMENT, PSP

Tarantino's ultraviolent flick is perfect for the PSP, right alongside your ultraviolent games.

RED NINJA

VIVENDI UNIVERSAL, PS2, XBOX

In feudal Japan, revenge is a dish best served cold (and by a panty-flashing, homicidal ninja babe).

THIS IS NOT A CAR.

It's your source of pride.
It's your hard-earned cash.
It's your spare time.
It's your statement.
It's your reputation.

IT'S EVERYTHING.

BUT LOSE JUST ONCE AND YOU LOSE EVERYTHING.

BUILD YOUR CAR. BUILD YOUR CREW. PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE.

You build your car by winning. Putting your cash back in and using trillions of different performance and design combos. Then you build a crew of support cars, guys to watch your back. And if you've got the guts to risk everything you've built, you race online for the ultimate prize: the other guy's ride.

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TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Lyrics
Mild Language
Simulated Gambling

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WIN THIS THINGY

In a blow to social interaction, the new Creative Zen Portable Media Center plays movies and MP3s and displays photos. And it could be yours if you finish this crossword. *Correctly.*

PENCIL ME IN

Hey, it's *Blender*'s crossword! Starring 14 across!

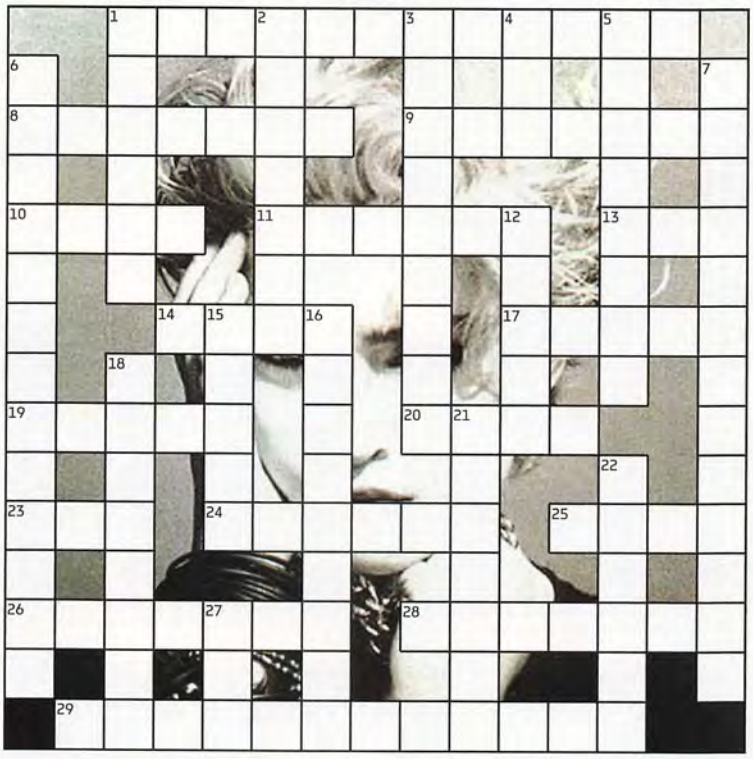
BY BRENDAN QUIGLEY

ACROSS

1 British neo-New Wave band who predicted a riot (two words)
8 "Try Again" R&B chanteuse
9 Southern city that founded crunk
10 The Ying ___ Twins
11 NYC punk dance outfit with the 2005 album *Let Us Never Speak of It Again!* (two words)
13 Live ___ (7/13/85 event)
14 Madonna had a lucky one in '83
17 Jam band with their own Ben & Jerry's flavor
19 "Rock On" singer David
20 Continental '80s supergroup
23 Created *Music for Airports*
24 Singer Dion with her own fragrance, Belong
25 Delicious band going the distance, they're going for speed
26 "Bleed Like Me" band
28 Strokes guitarist Albert Jr.
29 2005 Weezer hit whose video was shot at the Playboy mansion (two words)

DOWN

1 She wanted constant craving (three words)
2 "My ___" (The Knack's only hit)
3 Annual rock festival in the California desert
4 "Then ___ get down on my knees and pray/We won't get fooled again" (The Who)
5 Truth is, her last name is Barrino
6 The first lady of Britain's grime scene with the underground hit "Cha Ching" (two words)
7 NIN's first hit off *With Teeth* (three words, with "The")
12 Crooner Jermaine
15 2004 Neptunes-penned No. 1 hit for Britney
16 1984 Billy Idol hit that claimed "You'll cry more, more, more" (two words)
18 Purportedly, he bit the head off a dove while negotiating a record contract
21 "Hollaback Girl" girl
22 *Almost* _____ (2000 movie about the band Stillwater)
27 "What's my ___ again?" (blink-182)



→ Send your completed puzzle to *Blender* Puzzle Contest, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 22nd floor, New York, NY 10018

ROUND 4 CONRAD KEELY VS. *BLENDER*

POP STARS aren't known as cerebral types, so *Blender* challenged the whole lot of 'em to a game of chess, hoping for an easy, ego-boosting victory. Each month, a different star will make a move, and we'll respond until we finally capture that crowny-looking doodad. Conrad Keely of Texas destructo-rockers … **AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD** mans the board this month.

CONRAD'S MOVE

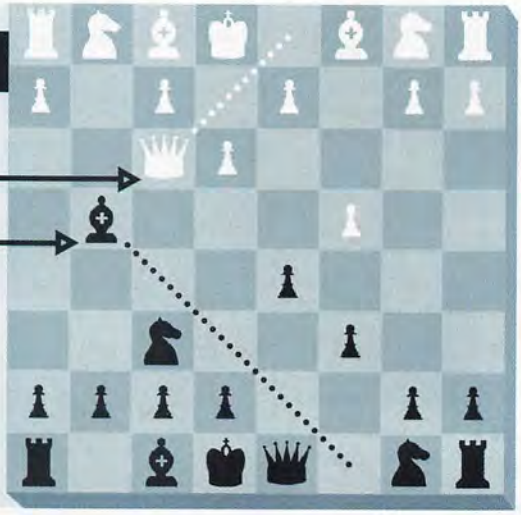
"QUEEN TO F3."

BLENDER'S MOVE

"BISHOP TAKES G4."

Former U.S. Chess Federation president **Don Schultz** says:
(ON CONRAD) "A mistake: The pawn on G4 is attacked by a bishop and knight and defended only by the queen."
(ON *BLENDER*) "The bishop wins the pawn and attacks the queen!"

COME BACK NEXT MONTH AS THE EGGHEAD SMACKDOWN CONTINUES!



KEELY: GEORGE CAMPOS/LONDON FEATURES

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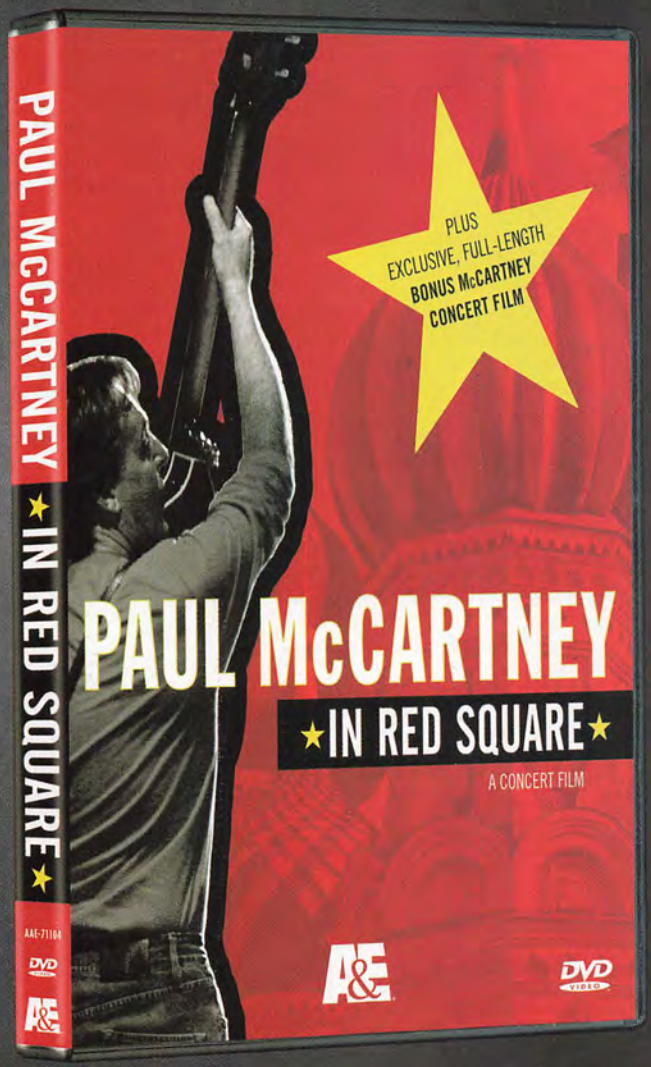

This extraordinary DVD features 2 complete concerts—the Emmy®-winning *Paul McCartney in Red Square* and the never-before-seen *Paul McCartney: Live in St. Petersburg*—as well as the powerful behind-the-scenes story of this epic musical journey, Dolby Digital 5.1 Surround and DTS Digital Surround Sound, and more than 30 classic songs including:

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LET IT BE
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IN STORES NOW

OZZY'S 20-YEAR-OLD, EXPLETIVE-HAPPY DAUGHTER HAS A "FAT ARSE," DOESN'T LIKE HEROIN AND WANTS TO BE ELTON JOHN. WHICH IS A VERY FULL AND FRANK ANSWER TO THE QUESTION ...

BY ADAM HIGGINBOTHAM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JENNIFER TZAR

WHO DOES KELLY OSBOURNE THINK SHE IS?

THAT'S A VERY MINIMALIST SELF-PORTRAIT YOU'VE DONE.
I'm a crap drawer. I figured, I've got really big lips—if I put lipstick on and kiss the paper, it would look more artistic than me trying to draw.

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT IT SAYS ABOUT YOU?
That I've got a big mouth.

YOUR MOM MUST BE PROUD! IF YOU COULD MAKE ONE APOLOGY, WHAT WOULD IT BE?
I'd say I'm sorry to my parents for being such an asshole for five years.

WHICH FIVE YEARS?
The five I was on drugs—from 14 to 19. I hate to feel. I don't even like feeling happy. Emotions are scary to me. The only way to shut up what was going on inside my head was to take painkillers. I would smoke, sniff and swallow whatever I could get my hands on. Hallucinogenics, E and crack are the only drugs I've never done.

WHAT DRUG WILL YOU NEVER TAKE AGAIN?
Heroin. It's *disgusting*. I'm lucky I never injected it. I only smoked it a few times. It is so addicting—the people who inject it never come back. I will never touch that drug again, *ever*.

DIDN'T YOUR FATHER EVER TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT DRUGS THAT PUT YOU OFF?
Fuck, yeah. But when you're a kid, your parents are like, "Don't touch that button!" What do you do? You push the button.

WHAT WAS YOUR NICKNAME AT SCHOOL?
"Cheesy Poof," because I hated the cafeteria food and the only thing I would eat was the macaroni and cheese. My family call me "Totsy"—in the '70s the Hotsy Totsy club was a strip club.

WHAT DO YOU SPEND TOO MUCH MONEY ON?
Clothes. When I go to Japan I pack half a suitcase and end up leaving with four. I have a Japanese person's body—a small frame but a fat arse—and all Japanese clothes fit me perfectly.

TAKE US THROUGH YOUR WORST HAIRCUT.
The one I have underneath this wig. I look like a dyke on a bike. It's just a disaster.

WHICH PHRASE DO YOU NEVER WANT TO HEAR AGAIN?
"You're a lot nicer and skinnier in real life." People think that's a compliment. But it's not.

IF YOU WERE A MAN, WHO WOULD YOU WANT TO BE?
Someone really gay. So ... Elton John. He's so talented and fabulous and throws the best parties and lives the most amazing life.

WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR IN A MAN?
Someone that will tell me to fuck off, and has a sense of humor. I don't want somebody that's gonna sit there and appease me all the time. And I don't like people that are really quiet either.

WHAT PERSONAL HABIT DO YOU HAVE THAT PEOPLE FIND ANNOYING?
I suck my thumb. And my boyfriend hates it: In my sleep sometimes he can hear me sucking on my thumb. But he snores—so fuck him.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST THING YOU'VE EVER STOLEN FROM A HOTEL ROOM?
I don't steal things. I've never stolen anything from a hotel room. Because someone has to replace it—and why would I when I can just get it myself?

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CRIED?
I cried on the phone to my dad on the 20th of this month, because it was his one-year sobriety day. It's the first time in my life that he's been sober for more than three weeks.

WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING FOR YOUR 21ST BIRTHDAY?
I'll probably be getting shitfaced. At the Hard Rock in Vegas, so I can gamble. I love slot machines—pulling that little thing and pushing the buttons. I could sit there on the 25-cent slot machines for eight hours nonstop without a break.

SO WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
I have no fucking idea. I have so many questions—about myself, how I look at things, how I should say things, what I want to do with my life ... and when you know who you are, you don't have to ask yourself those questions. [BLENDER]

HEADBAND BY **DIOR** JEWELRY BY **ERIKSON BEAMON** COAT BY **PETER SOM** VINTAGE DRESS BY **SCREAMING MIMI'S** TIGHTS BY **WALFORD** SHOES BY **MANOLO BLAHNIK**

"I LOOK LIKE A **DYKE ON A BIKE.**"

STYLIST: PIPPA VOSPER; PROP STYLIST: GREGORIO RACADIO

REMEMBER: Someday we'll look back on this and it will all seem funny.

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